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IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

BOOK I.

			Page
Chap.	I.	A Family Scene	3
	II.	Comic Gambols	21
	III.	Consequences	50
	IV.	Studies of a grown Gentleman	68
	V.	Schooling of a young Gentleman	87
	VI.	Tuition of a young Lady	96
	VII.	Lost Labour	109

BOOK II.

Chap.	I.	New Projects	117
	II.	New Characters	136
	III.	A Family Breakfast	180

Chap.

		Page
CHAP. IV.	A Public Breakfast -	190
V.	A Raffle - -	224
VI.	A Barn - -	257
VII.	A Declaration -	265
VIII.	An Anſwer - -	279
IX.	An Explication -	292
X.	A Panic -	299
XI.	Two Lovers -	319
XII.	Two Doctors -	335
XIII.	Two Ways of looking at the ſame Thing -	354
XIV.	Two Retreats -	367
XV.	Two Sides of a Queſtion	378

CAMILLA;

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BOOK I.

THE hiſtorian of human life finds leſs of difficulty and of intricacy to develop, in its accidents and adventures, than the inveſtigator of the human heart in its feelings and its changes. In vain may Fortune wave her many-coloured banner, alternately regaling and diſmaying, with hues that ſeem glowing with all the creation's felicities, or with tints that appear ſtained with ingredients of unmixt horrors: her moſt rapid viciſſitudes, her moſt unaſſimilating eccentricities, are mocked, laughed at, and diſtanced by the wilder wonders of

the Heart of man; that amazing aſſemblage of all poſſible contrarieties, in which one thing alone is ſteady—the perverſeneſs of ſpirit which grafts deſire on what is denied. Its qualities are indefinable, its reſources unfathomable, its weakneſſes indefenſible. In our neighbours we cannot judge, in ourſelves we dare not truſt it. We loſe ere we learn to appreciate, and ere we can comprehend it we muſt be born again. Its capacity o'er-leaps all limit, while its futility includes every abſurdity. It lives its own ſurpriſe----it ceaſes to beat----and the void is inſcrutible! In one grand and general view, who can diſplay ſuch a portrait? Fairly, however faintly, to delineate ſome of its features, is the ſole and diſcriminate province of the pen which would trace nature, yet blot out perſonality.

CHAP. I.

A Family Scene.

REPOSE is not more welcome to the worn and to the aged, to the ſick and to the unhappy, than danger, difficulty, and toil to the young and adventurous. Danger they encounter but as the fore-runner of ſucceſs; difficulty, as the ſpur of ingenuity; and toil, as the herald of honour. The experience which teaches the leſſon of truth, and the bleſſings of tranquillity, comes not in the ſhape of warning nor of wiſdom; from ſuch they turn aſide, defying or diſbelieving. 'Tis in the bitterneſs of perſonal proof alone, in ſuffering and in feeling, in erring and in repenting, that experience comes home with conviction, or impreſſes to any uſe.

IN the boſom of her reſpectable family reſided Camilla. Nature, with a bounty the moſt profuſe, had been laviſh to her

of attractions; Fortune, with a moderation yet kinder, had placed her between luxury and indigence. Her abode was in the parsonage-house of Etherington, beautifully situated in the unequal county of Hampshire, and in the vicinity of the varied landscapes of the New Forest. Her father, the rector, was the younger son of the house of Tyrold. The living, though not considerable, enabled its incumbent to attain every rational object of his modest and circumscribed wishes; to bestow upon a deserving wife whatever her own forbearance declined not; and to educate a lovely race of one son and three daughters, with that expansive propriety, which unites improvement for the future with present enjoyment.

In goodness of heart, and in principles of piety, this exemplary couple was bound to each other by the most perfect unison of character, though in their tempers there was a contrast which had scarce the gradation of a single shade to smooth off its abrupt dissimilitude. Mr. Tyrold, gentle

with wifdom, and benign in virtue, faw with compaffion all imperfections but his own, and there doubled the feverity which to others he fpared. Yet the mildnefs that urged him to pity blinded him not to approve; his equity was unerring, though his judgment was indulgent. His partner had a firmnefs of mind which nothing could fhake: calamity found her refolute; even profperity was powerlefs to lull her duties afleep. The exalted character of her hufband was the pride of her exiftence, and the fource of her happinefs. He was not merely her ftandard of excellence, but of endurance, fince her fenfe of his worth was the criterion for her opinion of all others. This inftigated a fpirit of comparifon, which is almoft always uncandid, and which here could rarely efcape proving injurious. Such, at its very beft, is the unfkilfulnefs of our fallible nature, that even the noble principle which impels our love of right, mifleads us but into new deviations, when its ambition prefumes to point at perfection. In this inftance, how-

ever, diſtinctneſs of diſpoſition ſtifled not reciprocity of affection---that magnetic concentration of all marriage felicity;--- Mr. Tyrold revered while he ſoftened the rigid virtues of his wife, who adored while ſhe fortified the melting humanity of her huſband.

Thus, in an interchange of happineſs the moſt deſerved, and of parental occupations the moſt promiſing, paſſed the firſt married years of this bleſt and bleſſing pair. An event then came to paſs extremely intereſting at the moment, and yet more important in its conſequences. This was the receipt of a letter from the elder brother of Mr. Tyrold, containing information that he meant to remove into Hampſhire.

Sir Hugh Tyrold was a baronet, who reſided upon the hereditary eſtate of the family in Yorkſhire. He was many years older than Mr. Tyrold, who had never ſeen him ſince his marriage; religious duties, prudence, and domeſtic affairs having from that period detained him at his benefice; while a paſſion for field ſports had, with equal

equal conſtancy, kept his brother ſtationary.

The baronet began his letter with kind enquiries after the welfare of Mr. Tyrold and his family, and then entered upon the ſtate of his own affairs, briefly narrating, "that he had loſt his health, and, not "knowing what to do with himſelf, had "reſolved to change his habitation, and "ſettle near his relations. The Cleves' "eſtate, which he heard was juſt by Ether-"ington, being then upon ſale, he deſired "his brother to make the purchaſe for "him out of hand; and then to prepare "Mrs. Tyrold, with whom he was yet un-"acquainted, though he took it for "granted ſhe was a woman of great learn-"ing, to receive a mere poor country "'ſquire, who knew no more of hic, hæc, "hoc, than the baby unborn. He begged "him to provide a proper apartment for "their niece Indiana Lynmere, whom he "ſhould bring with him, and another for "their nephew Clermont, who was to fol-"low at the next holidays; and not to

“ forget Mrs. Margland, Indiana's gover-
“ neſs, ſhe being rather the moſt particular
“ in point of pleaſing amongſt them.”

Mr. Tyrold, extremely gratified by this unexpected renewal of fraternal intercourſe, wrote the warmeſt thanks to his brother, and executed the commiſſion with the utmoſt alacrity. A noble manſion, with an extenſive pleaſure-ground, ſcarce four miles diſtant from the parſonage-houſe of Etherington, was bought, fitted up, and made ready for his reception in the courſe of a few months. The baronet, impatient to take poſſeſſion of his new territory, arrived ſpeedily after, with his niece Indiana, and was welcomed at the gate of the park by Mr. Tyrold and his whole family.

Sir Hugh Tyrold inherited from his anceſtors an unincumbered eſtate of £.5000 per annum; which he enjoyed with eaſe and affluence to himſelf, and diſſeminated with a good will ſo generous, that he appeared to think his perſonal proſperity, and that of all who ſurrounded him, beſtowed but to be ſhared in common, rather from general

general right, than through his own difpenfing bounty. His temper was unalterably fweet, and every thought of his breaft was laid open to the world with an almoft infantine artleffnefs. But his talents bore no proportion to the goodnefs of his heart, an infuperable want of quicknefs, and of application in his early days, having left him, at a later period, wholly uncultivated, and fingularly felf-formed.

A dearth of all fedentary refources became, when his youth paffed away, his own conftant reproach. Health failed him in the meridian of his life, from the confequences of a wound in his fide, occafioned by a fall from his horfe; exercife, therefore, and active diverfions, were of neceffity relinquifhed; and as thefe had hitherto occupied all his time, except that portion which he delighted to devote to hofpitality and neighbourly offices, now equally beyond his ftrength, he found himfelf at once deprived of all employment, and deftitute of all comfort. Nor did any plan occur to him to folace his misfortunes,

till he accidentally read in the newſpapers that the Cleves' eſtate was upon ſale.

Indiana, the niece who accompanied him, a beautiful little girl, was the orphan daughter of a deceaſed ſiſter, who, at the death of her parents, had, with Clermont, an only brother, been left to the guardianſhip of Sir Hugh; with the charge of a ſmall eſtate for the ſon of ſcarce £.200 a-year, and the ſum of £.1000 for the fortune of the daughter.

The meeting was a ſource of tender pleaſure to Mr. Tyrold; and gave birth in his young family to that eager joy which is ſo naturally attached, by our happieſt early prejudices, to the firſt ſight of near relations. Mrs. Tyrold received Sir Hugh with the complacency due to the brother of her huſband; who now roſe higher than ever in her eſtimation, from a fraternal compariſon to the unavoidable diſadvantage of the baronet; though ſhe was not inſenſible to the fair future proſpects of her children, which ſeemed the probable reſult of his change of abode.

Sir Hugh himſelf, notwithſtanding his beſt affections were all opened by the ſight of ſo many claimants to their kindneſs, was the only dejected perſon of the group.

Though too good in his nature for envy, a ſevere ſelf-upbraiding followed his view of the happineſs of his brother; he regretted he had not married at the ſame age, that he might have owned as fine a family, and repined againſt the unfortunate privileges of his birth-right, which, by indulging him in his firſt youth with whatever he could covet, drove from his attention that modeſt foreſight, which prepares for later years the conſolation they are ſure to require.

By degrees, however, the ſatisfaction ſpread around him found ſome place in his own breaſt, and he acknowledged himſelf ſenſibly revived by ſo endearing a reception; though he candidly avowed, that if he had not been at a loſs what to do, he ſhould never have had a thought of taking ſo long a journey. "But the not having made," cried he, "the proper proficiency in my youth

for the filling up my time, has put me quite behind-hand."

He careſſed all the children with great fondneſs, and was much ſtruck with the beauty of his three nieces, particularly with that of Camilla, Mr. Tyrold's ſecond daughter; "yet ſhe is not," he cried, "ſo pretty as her little ſiſter Eugenia, nor much better than t'other ſiſter Lavinia; and not one of the three is half ſo great a beauty as my little Indiana; ſo I can't well make out what it is that's ſo catching in her; but there's ſomething in her little mouth that quite wins me; though ſhe looks as if ſhe was half laughing at me too: which can't very well be, neither; for I ſuppoſe, as yet, at leaſt, ſhe knows no more of books and ſtudying than her uncle. And that's little enough, God knows, for I never took to them in proper ſeaſon; which I have been ſorry enough for, upon coming to diſcretion."

Then addreſſing himſelf to the boy, he exhorted him to work hard while yet in his youth, and related ſundry anecdotes of the

the induftry and merit of his father when at the fame age, though left quite to himfelf, as, to his great misfortune, he had been alfo, " which brought about," he continued, " my being this prefent *ignoramus* that you fee me; which would not have happened, if my good forefathers had been pleafed to keep a fharper look out upon my education."

Lionel, the little boy, cafting a comic glance at Camilla, begged to know what his uncle meant by a fharper look out?

" Mean, my dear? why correction, to be fure; for all that, they tell me, is to be done by the rod; fo there, at leaft, I might have ftood as good a chance as my neighbours."

" And pray, uncle," cried Lionel, purfing up his mouth to hide his laughter, " did you always like the thoughts of it fo well?"

" Why no, my dear, I can't pretend to that; at your age I had no more tafte for it than you have: but there's a proper feafon for every thing. However, though

though I tell you this for a warning; perhaps you may do without it; for, by what I hear, the riſing generation's got to a much greater pitch ſince my time."

He then added, he muſt adviſe him, as a friend, to be upon his guard, as his Couſin, Clermont Lynmere, who was coming home from Eton ſchool next Chriſtmas for the holidays, would turn out the very mirror of ſcholarſhip; for he had given directions to have him ſtudy both night and day, except what might be taken off for eating and ſleeping: "Becauſe," he continued, "having proved the bad of knowing nothing in my own caſe, I have the more right to intermeddle with others. And he will thank me enough when once he has got over his claſſics. And I hope, my dear little boy, you ſee it in the ſame light too; which, however, is what I can't expect."

The houſe was now examined; the fair little Indiana took poſſeſſion of her apartment; Miſs Margland was ſatisfied with

the attention that had been paid her; and Sir Hugh was rejoiced to find a room for Clermont that had no window but a ſky-light, by which means his ſtudies, he obſerved, would receive no interruption from gaping and ſtaring about him. And, when the night advanced, Mr. Tyrold had the happineſs of leaving him with ſome proſpect of recovering his ſpirits.

The revival, however, laſted but during the novelty of the ſcene; depreſſion returned with the feelings of ill health; and the happier lot of his brother, though born to almoſt nothing, filled him with inceſſant repentance of his own miſmanagement.

In ſome meaſure to atone for this, he reſolved to collect himſelf a family in his own houſe; and the young Camilla, whoſe dawning archneſs of expreſſion had inſtinctively caught him, he now demanded of her parents, to come and reſide with him and Indiana at Cleves; "for certainly," he ſaid, "for ſuch a young little thing, ſhe looks full of amuſement."

Mrs.

Mrs. Tyrold objected against repofing a truft fo precious where its value could fo ill be appreciated. Camilla was, in fecret, the fondeft hope of her mother, though the rigour of her juftice fcarce permitted the partiality to beat even in her own breaft. Nor did the happy little perfon need the avowed diftinction. The tide of youthful glee flowed jocund from her heart, and the tranfparency of her fine blue veins almoft fhewed the velocity of its current. Every look was a fmile, every ftep was a fpring, every thought was a hope, every feeling was joy! and the early felicity of her mind was without allay. O blifsful ftate of innocence, purity, and delight, why muft it fleet fo faft? why fcarcely but by retrofpection is its happinefs known?

Mr. Tyrold, while his tendereft hopes encircled the fame object, faw the propofal in a fairer light, from the love he bore to his brother. It feemed certain fuch a refidence would fecure her an ample fortune; the governefs to whom Indiana was entrufted

entrusted would take care of his little girl; though removed from the hourly instructions, she would still be within reach of the general superintendance of her mother, into whose power he cast the uncontrolled liberty to reclaim her, if there started any occasion. His children had no provision ascertained, should his life be too short to fulfil his own personal schemes of economy in their favour: and while to an argument so incontrovertible Mrs. Tyrold was silent, he begged her also to reflect, that, persuasive as were the attractions of elegance and refinement, no just parental expectations could be essentially disappointed, where the great moral lessons were practically inculcated, by a uniform view of goodness of heart, and firmness of principle. These his brother possessed in an eminent degree; and if his character had nothing more from which their daughter could derive benefit, it undoubtedly had not a point from which she could receive injury.

Mrs. Tyrold now yielded; she never resisted a remonstrance of her husband; and as her sense of duty impelled her also never to murmur, she retired to her own room, to conceal with how ill a grace she complied.

Had this lady been united to a man whom she despised, she would yet have obeyed him, and as scrupulously, though not as happily, as she obeyed her honoured partner. She considered the vow taken at the altar to her husband, as a voluntary vestal would have held one taken to her Maker; and no dissent in opinion exculpated, in her mind, the least deviation from his will.

But here, where an admiration almost adoring was fixt of the character to which she submitted, she was sure to applaud the motives which swayed him, however little their consequences met her sentiments: and even where the contrariety was wholly repugnant to her judgment, the genuine warmth of her just affection made every

compliance,

compliance, and every forbearance, not merely exempt from pain, but, if to him any ſatisfaction, a ſacrifice ſoothing to her heart.

Mr. Tyrold, whoſe whole ſoul was deeply affected by her excellencies, gratefully felt his power, and religiouſly ſtudied not to abuſe it: he reſpected what he owed to her conſcience, he tenderly returned what he was indebted to her affection. To render her virtues conducive to her happineſs, to ſoften her duties by the higheſt ſenſe of their merit, were the firſt and moſt ſacred objects of his ſolicitude in life.

When the lively and lovely little girl, mingling the tears of ſeparation with all the childiſh rapture which novelty, to a much later period inſpires, was preparing to change her home, "Remember," cried Mr. Tyrold, to her anxious mother, "that on you, my Georgiana, devolves the ſole charge, the unlimited judgment, to again bring her under this roof, the firſt moment ſhe appears to you in any danger from having quitted it."

The

The prompt and thankful acceptance of Mrs. Tyrold did juſtice to the ſincerity of this offer: and the cheerful acquieſcence of leſſened reluctance, raiſed her higher in that eſteem to which her conſtant mind invariably looked up, as the ſummit of her choſen ambition.

CHAP. II.

Comic Gambols.

DELIGHTED with this acquiſition to his houſehold, Sir Hugh again revived. "My dear brother and ſiſter," he cried, when next the family viſited Cleves, "this proves the moſt fortunate ſtep I have ever taken ſince I was born. Camilla's a little jewel; ſhe jumps and ſkips about till ſhe makes my eyes ache with looking after her, for fear of her breaking her neck. I muſt keep a ſharp watch, or ſhe'll put poor Indiana's noſe quite out of joint, which God forbid. However, ſhe's the life of us all, for I'm ſorry to ſay it, but I think, my dear brother, poor Indiana promiſes to turn out rather dull."

The ſprightly little girl, thus poſſeſſed of the heart, ſoon guided the will of her uncle. He could refuſe nothing to her

endearing entreaty, and felt every indulgence repaid by the enchantment of her gaiety. Indiana, his firſt idol, loſt her power to pleaſe him, though no eſſential kindneſs was abated in his conduct. He ſtill acknowledged that her beauty was the moſt complete; but he found in Camilla a variety that was captivation. Her form and her mind were of equal elaſticity. Her playful countenance rekindled his ſpirits, the cheerfulneſs of her animated voice awakened him to its own joy. He doated upon detaining her by his ſide, or delighted to gratify her if ſhe wiſhed to be abſent. She exhilarated him with pleaſure, ſhe ſupplied him with ideas, and from the morning's firſt dawn to the evening's lateſt cloſe, his eye followed her light-ſpringing figure, or his ear vibrated with her ſportive ſounds; catching, as it liſtened, in ſucceſſive rotation, the ſpontaneous laugh, the unconſcious bound, the genuine glee of childhood's fearleſs happineſs, uncurbed by ſeverity, untamed by miſfortune.

This

This aſcendance was ſoon pointed out by the ſervants to Indiana, who ſometimes ſhewed her reſentment in unexplained and pouting ſullenneſs, and at others, let all paſs unnoticed, with unreflecting forgetfulneſs. But her mind was ſoon empoiſoned with a jealouſy of more permanent ſeriouſneſs; in leſs than a month after the reſidence of Camilla at Cleves, Sir Hugh took the reſolution of making her his heireſs.

Even Mr. Tyrold, notwithſtanding his fondneſs for Camilla, remonſtrated againſt a partiality ſo injurious to his nephew and niece, as well as to the reſt of his family. And Mrs. Tyrold, though her ſecret heart ſubſcribed, without wonder, to a predilection in favour of Camilla, was maternally diſturbed for her other children, and felt her juſtice ſenſibly ſhocked at a blight ſo unmerited to the hopes cheriſhed by Indiana and Clermont Lynmere: for though the fruits of this change of plan would be reaped by her little darling, they were robbed of all their ſweetneſs to a mind ſo

correct,

correct, by their undeserved bitterness towards the first expectants.

Sir Hugh, however, was immoveable; he would provide handsomely, he said, for Indiana and Clermont, by settling a thousand pounds a year between them; and he would bequeath capital legacies amongst the rest of his nephews and nieces: but as to the bulk of his fortune, it should all go to Camilla; for how else could he make her amends for having amused him? or how, when he was gone, should he prove to her he loved her the best?

Sir Hugh could keep nothing secret; Camilla was soon informed of the riches she was destined to inherit; and the servants, who now with added respect attended her, took frequent opportunities of impressing her with the expectation, by the favours they begged from her in reversion.

The happy young heiress heard them with little concern: interest and ambition could find no room in a mind, which to dance, sing, and play could enliven to rapture.

rapture. Yet the continued repetition of requefts foon made the idea of patronage familiar to her, and though wholly uninfected with one thought of power or confequence, fhe fometimes regaled her fancy with the prefents fhe fhould make amongft her friends; defigning a coach for her mamma, that fhe might oftener go abroad; an horfe for her brother Lionel, which fhe knew to be his moft paffionate wifh; a new bureau, with a lock and key, for her eldeft fifter Lavinia; innumerable trinkets for her coufin Indiana; dolls and toys without end for her little fifter Eugenia; and a new library of new books, finely bound and gilt, for her papa. But thefe munificent donations looked forward to no other date than the anticipation of womanhood. If an hint were furmifed of her furviving her uncle, an impetuous fhower of tears dampt all her gay fchemes, deluged every airy caftle, and fhewed the inftinctive gratitude which kindnefs can awaken, even in the unthinking period of earlieft youth,

in thofe bofoms it has ever the power to animate.

Her enfuing birth-day, upon which fhe would enter her tenth year, was to announce to the adjoining country her uncle's fplendid plan in her favour. Her brother and fifters were invited to keep it with her at Cleves; but Sir Hugh declined afking either her father or mother, that his own time, without reftraint, might be dedicated to the promotion of her feftivity; he even requefted of Mifs Margland, that fhe would not appear that day, left her prefence fhould curb the children's fpirits.

The gay little party, confifting of Lavinia, who was two years older, and Eugenia, who was two years younger than Camilla, with her beautiful coufin, who was exactly of her own age, her brother Lionel, who counted three years more, and Edgar Mandlebert, a ward of Mr. Tyrold's, all affembled at Cleves upon this important occafion, at eight o'clock in the morning, to breakfaft.

Edgar

Edgar Mandlebert, an uncommonly ſpirited and manly boy, now thirteen years of age, was heir to one of the fineſt eſtates in the county. He was the only ſon of a boſom friend of Mr. Tyrold, to whoſe guardianſhip he had been conſigned almoſt from his infancy, and who ſuperintended the care of his education with as much zeal, though not as much œconomy, as that of his own ſon. He placed him under the tuition of Dr. Marchmont, a man of conſummate learning, and he ſent for him to Etherington twice in every year, where he aſſiduouſly kept up his ſtudies by his own perſonal inſtructions. "I leave him rich, my dear friend," ſaid his father, when on his death-bed he recommended him to Mr. Tyrold, "and you, I truſt, will make him good, and ſee him happy; and ſhould hereafter a daughter of your own, from frequent intercourſe, become miſtreſs of his affections, do not oppoſe ſuch a union from a diſparity of fortune, which a daughter of yours, and of your incomparable partner's, can hardly fail to coun-

terbalance in merit." Mr. Tyrold, though too noble to avail himſelf of a declaration ſo generous, by forming any plan to bring ſuch a connection to bear, felt conſcientiouſly abſolved from uſing any meaſures of frustration, and determined, as the young people grew up, neither to promote nor impede any riſing regard.

The eſtate of Beech Park was not all that young Mandlebert inherited; the friendſhip of its late owner for Mr. Tyrold, ſeemed inſtinctively transfuſed into his breaſt, and he paid back the parental tenderneſs with which he was watched and cheriſhed, by a fondneſs and veneration truly filial.

Whatever could indulge or delight the little ſet was brought forth upon this joyous meeting; fruits, ſweetmeats, and cakes; cards, trinkets, and blind fidlers, were all at the unlimited command of the fairy miſtreſs of the ceremonies. But unbounded as were the tranſports of the jovial little group, they could ſcarcely keep pace with the enjoyment of Sir Hugh; he entered

entered into all their plays, he forgot all his pains, he laughed becauſe they laughed, and ſuffered his darling little girl to govern and direct him at her pleaſure. She made him whiſkers of cork, powdered his brown bob, and covered a thread paper with black ribbon to hang to it for a queue. She metamorphoſed him into a female, accoutering him with her fine new cap, while ſhe enveloped her own ſmall head in his wig; and then, tying the maid's apron round his waiſt, put a rattle into his hand, and Eugenia's doll upon his lap, which ſhe told him was a baby that he muſt nurſe and amuſe.

The exceſs of merriment thus excited ſpread through the whole houſe. Lionel called in the ſervants to ſee this comical ſight, and the ſervants indulged their numerous gueſts with a peep at it from the windows. Sir Hugh, meanwhile, reſolved to object to nothing, performed every part aſſigned him, joined in their hearty laughs at the groteſque figure they made of him, and cordially encouraged all their proceed-

ings, aſſuring them he had not been ſo much diverted himſelf ſince his fall from his horſe, and adviſing them, with great zeal, to be merry while they could: "For you will never, my dears," ſaid he, "be younger, never while you live; no more, for that matter, ſhall I, neither, for all I am ſo much older, which, in that point, makes no difference."

He grew weary, however, firſt; and ſtretching himſelf his full length, with a prodigious yawn, "Heigh ho!" he cried, "Camilla, my dear, do take away poor Doll, for fear I ſhould let it ſlip."

The little gigglers, almoſt in convulſions of laughter, intreated him to nurſe it ſome time longer; but he frankly anſwered, "No, my dears, no; I can play no more now, if I'd ever ſo fain, for I'm tired to death, which is really a pity; ſo you muſt either go out with me my airing, for a reſt to your merry little ſides, or ſtay and play by yourſelves till I come back, which I think will put you all into fevers; but, however, nobody ſhall trouble your little

ſouls

ſouls with advice to-day; there are days enough in the year for teazing, without this one."

Camilla inſtantly decided for the airing, and without a diſſentient voice: ſo entirely had the extreme good humour of Sir Hugh won the hearts of the little party, that they felt as if the whole of their entertainment depended upon his preſence. The carriage, therefore, was ordered for the baronet and his four neices, and Lionel and Edgar Mandlebert, at the requeſt of Camilla, were gratified with horſes.

Camilla was deſired to fix their route, and while ſhe heſitated from the variety in her choice, Lionel propoſed to Edgar that they ſhould take a view of his houſe, park, and gardens, which were only three miles from Cleves. Edgar referred the matter to Indiana, to whoſe already exquiſite beauty his juvenile admiration paid its moſt early obeiſance. Indiana approved; the little heroine of the day aſſented with pleaſure and they immediately ſet out upon the happy expedition.

The two boys the whole way came with offerings of wild honeyſuckle and ſweet-briar, the grateful noſegays of all-diffuſing nature, to the coach windows, each carefully preſenting the moſt fragrant to Indiana; for Lionel, even more than ſympathiſing with Edgar, declared his ſiſters to be mere frights in compariſon with his fair couſin. Their partiality, however, ſtruggled vainly againſt that of Sir Hugh, who ſtill, in every the moſt trivial particular, gave the preference to Camilla.

The baronet had ordered that his own garden chair ſhould follow him to young Mandlebert's park, that he might take Camilla by his ſide, and go about the grounds without fatigue; the reſt were to walk. Here Indiana received again the homage of her two young beaus; they pointed out to her the moſt beautiful proſpects, they gathered her the faireſt flowers, they loaded her with the beſt and ripeſt fruits.

This was no ſooner obſerved by Sir Hugh, than haſtily ſtopping his chair, he called after them aloud, " Holloa! come hither,

hither, my boys! here, you Mr. young Mandlebert, what are you all about? Why don't you bring that beſt bunch of grapes to Camilla?"

"I have already promiſed it to Miſs Lynmere, Sir."

"O ho, have you ſo? well, give it her then if you have. I have no right to rob you of your choice. Indiana, my dear, how do you like this place?"

"Very much, indeed, uncle; I never ſaw any place I liked ſo much in my life."

"I am ſure elſe," ſaid Edgar, "I ſhould never care for it again myſelf."

"O, I could look at it for ever," cried Indiana, "and not be tired!"

Sir Hugh gravely pauſed at theſe ſpeeches, and regarded them in turn with much ſteadineſs, as if ſettling their future deſtinies; but ever unable to keep a ſingle thought to himſelf, he preſently burſt forth aloud with his new mental arrangement, ſaying: "Well, my dears, well; this is not quite the thing I had taken a fancy

to in my own private brain, but it's all for the beſt, there's no doubt; though the eſtate being juſt in my neighbourhood, would have made it more ſuitable for Camilla; I mean provided we could have bought, among us, the odd three miles between the Parks; which how many acres they make, I can't pretend to ſay, without the proper calculation; but if it was all joined, it would be the fineſt domain in the county, as far as I know to the contrary: nevertheleſs, my dear young Mr. Mandlebert, you have a right to chooſe for yourſelf; for as to beauty, 'tis mere fancy; not but what Indiana has one or other the prettieſt face I ever ſaw, though I think Camilla's ſo much prettier; I mean in point of winningneſs. However, there's no fear as to my conſent, for nothing can be a greater pleaſure to me than having two ſuch good girls, both being couſins, live ſo near that they may overlook one another from park to park, all day long, by the mode of a teleſcope."

Edgar,

Edgar, perfectly underſtanding him, bluſhed deeply, and, forgetting what he had juſt declared, offered his grapes to Lavinia. Indiana, conceiving herſelf already miſtreſs of ſo fine a place, ſmiled with approving complacency; and the reſt were too much occupied with the objects around them, to liſten to ſo long a ſpeech.

They then all moved on; but, ſoon after, Lionel, flying up to his uncle's chair, informed Camilla he had juſt heard from the gardener, that only half a mile off, at Northwick, there was a fair, to which he begged ſhe would aſk to go. She found no difficulty in obliging him; and Sir Hugh was incapable of heſitating at whatever ſhe could deſire. The carriage and the horſes for the boys were again ordered, and to the regret of only Edgar and Indiana, the beautiful plantations of Beech Park were relinquiſhed for the fair.

They had hardly proceeded twenty yards, when the ſmiles that had brightened the face of Lavinia, the eldeſt daughter of Mr. Tyrold, were ſuddenly overcaſt, giving

place to a look of diſmay, which ſeemed the effect of ſome abruptly painful recollection; and the moment Sir Hugh perceived it, and enquired the cauſe, the tears rolled faſt down her cheeks, and ſhe ſaid ſhe had been guilty of a great ſin, and could never forgive herſelf.

They all eagerly endeavoured to conſole her, Camilla fondly taking her hand, little Eugenia ſympathetically crying over and kiſſing her, Indiana begging to know what was the matter, and Sir Hugh, holding out to her the fineſt peach from his ſtores for Camilla, and ſaying, "Don't cry ſo, my dear, don't cry: take a little bit of peach; I dare ſay you are not ſo bad as you think for."

The weeping young penitent beſought leave to get out of the coach with Camilla, to whom alone ſhe could explain herſelf. Camilla almoſt opened the door herſelf, to haſten the diſcovery; and the moment they had run up a bank by the road ſide, "Tell me what it is, my dear Lavinia," ſhe cried, "and I am ſure my uncle will

do any thing in the world to help you."

"O Camilla," ſhe anſwered, "I have diſobeyed mamma! and I did not mean it in the leaſt----but I have forgot all her commands!----She charged me not to let Eugenia ſtir out from Cleves, becauſe of the ſmall pox----and ſhe has been already at Beech Park----and now, how can I tell the poor little thing ſhe muſt not go to the fair?"

"Don't vex yourſelf about that," cried Camilla, kindly kiſſing the tears off her cheeks, "for I will ſtay behind, and play with Eugenia myſelf, if my uncle will drive us back to Beech Park; and then all the reſt may go to the fair, and take us up again in the way home."

With this expedient ſhe flew to the coach, charging the two boys, who with great curioſity had ridden to the bank ſide, and liſtened to all that had paſſed, to comfort Lavinia.

"Lionel," cried Edgar, "do you know, while Camilla was ſpeaking ſo kindly to Lavinia,

Lavinia, I thought she looked almost as pretty as your cousin?" Lionel would by no means subscribe to this opinion, but Edgar would not retract.

Camilla, jumping into the carriage, threw her arms around the neck of her uncle, and whispered to him all that had passed. "Poor innocent little dear!" cried he, "is that all? it's just nothing, considering her young age."

Then, looking out of the window, "Lavinia," he said, "you have done no more harm than what's quite natural; and so I shall tell your mamma; who is a woman of sense, and won't expect such a young head as yours to be of the same age as hers and mine. But come into the coach, my dear; we'll just drive as far as Northwick, for an airing, and then back again."

The extreme delicacy of the constitution of Eugenia had hitherto deterred Mrs. Tyrold from innoculating her; she had therefore scrupulously kept her from all miscellaneous intercourse in the neighbourhood:

but

but as the weakneſs of her infancy was now promiſing to change into health and ſtrength, ſhe meant to give to that terrible diſeaſe its beſt chance, and the only ſecurity it allows from perpetual alarm, immediately after the heats of the preſent autumn ſhould be over.

Lavinia, unuſed to diſobedience, could not be happy in practiſing it: ſhe entreated, therefore, to return immediately to Cleves. Sir Hugh complied; premiſing only that they muſt none of them expect him to be of their play-party again till after dinner.

The coachman then received freſh orders: but the moment they were communicated to the two boys, Lionel, proteſting he would not loſe the fair, ſaid he ſhould ſoon overtake them, and, regardleſs of all remonſtrances, put ſpurs to his horſe, and gallopped off.

Sir Hugh, looking after him with great alarm, exclaimed, "Now he is going to break all his bones! which is always the caſe with thoſe young boys, when firſt they get a horſeback."

Camilla, terrified that ſhe had begged this boon, requeſted that the ſervant might directly ride after him.

"Yes, my dear, if you wiſh it," anſwered Sir Hugh; "only we have but this one man for us all, becauſe of the reſt ſtaying to get the ball and ſupper ready; ſo that if we ſhould be overturned ourſelves, here's never a ſoul to pick us up."

Edgar offered to ride on alone, and perſuade the truant to return.

"Thank you, my dear, thank you," anſwered Sir Hugh, "you are as good a boy as any I know, but, in point of horſemanſhip, one's as ignorant as t'other, as far as I can tell; ſo we may only ſee both your ſculls fractured inſtead of one, in the midſt of your galloping; which God forbid for either."

"Then let us all go together," cried Indiana, "and bring him back."

"But do not let us get out of the coach, uncle," ſaid Lavinia; "pray do not let us get out!"

Sir Hugh agreed; though he added, that as to the ſmall pox, he could by no means

means ſee it in the ſame light, for he had no notion of people's taking diſeaſes upon themſelves. "Beſides," continued he, "ſhe will be ſure to have it when her time comes, whether ſhe is moped up or no; and how did people do before theſe new modes of making themſelves ſick of their own accord?"

Pitying, however, the uneaſineſs of Lavinia, when they came near the town, he called to the footman, and ſaid, "Hark'ee, Jacob, do you ride on firſt, and keep a ſharp look out that nobody has the ſmall pox."

The fair being held in the ſuburbs, they ſoon arrived at ſome ſtraggling booths; and the coach, at the inſtance of Lavinia, was ſtopt.

Indiana now earneſtly ſollicited leave to alight and ſee the fair; and Edgar offered to be her eſquire. Sir Hugh conſented, but deſired that Lavinia and Camilla might be alſo of the party. Lavinia tried vainly to excuſe herſelf; he aſſured her it would raiſe her ſpirits, and bid her be under no apprehen-

apprehenſion, for he would ſtay and amuſe the little Eugenia himſelf, and take care that ſhe came to no harm.

They were no ſooner gone, however, than the little girl cried to follow; Sir Hugh, compaſſionately kiſſing her, owned ſhe had as good a right as any of them, and declared it was a hard thing to have her puniſhed for other people's particularities. This conceſſion ſerved only to make her tears flow the faſter; till, unable to bear the ſight, he ſaid he could not anſwer to his conſcience the vexing ſuch a young thing, and, promiſing ſhe ſhould have whatever ſhe liked, if ſhe would cry no more, he ordered the coachman to drive to the firſt booth where there were any toys to be ſold.

Here, having no footman to bring the trinkets to the coach, he alighted, and, ſuffering the little girl, for whom he had not a fear himſelf, to accompany him, he entered the booth, and told her to take whatever hit her fancy, for ſhe ſhould have as many playthings as ſhe could carry.

Her

Her grief now gave way to extacy, and her little hands could ſoon ſcarcely ſuſtain the loaded ſkirt of her white frock. Sir Hugh, determining to make the reſt of the children equally happy, was ſelecting preſents for them all, when the little group, ignorant whom they ſhould encounter, advanced towards the ſame booth: but he had hardly time to exclaim, "Oho! have you caught us?" when the innocent voice of Eugenia, calling out, "Little boy; what's the matter with your face, little boy?" drew his attention another way, and he perceived a child apparently juſt recovering from the ſmall pox.

Edgar, who at the ſame inſtant ſaw the ſame dreaded ſight, darted forward, ſeized Eugenia in his arms, and, in defiance of her playthings and her ſtruggles, carried her back to the coach; while Lavinia, in an agony of terror, ran up to the little boy, and, crying out, "O go away! go away!" dragged him out of the booth, and, perfectly unconſcious what ſhe did, covered his head with her frock, and held him faſt with both her hands.

Sir

Sir Hugh, all aghaſt, hurried out of the booth, but could ſcarce ſupport himſelf from emotion; and, while he leaned upon his ſtick, ejaculating, "Lord help us! what poor creatures we are, we poor mortals!" Edgar had the preſence of mind to make Indiana and Camilla go directly to the carriage. He then prevailed with Sir Hugh to enter it alſo, and ran back for Lavinia. But when he perceived the ſituation into which diſtreſs and affright had driven her, and ſaw her ſobbing over the child, whom ſhe ſtill held confined, with an idea of hiding him from Eugenia, he was inſtantly ſenſible of the danger of her joining her little ſiſter. Extremely perplexed for them all, and afraid, by going from the ſick child, he might himſelf carry the infection to the coach, he ſent a man to Sir Hugh to know what was to be done.

Sir Hugh, totally overſet by the unexpected accident, and conſcience-ſtruck at his own wilful ſhare in riſking it, was utterly helpleſs, and could only anſwer, that he wiſhed young Mr. Edgar would give him his advice.

Edgar,

Edgar, thus called upon, now firſt felt the abilities which his ſhort life had not hitherto brought into uſe: he begged Sir Hugh would return immediately to Cleves, and keep Eugenia there for a few days with Camilla and her couſin; while he undertook to go himſelf in ſearch of Lionel, with whoſe aſſiſtance he would convey Lavinia back to Etherington, without ſeeing her little ſiſter; ſince ſhe muſt now be as full of contagion as the poor object who had juſt had the diſeaſe.

Sir Hugh, much relieved, ſent him word he had no doubt he would become the firſt ſcholar of the age; and deſired he would get a chaiſe for himſelf and Lavinia, and let the footman take charge of his horſe.

He then ordered the coach to Cleves.

Edgar fulfilled the injunctions of Sir Hugh with alacrity; but had a very difficult taſk to find Lionel, and one far more painful to appeaſe Lavinia, whoſe apprehenſions were ſo great as they advanced towards Etherington, that, to ſooth and comfort her, he ordered the poſtilion to drive

drive firſt to a farm-houſe near Cleves, whence he forwarded a boy to Sir Hugh, with entreaties that he would write a few lines to Mrs. Tyrold, in exculpation of her ſorrowing daughter.

Sir Hugh complied, but was ſo little in the habit of writing, that he ſent over a meſſenger to deſire they would dine at the farm-houſe, in order to give him time to compoſe his epiſtle.

Early in the afternoon, he conveyed to them the following letter:

To Mrs. Tyrold *at the Parſonage Houſe, belonging to the Reverend Rector, Mr.* Tyrold, *for the Time being, at* Etherington *in* Hampſhire.

DEAR SISTER,

I AM no remarkable good writer, in compariſon with my brother, which you will excuſe from my deficiencies, as it is my only apology. I beg you will not be angry with little Lavinia, as ſhe did nothing in the whole buſineſs, except wanting to do right, only not mentioning it in the beginning,

ginning, which is very excuſable in the light of a fault; the wiſeſt of us having been youths ourſelves once, and the moſt learned being ſubject to do wrong, but how much ſo the ignorant? of which I may ſpeak more properly. However, as ſhe would certainly have caught the ſmall pox herſelf, except from the lucky circumſtance of having had it before, I think it beſt to keep Eugenia a few days at Cleves, for the ſake of her infection. Not but what if ſhe ſhould have it, I truſt your ſenſe won't fret about it, as it is only in the courſe of Nature; which, if ſhe had been innoculated, is more than any man could ſay; even a phyſician. So the whole being my own fault, without the leaſt meaning to offend, if any thing comes of it, I hope, my dear ſiſter, you won't take it ill, eſpecially of poor little Lavinia, for 'tis hard if ſuch young things may not be happy at their time of life, before having done harm to a human ſoul. Poor dears! 'tis ſoon enough to be unhappy after being wicked; which, God knows, we are all

liable to be in the proper ſeaſon. I beg my love to my brother; and remain,

Dear ſiſter,

Your affectionate brother,

Hugh Tyrold.

P. S. It is but juſtice to my brother to mention that young Maſter Mandlebert's behaviour has done the greateſt honour to the claſſics; which muſt be a great ſatisfaction to a perſon having the care of his education.

The reſt of the day loſt all its delights to the young heireſs from this unfortunate adventure. The deprivation of three of the party, with the well-grounded fear of Mrs. Tyrold's juſt blame, were greater mortifications to thoſe that remained, than even the ball and ſupper could remove. And Sir Hugh, to whom their lowered ſpirits were ſufficiently depreſſing, had an additional, though hardly to himſelf acknowledged, weight upon his mind, relative to Eugenia and the ſmall pox.

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The contrition of the trembling Lavinia could not but obtain from Mrs. Tyrold the pardon it deserved: but ſhe could make no allowance for the extreme want of conſideration in Sir Hugh; and anxiouſly waited the time when ſhe might call back Eugenia from the management of a perſon whom ſhe conſidered as more childiſh than her children themſelves.

CHAP. III.

Consequences.

EVERY precaution being taken with regard to Lavinia and her clothes, for warding off infection to Eugenia, if as yet she had escaped it; Mrs. Tyrold fixed a day for fetching her little daughter from Cleves. Sir Hugh, at the earnest intreaty of Camilla, invited the young party to come again early that morning, that some amends might be made them for their recent disappointment of the ball and supper, by a holiday, and a little sport, previous to the arrival of Mrs. Tyrold; to whom he voluntarily pledged his word, that Eugenia should not again be taken abroad, nor suffered to appear before any strangers.

Various gambols were now again enacted by the once more happy group; but all was conducted with as much security as gaiety,

gaiety, till Lionel propofed the amufement of riding upon a plank in the park.

A plank was immediately procured by the gardener, and placed upon the trunk of an old oak, where it parted into two thick branches.

The boys and the three eldeft girls balanced one another in turn, with great delight and dexterity; but Sir Hugh feared committing the little Eugenia, for whom he was grown very anxious, amongft them, till the repinings of the child demolifhed his prudence. The difficulty how to indulge her with fafety was, neverthelefs, confiderable; and, after various experiments, he refolved to truft her to nobody but himfelf; and, placing her upon his lap, occupied one end of the plank, and defired that as many of the reft as were neceffary to make the weight equal, would feat themfelves upon the other.

This diverfion was fhort, but its confequences were long. Edgar Mandlebert, who fuperintended the balance, poifed it with great exactnefs; yet no fooner was

Sir Hugh elevated, than, becoming exceedingly giddy, he involuntarily loofened his hold of Eugenia, who fell from his arms to the ground.

In the agitation of his fright, he ftooped forward to fave her, but loft his equilibrium; and, inftead of refcuing, followed her.

The greateft confufion enfued; Edgar, with admirable adroitnefs, preferved the elder girls from fuffering by the accident; and Lionel took care of himfelf by leaping inftantly from the plank: Sir Hugh, extremely bruifed, could not get up without pain; but all concern and attention foon centred in the little Eugenia, whofe inceffant cries raifed apprehenfions of fome more than common mifchief.

She was carried to the houfe in the arms of Edgar, and delivered to the governefs, She fcreamed the whole time fhe was undreffing; and Edgar, convinced fhe had received fome injury, gallopped off, unbid, for a furgeon: but what was the horror of Sir Hugh, upon hearing him pronounce,

nounce, that her left ſhoulder was put out, and that one of her knees was diſlocated!

In an agony of remorſe, he ſhut himſelf up in his room, without power to iſſue a command, or liſten to a queſtion: nor could he be prevailed upon to open his door, till the arrival of Mrs. Tyrold.

Haſtily then ruſhing out, he hurried to meet her; and, ſnatching both her hands, and preſſing them between his own, he burſt into a paſſionate flood of tears, and ſobbed out: "Hate me, my dear ſiſter, for you can't help it! for I am ſorry to tell it you, but I believe I have been the death of poor Eugenia, that never hurt a fly in her life!"

Pale, and ſtruck with dread, yet always poſſeſſing her preſence of mind, Mrs. Tyrold diſengaged herſelf, and demanded where ſhe might find her? Sir Hugh could make no rational anſwer; but Edgar, who had run down ſtairs, purpoſing to communicate the tidings more gently, briefly ſtated the misfortune, and conducted her to the poor little ſufferer.

Mrs. Tyrold, though nearly overpowered by a ſight ſo affecting, ſtill preſerved her faculties for better uſes than lamentation. She held the child in her arms while the neceſſary operations were performing by the ſurgeon; ſhe put her to bed, and watched by her ſide the whole night; during which, in defiance of all precautions, a high fever came on, and ſhe grew worſe every moment.

The next morning, while ſtill in this alarming ſtate, the unfortunate little innocent exhibited undoubted ſymptoms of the ſmall pox.

Mr. Tyrold now alſo eſtabliſhed himſelf at Cleves, to ſhare the parental taſk of nurſing the afflicted child, whoſe room he never left, except to give conſolation to his unhappy brother, who lived wholly in his own apartment, refuſing the ſight even of Camilla, and calling himſelf a monſter too wicked to look at any thing that was good; though the affectionate little girl, pining at the excluſion, continually preſented herſelf at his door.

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The difeafe bore every prognoftic of fatal confequences, and the fond parents foon loft all hope, though they redoubled every attention.

Sir Hugh then gave himfelf up wholly to defpair: he darkened his room, refufed all food but bread and water, permitted no one to approach him, and reviled himfelf invariably with the contrition of a wilful murderer.

In this ftate of felf-punifhment he perfevered, till the diftemper unexpectedly took a fudden and happy turn, and the furgeon made known, that his patient might poffibly recover.

The joy of Sir Hugh was now as frantic as his grief had been the moment before: he haftened to his drawing-room, commanded that the whole houfe fhould be illuminated; promifed a year's wages to all his fervants; bid his houfe-keeper diftribute beef and broth throughout the village; and fent directions that the bells of the three neareft parifh churches fhould be rang for a day and a night. But when

Mr. Tyrold, to avert the horror of any wholly unprepared disappointment, represented the still precarious state of Eugenia, and the many changes yet to be feared; he desperately reversed all his orders, returned sadly to his dark room, and protested he would never more rejoice, till Mrs. Tyrold herself should come to him with good news.

This anxiously waited æra at length arrived; Eugenia, though seamed and even scarred by the horrible disorder, was declared out of danger; and Mrs. Tyrold, burying her anguish at the alteration, in her joy for the safety of her child, with an heart overflowing from pious gratitude, became the messenger of peace; and, holding out her hand to Sir Hugh, assured him the little Eugenia would soon be well.

Sir Hugh, in an ecstasy which no power could check, forgot every pain and infirmity to hurry up to the apartment of the little girl, that he might kneel, he said, at her feet, and there give thanks for her recovery: but the moment he entered the

room,

room, and saw the dreadful havoc grim disease had made on her face; not a trace of her beauty left, no resemblance by which he could have known her; he shrunk back, wrung his hands, called himself the most sinful of all created beings, and in the deepest despondence, sunk into a chair and wept aloud.

Eugenia soon began to cry also, though unconscious for what cause; and Mrs. Tyrold remonstrated to Sir Hugh upon the uselessness of such transports, calmly beseeching him to retire and compose himself.

"Yes, sister," he answered, "yes, I'll go away, for I am sure, I do not want to look at her again; but to think of its being all my doing!---O brother! O sister! why don't you both kill me in return? And what amends can I make her? what amends, except a poor little trifle of money?---And as to that, she shall have it, God knows, every penny I am worth, the moment I am gone; ay, that

ſhe ſhall, to a ſingle ſhilling, if I die to-morrow!"

Starting up with revived courage from this idea, he ventured again to turn his head towards Eugenia, exclaiming: "O, if ſhe does but get well! does but eaſe my poor conſcience by making me out not to be a murderer, a guinea for every pit in that poor face will I ſettle on her out of hand; yes, before I ſo much as breathe again, for fear of dying in the mean time!"

Mrs. Tyrold ſcarce noticed this declaration; but his brother endeavoured to diſſuade him from ſo ſudden and partial a meaſure: he would not, however, liſten; he made what ſpeed he could down ſtairs, called haſtily for his hat and ſtick, commanded all his ſervants to attend him, and muttering frequent ejaculations to himſelf, that he would not truſt to changing his mind, he proceeded to the family chapel, and approaching with eager ſteps to the altar, knelt down, and bidding every

one

one hear and witness what he said, made a solemn vow, "That if he might be cleared of the crime of murder, by the recovery of Eugenia, he would atone what he could for the ill he had done her, by bequeathing to her every thing he possessed in the world, in estate, cash, and property, without the deduction of a sixpence."

He told all present to remember and witness this, in case of an apoplexy before his new will could be written down.

Returning then to the house, lightened, he said, from a load of self-reproach, which had rendered the last fortnight insupportable to him, he sent for the attorney of a neighbouring town, and went up stairs, with a firmer mind, to wait his arrival in the sick room.

"O my dear uncle," cried his long banished Camilla, who hearing him upon the stairs, skipt lightly after him, "how glad I am to see you again! I almost thought I should see you no more!"

Here ended at once the just acquired tranquillity of Sir Hugh; all his satisfaction

forsook him at the appearance of his little darling; he considered her as an innocent creature whom he was preparing to injure; he could not bear to look at her; his heart smote him in her favour; his eyes filled with tears; he was unable to go on, and with slow and trembling steps, he moved again towards his own room.

"My dearest uncle!" cried Camilla, holding by his coat, and hanging upon his arm, "won't you speak to me?"

"Yes, my dear, to be sure I will," he answered, endeavouring to hide his emotion, "only not now; so don't follow me Camilla, for I'm going to be remarkably busy!"

"O uncle!" she cried, plaintively, "and I have not seen you so long! And I have wished so to see you! and I have been so unhappy about Eugenia! and you have always locked your door; and I would not rap hard at it, for fear you should be asleep: But why would you not see me, uncle? and why will you send me away?"

"My

"My dear Camilla," he replied, with increased agitation, "I have used you very ill; I have been your worst enemy, which is the very reason I don't care to see you; so go away, I beg, for I am bad enough without all this. But I give you my thanks for all your little playful gambols, having nothing better now to offer you; which is but a poor return from an uncle to a neice!"

He then shut himself into his room, leaving Camilla drowned in tears at the outside of the door.

Wretched in reflecting upon the shock and disappointment which the new disposition of his affairs must occasion her, he had not fortitude to inform her of his intention. He desired to speak with Edgar Mandlebert, who, with all the Tyrold family, resided, for the present, at Cleves, and abruptly related to him the new destination he had just vowed of his wealth; beseeching that he would break it in the softest manner to his poor little favourite, assuring her she would be always the first

in his love, though a point of mere conscience had forced him to make choice of another heiress.

Edgar, whose zeal to serve and oblige had never been put to so severe a test, hesitated how to obey this injunction; yet he would not refuse it, as he found that all the servants of the house were enabled, if they pleased, to anticipate more incautiously the ill news. He followed her, therefore, into the garden, whither she had wandered to weep unobserved; but he stopt short at sight of her distress, conceiving his errand to be already known to her, and determined to consult with Indiana, to whom he communicated his terrible embassy, intreating her to devise some consolation for her poor cousin.

Indiana felt too much chagrined at her own part in this transaction, to give her attention to Camilla; she murmured without scruple at the deprivation of what she had once expected for herself, and at another time for her brother; and expressed much resentment at the behaviour of her uncle,

mingled with something very near repining, not merely at his late preference of Camilla, but even at the recovery of the little Eugenia. Edgar heard her with surprise, and wondered to find how much less her beauty attracted him from the failure of her good nature.

He now pursued the weeping Camilla, who, dispersing her tears at his approach, pretended to be picking some lavender, and keeping her eyes stedfastly upon the bush, asked him if he would have any? He took a sprig, but spoke to her in a voice of such involuntary compassion, that she soon lost her self-command, and the big drops again rolled fast down her cheeks. Extremely concerned, he strove gently to sooth her; but the expressions of regret at her uncle's avoidance, which then escaped her, soon convinced him his own task was still to be performed. With anxious fear of the consequences of a blow so unlooked for, he executed it with all the speed, yet all the consideration in his power. Camilla, the moment she under-

stood

ſtood him, paſſionately claſped her hands, and exclaimed: "O if that is all! If my uncle indeed loves me as well as before all this; I am ſure I can never, never be ſo wicked, as to envy poor little Eugenia, who has ſuffered ſo much, and almoſt been dying, becauſe ſhe will be richer than I ſhall be!"

Edgar, delighted and relieved, thought ſhe was grown a thouſand times more beautiful than Indiana; and eagerly taking her hand, ran with her to the apartment of the poor diſconſolate Sir Hugh; where his own eyes ſoon overflowed from tenderneſs and admiration, at the uncommon ſcene he witneſſed, of the generous affection with which Camilla conſoled the fond diſtreſs of her uncle, though ſpringing from her own diſappointment and loſs.

They ſtaid till the arrival of the attorney, who took the directions of Sir Hugh, and drew up, for his immediate ſatisfaction, a ſhort deed, making over, according to his vow, all he ſhould die poſſeſſed of, without any let or qualification whatſoever, to his

neice

neice Eugenia. This was properly ſigned and ſealed, and Sir Hugh haſtened up ſtairs with a copy of it to Mr. Tyrold.

All remonſtrance was ineffectual; his conſcience, he proteſted, could no other way be appeaſed; his noble little Camilla had forgiven him her ill uſage, and he could now bear to look at the change for the worſe in Eugenia, without finding his heart-ſtrings ready to burſt at the ſight. "You," he cried, "brother, who do not know what it is I have ſuffered through my conſcience, can't tell what it is to get a little eaſe; for if ſhe had died, you might all have had the comfort to ſay 'twas I murdered her, which would have given you the ſatisfaction of having had no hand in it. But then, what would have become of poor me, having it all upon my own head? However, now, thank Heaven, I have no need to care about the matter; for as to the mere loſs of beauty, pretty as it is to look at, I hope it is no ſuch great injury, as ſhe'll have a ſplendid fortune,

tune, which is certainly a better thing, in point of lafting. For as to beauty, Lord help us! what is it? except juft to the eye."

He then walked up to the child, intending to kifs her, but ftopt and fighed involuntarily as he looked at her, faying: "After all, fhe's not like the fame thing! no more than I am myfelf. I fhall never think I know her again, never as long as I live! I can't fo much as believe her to be the fame, though I am fure of its being true. However, it fhall make no change in my love for her, poor little dear, for it's all my own doing; though innocently enough, as to any meaning, God knows!"

It was ftill fome time before the little girl recovered, and then a new misfortune became daily more palpable, from fome latent and incurable mifchief, owing to her fall, which made her grow up with one leg fhorter than the other, and her whole figure diminutive and deformed. Thefe additional

additional evils reconciled her parents to the partial will of her uncle, which they now, indeed, thought less, wanting in equity, since no other reparation could be offered to the innocent sufferer for ills so insurmountable.

CHAP. IV.

Studies of a grown Gentleman.

WHEN the tumult of this affair subsided, Mr. Tyrold and his family prepared to re-establish themselves at Etherington; and Mrs. Tyrold, the great inducement for the separation being over, was earnest to take home again the disinherited Camilla. Sir Hugh, whose pleasure in her sight was now embittered by regret and remorse, had not courage to make the smallest opposition; yet he spent the day of her departure in groans and penitence. He thought it right, however, to detain Eugenia, who, as his decided heiress, was left to be brought up at Cleves.

The loss of the amusing society of his favourite; the disappointment he had inflicted upon her, and the sweetness with which she had borne it, preyed incessantly upon his spirits; and he knew not how

to employ himſelf, which way to direct his thoughts, nor in what manner to beguile one moment of his time, after the children were gone to reſt.

The view of the conſtant reſources which his brother found in literature, augmented his melancholy at his own imperfections; and the ſteady induſtry with which Mr. Tyrold, in early youth, had attained them, and which, while devoted to field ſports, he had often obſerved with wonder and pity, he now looked back to with ſelf-reproach, and recogniſed in its effect with a reverence almoſt awful.

His imagination, neither regulated by wiſdom, nor diſciplined by experience, having once taken this turn, he ſoon fancied that every earthly misfortune originated in a careleſſneſs of learning, and that all he wiſhed, and all he wanted, upbraided him with his ignorance. If diſeaſe and pain afflicted him, he lamented the juvenile inattention that had robbed him of acquirements which might have taught him not to regard them; if the word ſcholar was

named

named in his presence, he heaved the deepest sigh; if an article in a newspaper, with which he was unacquainted, was discussed, he reviled his early heedlessness of study; and the mention of a common pamphlet, which was unknown to him, gave him a sensation of disgrace: even inevitable calamities he attributed to the negligence of his education, and construed every error, and every evil of his life, to his youthful disrespect of Greek and Latin.

Such was the state of his mind, when his ordinary maladies had the serious aggravation of a violent fit of the gout.

In the midst of the acute anguish, and useless repentance, which now alternately ravaged his happiness, it suddenly occurred to him, that, perhaps, with proper instruction, he might even yet obtain a sufficient portion of this enviable knowledge, to enable him to pass his evenings with some similarity to his brother.

Revived by this suggestion, he sent for Mr. Tyrold, to communicate to him his idea, and to beg he would put him into a

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way to recover his loſt time, by recommending to him a tutor, with whom he might ſet about a courſe of ſtudies:— "Not that I want," cried he, "to make any particular great figure as a ſcholar; but if I could only learn juſt enough to amuſe me at odd hours, and make me forget the gout, it's as much as I deſire."

The total impoſſibility that ſuch a project ſhould anſwer its given purpoſe, deterred not Mr. Tyrold from liſtening to his requeſt. The mild philoſophy of his character ſaw whatever was lenient to human ſufferings as eligible, and looked no further for any obſtacles to the wiſhes of another, than to inveſtigate if their gratification would be compatible with innocence. He wrote, therefore, to a college aſſociate of his younger years, whom he knew to be ſeverely embarraſſed in his affairs, and made propoſals for ſettling him in the houſe of his brother. Theſe were not merely gratefully accepted by his old friend, but drew forth a confeſſion that he

was daily menaced with a public arreſt for debts, which he had incurred without luxury or extravagance, from mere ignorance of the value of money, and of œconomy.

In the award of cool reaſon, to attend to what is impracticable, appears a folly which no inducement can excuſe. Mrs. Tyrold treated this ſcheme with calm, but complete contempt. She allowed no palliation for a meaſure of which the abortive end was glaring; to hearken to it diſpleaſed her, as a falſe indulgence of childiſh vanity; and her underſtanding felt ſhocked that Mr. Tyrold would deign to humour his brother in an enterpriſe which muſt inevitably terminate in a fruitleſs conſumption of time.

Sir Hugh ſoon, but without anger, ſaw her diſapprobation of his plan; her opinions, from a high ſuperiority to all deceit, were as unreſerved as thoſe of the baronet, from a nature incapable of caution. He told her he was ſorry to perceive that ſhe thought he ſhould make no proficiency, but intreated her to take notice there was

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at leaſt no great preſumption in his attempt, as he meant to begin with the very beginning, and to go no farther at the firſt than any young little ſchool-boy; for he ſhould give himſelf fair play, by trying his hand with the rudiments, which would no ſooner be run over, than the reſt would become plain ſailing: "And if once," he added, "I ſhould conquer the maſtery of the claſſics, I ſhall make but very ſhort work of all the reſt."

Mr. Tyrold ſaw, as forcibly as his wife, the utter impoſſibility that Sir Hugh could now repair the omiſſions of his youth; but he was willing to conſole his want of knowledge, and ſooth his mortifications; and while he grieved for his bodily infirmities, and pitied his mental repinings, he conſidered his idea as not illaudable, though injudicious, and in favour of its blameleſſneſs, forgave its abſurdity.

He was gratified, alſo, in offering an honourable proviſion to a man of learning in diſtreſs, whoſe time and attention could not fail to deſerve it, if dedicated to his

 brother,

brother, in whatever way they might be beſtowed.

He took care to be at Cleves on the day Dr. Orkborne, this gentleman, was expected, and he preſented him to Sir Hugh with every mark of regard, as a companion in whoſe converſation, he flattered himſelf, pain might be lightened, and ſecluſion from mixt company cheerfully ſupported.

Dr. Orkborne expreſſed his gratitude for the kindneſs of Mr. Tyrold, and promiſed to make it his firſt ſtudy to merit the high conſideration with which he had been called from his retirement.

A ſcholaſtic education was all that had been given to Dr. Orkborne by his friends; and though in that their hopes were anſwered, no proſperity followed. His labours had been ſeconded by induſtry, but not enforced by talents; and they ſoon found how wide the difference between acquiring ſtores, and bringing them into uſe. Application, operating upon a retentive memory, had enabled

him to lay by the moſt ample hoards of erudition; but theſe, though they rendered him reſpectable amongſt the learned, proved nearly nugatory in his progreſs through the world, from a total want of ſkill and penetration to know how or where they might turn to any account. Nevertheleſs, his character was unexceptionable, his manners were quiet, and his fortune was ruined. Theſe were the motives which induced rather the benevolence than the ſelection of Mr. Tyrold to name him to his brother, in the hope that, while an aſylum at Cleves would exonerate him from all pecuniary hardſhips, his very deficiency in brilliancy of parts, and knowledge of mankind, which though differently modified, was equal to that of Sir Hugh himſelf, would obviate regret of more cultivated ſociety, and facilitate their reciprocal ſatisfaction.

The introduction over, Mr. Tyrold ſought by general topics to forward their acquaintance, before any alluſion ſhould be made to the profeſſed plan of Sir Hugh;

but Sir Hugh was too well pleaſed with its ingenuity to be aſhamed of its avowal; he began, therefore, immediately to deſcant upon the indolence of his early years, and to impeach the want of timely ſeverity in his inſtructors: "For there is an old ſaying," he cried, "but remarkably true, That learning is better than houſe or land; which I am an inſtance of myſelf, for I have houſe and land plenty, yet don't know what to do with them properly, nor with myſelf neither, for want of a little notion of things to guide me by." His brother, he added, had been too partial in thinking him already fitted for ſuch a maſter as Dr. Orkborne; though he promiſed, notwithſtanding his time of life, to become the moſt docile of pupils, and he hoped before long to do no diſcredit to the Doctor as his tutor.

Mr. Tyrold, whoſe own benign countenance could ſcarce refrain from a ſmile at this unqualified opening, endeavoured to divert to ſome other ſubject the grave aſtoniſhment of Dr. Orkborne, who, previouſly

viously aware of the age and ill health of the baronet, naturally concluded himself called upon to solace the privacy of his life by reading or discourse, but suggested not the most distant surmise he could be summoned as a preceptor.

Sir Hugh, however, far from palliating any design, disguised not even a feeling; he plunged deeper and deeper in the acknowledgment of his ignorance, and soon set wholly apart the delicate circumspection of his brother, by demanding of Dr. Orkborne what book he thought he had best buy for a beginning?

Receiving from the wondering Doctor no answer, he good humouredly added, "Come, don't be ashamed to name the easiest, for this reason; you must know my plan is one of my own, which it is right to tell you. As fast as I get on, I intend, for the sake of remembering my lesson, to send for one of my nephews, and teach it all over again to him myself; which will be doing service to us all at once."

Mr. Tyrold now, though for a few moments he looked down, thought it beſt to leave the matter to its own courſe, and Dr. Orkborne to his own obſervations; fully perſuaded, that the ſmiles Sir Hugh might excite would be tranſient, and that no ſerious or laſting ridicule could be attached to his character, in the mind of a worthy man, to whom time and opportunity would be allowed for an acquaintance with its habitual beneficence. He excuſed himſelf, therefore, from ſtaying any longer, ſomewhat to the diſtreſs of Dr. Orkborne, but hardly with the notice of the baronet, whoſe eagerneſs in his new purſuit completely engroſſed him.

His late adventure, and his new heireſs, now tormented him no more; Indiana was forgotten, Camilla but little thought of, and his whole mind became excluſively occupied by this fruitful expedient for retrieving his loſt time.

Dr. Orkborne, whoſe life had been ſpent in any ſtudy rather than that of human nature, was ſo little able to enter into

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the character of Sir Hugh, that nothing leſs than the reſpect he knew to be due to Mr. Tyrold, could have ſaved him, upon his firſt reception, from a ſuſpicion that he had been ſummoned in mere mockery. The ſituation, however, was peculiarly deſirable to him, and the experiment, in the beginning, correſponded with the hopes of Mr. Tyrold. Placed ſuddenly in eaſe and affluence, Dr. Orkborne, with the moſt profound deſire to pleaſe, ſought to ſuſtain ſo convenient a poſt, by obliging the patron, whom he ſoon ſaw it would be vain to attempt improving; while Sir Hugh, in return, profeſſed himſelf the moſt fortunate of men, that he had now met with a ſcholar who had the good nature not to deſpiſe him.

Relief from care thus combining with opportunity, Dr. Orkborne was ſcarce ſettled, ere he determined upon the execution of a long, critical, and difficult work in philology, which he had often had in contemplation, but never found leiſure to undertake. By this means he had a con-

ftant refource for himfelf; and the baronet, obferving that time never hung heavy upon his hands, conceived a yet higher admiration of learning, and felt his fpirits proportionably re-animated by the fair profpect of participating in fuch advantages.

From this dream, however, he was foon awakened; a parcel, by the direction of Dr. Orkborne, arrived from his bookfeller, with materials for going to work.

Sir Hugh then fent off a meffage to the parfonage-houfe, informing his brother and his family, that they muft not be furprifed if they did not fee or hear of him for fome time, as he had got his hands quite full, and fhould be particularly engaged for a week or two to come.

Dr. Orkborne, ftill but imperfectly conceiving the extent, either of the plan, or of the fimplicity of his new pupil, propofed, as foon as the packet was opened, that they fhould read together; but Sir Hugh replied, that he would do the whole

in

in order, and by no means ſkip the rudiments.

The diſappointment which followed, may be eaſily imagined; with neither quickneſs to learn, nor memory to retain, he aimed at being initiated in the elements of a dead language, for which youth only can find time and application, and even youth but by compulſion. His head ſoon became confuſed, his ideas were all perplexed, his attention was vainly ſtrained, and his faculties were totally diſordered.

Aſtoniſhed at his own diſturbance, which he attributed ſolely to not getting yet into the right mode, he laughed off his chagrin, but was ſteady in his perſeverance; and continued wholly ſhut up from his family and friends, with a zeal worthy better ſucceſs.

Leſſon after leſſon, however, only aggravated his difficulties, till his intellects grew ſo embarraſſed he ſcarce knew if he ſlept or waked. His nights became infected by the perturbation of the day; his health viſibly ſuffered from the reſtleſſneſs

of both, and all his flattering hopes of new and unknown happineſs were ere long exchanged for deſpair.

He now ſent for his brother, and deſired to ſpeak with him alone; when, catching him faſt by the hand, and looking piteouſly in his face, "Do you know, my dear brother," he cried, "I find myſelf turning out as ſheer a blockhead as ever, for all I have got ſo many more years over my head than when I began all this hard jingle jangle before?"

Mr. Tyrold, with greater concern than ſurpriſe, endeavoured to re-aſſure and conſole him, by pointing out a road more attainable for reaping benefit from the preſence of Dr. Orkborne, than the impracticable path into which he had erroneouſly entered.

"Ah! no, my dear brother," he anſwered; "if I don't ſucceed this way, I am ſure I ſhall ſucceed no other; for as to pains, I could not have taken more if I had been afraid to be flogged once a-day:

and

and that gentleman has done all he can, too, as far as I know to the contrary. But I really think, whatever's the meaning of it, there's ſome people can't learn.

Then, ſhaking his head, he added, in a low voice: " To ſay the truth, I might as well have given it up from the very firſt, for any great comfort I found in it, if it had not been for fear of hurting that gentleman; however, don't let the poor gentleman know that; for I've no right to turn him off upon nothing, merely for the fault of my having no head, which how can he help?"

Mr. Tyrold agreed in the juſtice of this reflection, and undertook to deliberate upon ſome conciliatory expedient.

Sir Hugh heartily thanked him; " But only in the mean time that you are thinking," cried he, " how ſhall I bring it about to ſtop him from coming to me with all thoſe books for my ſtudy? For, do you know, my dear brother, becauſe I aſked him to buy me one for my begin-

ning, he sent for a full score? And when he comes to me about my lesson, he brings them all upon me together: which is one thing, for ought I know, that helps to confuse me; for I am wondering all the while when I shall get through with them. However, say nothing of all this before the poor gentleman, for fear he should take it as a hint; which might put him out of heart: for which reason I'd rather take another lesson, Lord help me!---than vex him."

Mr. Tyrold promised his best consideration, and to see him again the next morning. But he had hardly left Cleves ten minutes, when a man and horse came gallopping after him, with a petition that he would return without delay.

The baronet received him with a countenance renovated with self-complacency. "I won't trouble you," he cried, "to think any more; for now I have got a plan of my own, which I will tell you. Not to throw this good gentleman entirely

away,

away, I intend having a ſort of a kind of ſchool ſet up here in my ſick room, and ſo to let all my nephews come, and ſay their taſks to him in my hearing; and then, who knows but I may pick up a little amongſt them myſelf, without all this hard ſtudy?"

Mr. Tyrold ſtated the obvious objections to ſo wild a ſcheme; but he beſought him not to oppoſe it, as there was no other way for him to get rid of his tutoring, without ſending off Dr. Orkborne. He deſired, therefore, that Lionel might come inſtantly to Cleves; ſaying, "I ſhall write myſelf to Eton, by the means of the Doctor, to tell the Maſter I ſhall take Clermont entirely home after the next holidays, for the ſake of having him ſtudy under my own eye."

He then entreated him to prepare Dr. Orkborne for his new avocation.

Mr. Tyrold, who ſaw that in this plan the inventor alone could be diſappointed, made no further remonſtrance, and com-

municated

municated the defign to Dr. Orkborne; who, growing now deeply engaged in his own undertaking, was perfectly indifferent to whom or to what his occafional attendance might be given.

CHAP. V.

Schooling of a young Gentleman.

MRS. TYROLD expreffed much aftonifhment that her hufband could afford any countenance to this new plan. " Your expectations from it," fhe cried, " can be no higher than my own; you have certainly fome influence with your brother; why, then, will you fuffer him thus egregioufly to expofe himfelf?"

" I cannot protect his pride," anfwered Mr. Tyrold, " at the expence of his comfort. His faculties want fome object, his thoughts fome employment. Inaction bodily and intellectual pervading the fame character, cannot but fix difguft upon every ftage and every ftate of life. Vice alone is worfe than fuch double inertion. Where mental vigour can be kept alive without offence to religion and virtue, innocence as well as happinefs is promoted;

moted; and the ſtarter of difficulties with regard to the means which point to ſuch an end, inadvertently riſks both. To ſave the mind from preying inwardly upon itſelf, it muſt be encouraged to ſome outward purſuit. There is no other way to elude apathy, or eſcape diſcontent; none other to guard the temper from that quarrel with itſelf, which ultimately ends in quarrelling with all mankind."

"But may you not, by refuſing to ſend him your ſon, induce him to ſeek recreation in ſome more rational way?"

"Recreation, my dear Georgiana, muſt be ſpontaneous. Bidden pleaſures fly the perverſity of our taſtes. Let us take care, then, ſcrupulouſly, of our duties, but ſuffer our amuſements to take care of themſelves. A project, a paſtime, ſuch as this, is, at leaſt, as harmleſs as it is hopeleſs, ſince the utmoſt ſport of wit, or acrimony of malice, can only faſten a laugh upon it: and how few are the diverſions of the rich and indolent that can ſo lightly be acquitted!"

Lionel,

Lionel, the new young ſtudent, ſpeedily, though but little to her ſatisfaction, abetted the judgment of his mother. He was no ſooner ſummoned to Cleves, than, enchanted to find himſelf a fellow-pupil with his uncle, he conceived the higheſt ideas of his own premature genius: and when this vanity, from the avowed ignorance of the artleſs baronet, ſubſided, it was only replaced by a ſovereign contempt of his new aſſociate. He made the moſt pompous diſplay of his own little acquirements; he took every opportunity to aſk queſtions of Sir Hugh which he knew he could not anſwer; and he would ſometimes, with an arch mock ſolemnity, carry his exerciſe to him, and beg his aſſiſtance.

Sir Hugh bore this juvenile impertinence with unſhaken good humour. But the ſpirits of Lionel were too mutinous for ſuch lenity: he grew bolder in his attacks, and more fearleſs of conſequences; and in a very ſhort time, his uncle ſeemed to him little more than the

butt at which he might level the ſhafts of his riſing triumph; till tired, at length, though not angry, the baronet applied to Dr. Orkborne, and begged he would teach him, out of hand, ſome ſmall little ſmattering of Latin ſentences, by which he might make the young pedant think better of him.

Dr. Orkborne complied, and wrote him a few brief exerciſes; but theſe, after toiling day and night to learn, he pronounced ſo ill, and ſo conſtantly miſapplied, that, far from impreſſing his fellow-labourer with more reſpect, the moment he uttered a ſingle word of his new leſſon, the boy almoſt rolled upon the floor with convulſive merriment.

Sir Hugh, with whom theſe phraſes neither loſt nor gained by miſtaking one word for another, appealed to Dr. Orkborne to remedy what he conceived to be an unaccountable failure. Dr. Orkborne, abſorbed in his new perſonal purſuit, to which he daily grew more devoted, was earneſt to be as little as poſſible inter-

rupted,

rupted, and therefore only advifed him to ftudy his laft leffon, before he preffed for any thing new.

Study, however, was unavailing, and he heard this injunction with defpair; but finding it conftantly repeated upon every application for help, he was feized again with a horror of the whole attempt, and begged to confult with Mr. Tyrold.

" This gentleman you have recommended to me for my tutor," he cried, " is certainly a great fcholar; I don't mean to doubt that the leaft in the world, being no judge: and he is complaifant enough too, confidering all that; but yet I have rather a fufpicion he is afraid I fhall make no hand of it; which is a thing fo difheartening to a perfon in the line of improvement, that, to tell you the honeft truth, I am thinking of giving the whole up at a blow; for, Lord help me! what fhall I be the better for knowing Latin and Greek? It's not worth a man's while to think of it, after being a boy.

And

And so, if you please, I'd rather you'd take Lionel home again."

Mr. Tyrold agreed; but asked what he meant to do further concerning the Doctor?

"Why that, brother, is the very thing my poor ignorant head wants your advice for: because, as to that plan about our learning all together, I see it won't do; for either the boys will grow up to be no better scholars than their uncle, which is to say, none at all; or else they'll hold every body cheap, when they meet with a person knowing nothing; so I'll have no more hand in it. And I shall really be glad enough to get such a thing off my mind; for it's been weight enough upon it from the beginning."

He then desired the opinion of Mr. Tyrold what step he should take to prevent the arrival of Clermont Lynmere, whom, he said, he dreaded to see, being determined to have no more little boys about him for some time to come.

Mr. Tyrold recommended re-setting him at Eton: but Sir Hugh declared he could

could not poſſibly do that, becauſe the poor little fellow had written him word he was glad to leave ſchool. "And I don't doubt," he added, "but he'll make the beſt figure of us all; becauſe I had him put in the right mode from the firſt; though, I muſt needs own, I had as lieve ſee him a mere dunce all his life, ſuppoſing I ſhould live ſo long, which God forbid in regard to his dying, as have him turn out a mere coxcomb of a pedant, laughing and grinning at every body that can't ſpell a Greek noun."

Mr. Tyrold promiſed to take the matter into conſideration; but early the next morning, the baronet again ſummoned him, and joyfully made known, that a ſcheme had come into his own head, which anſwered all purpoſes. In the firſt place, he ſaid, he had really taken ſo prodigious a diſlike to learning, that he was determined to ſend Clermont over the ſeas, to finiſh his Greek and Latin; not becauſe he was fond of foreign parts, but for fear, if he ſhould let him come to Cleves, the great diſ-

taſte

tafte he had now conceived againft thofe fort of languages, might difguft the poor boy from his book. And he had moft luckily recollected, in the middle of the night, that he had a dear friend, one Mr. Weftwyn, who was going the very next month to carry his own fon to Leipfic; which was juft what had put the thought into his head; becaufe, by that means, Clermont might be removed from one ftudying place to t'other, without lofs of time.

"But for all that," he continued, "as this good gentleman here has been doing no harm, I won't have him become a fufferer for my changing my mind: and fo, not to affront him by giving him nothing to do, which would be like faying, 'You may go your ways,' I intend he fhould try Indiana."

Obferving Mr. Tyrold now look with the extremeft furprife, he added; "To be fure, being a girl, it is rather out of the way; but as there is never another boy, what can I do? Befides I fhan't fo much mind her getting a little learning, becaufe fhe's

ſhe's not likely to make much hand of it. And this one thing, I can tell you, which I have learnt of my own accord; I'll never preſs a perſon to ſet about ſtudying at my time of life as long as I live, knowing what a plague it is."

Lionel returned to Etherington with his father, and the reſt of the ſcheme was put into execution without delay. Mr. Weſtwyn conveyed Clermont from Eton to Leipſic, where he ſettled him with the preceptor and maſters appointed for his own ſon; and Dr. Orkborne was deſired to become the tutor of Indiana.

At firſt, quitting his learned reſidence, the Doctor might indignantly have bluſhed at the propoſition of an employment ſo much beneath his abilities: but he now heard it without the ſmalleſt emotion; ſedately revolving in his mind, that his literary work would not be affected by the ignorance or abſurdity of his ſeveral pupils.

CHAP. VI.

Tuition of a young Lady.

THE fair Indiana participated not in the philosophy of her preceptor. The first mention of taking lessons produced an aversion unconquerable to their teacher; and the first question he asked her at the appointed hour for study, was answered by a burst of tears.

To Dr. Orkborne this sorrow would have proved no impediment to their proceeding, as he hardly noticed it; but Sir Hugh, extremely affected, kindly kissed her, and said he would beg her off for this time. The next day, however, gave rise but to a similar scene; and the next which followed would precisely have resembled it, had not the promise of some new finery of attire dispersed the pearly drops that were preparing to fall.

The uncommon beauty of Indiana had made her infancy adored, and her child-

hood indulged by almoſt all who had ſeen her. The brilliant picture ſhe preſented to the eye by her ſmiles and her ſpirits, rendered the devaſtation cauſed by crying, pouting, or fretfulneſs ſo ſtriking, and ſo painful to behold, that not alone her uncle, but every ſervant in the houſe, and every ſtranger who viſited it, granted to her lamentations whatever they demanded, to relieve their own impatience at the loſs of ſo pleaſing an image. Accuſtomed, therefore, never to weep without advantage, ſhe was in the conſtant habit of giving unbridled vent to her tears upon the ſmalleſt contradiction, well knowing that not to ſpoil her pretty eyes by crying, was the current maxim of the whole houſe.

Unuſed, by this means, to any trouble or application, the purpoſed tuition of Dr. Orkborne appeared a burden to her intolerable; yet weeping, her ſtanding reſource, was with him utterly vain; her tears were unimportant to one who had taken no notice of her ſmiles; and, in-

tent upon his own learned ruminations, he never even looked at her.

Bribery, day after day, could procure but a few instants attention, given so unwillingly, and so speedily withdrawn, that trinkets, dress, and excursions were soon exhausted, without the smallest advancement. The general indulgence of the baronet made partial favours of small efficacy; and Indiana was sooner tired of receiving, than he of presenting his offerings.

She applied, therefore, at length, to the governess, whose expostulations, she knew by experience, were precisely what Sir Hugh most sedulously aimed to avoid.

Miss Margland was a woman of family and fashion, but reduced, through the gaming and extravagance of her father, to such indigence, that, after sundry failures in higher attempts, she was compelled to acquiesce in the good offices of her friends, which placed her as a governess in the house of Sir Hugh.

To Indiana, however, she was but nominally a tutress; neglected in her own

education, there was nothing ſhe could teach, though, born and bred in the circle of faſhion, ſhe imagined ſhe had nothing to learn. And, while a mind proudly ſhallow kept her unacquainted with her own deficiencies, her former rank in ſociety impoſed an equal ignorance of them upon Sir Hugh. But, notwithſtanding he implicitly gave her credit for poſſeſſing whatever ſhe aſſumed, he found her of a temper ſo unpleaſant, and ſo irritable to offence, that he made it a rule never to differ from her. The irkſomeneſs of this reſtraint induced him to keep as much as poſſible out of her way; though reſpect and pity for her birth and her misfortunes, led him to reſolve never to part with her till Indiana was married.

The ſpirit of Miſs Margland was as haughty as her intellects were weak; and her diſpoſition was ſo querulous, that, in her conſtant ſuſpicion of humiliation, ſhe ſeemed always looking for an affront, and ready primed for a conteſt.

She ſeized with pleaſure the opportunity offered her by Indiana, of remonſtrating againſt this new ſyſtem of education; readily allowing, that any accompliſhment beyond what ſhe had herſelf acquired, would be completely a work of ſupererogation. She repreſented dictatorily her objections to the baronet. Miſs Lynmere, ſhe ſaid, though both beautiful and well brought up, could never cope with ſo great a diſadvantage as the knowledge of Latin: "Conſider, Sir," ſhe cried, "what an obſtacle it will prove to her making her way in the great world, when ſhe comes to be of a proper age for thinking of an eſtabliſhment. What gentleman will you ever find that will bear with a learned wife? except ſome mere downright fogrum, that no young lady of faſhion could endure."

She then ſpoke of the danger of injuring her beauty by ſtudy; and ran over all the qualifications really neceſſary for a young lady to attain, which conſiſted ſimply of an enumeration of all ſhe had

 herſelf

herself attempted; a little music, a little drawing, and a little dancing; which should all, she added, be but slightly pursued, to distinguish a lady of fashion from an artist.

Sir Hugh, a good deal disturbed, because unable to answer her, thought it would be best to interest Dr. Orkborne in his plan, and to beg him to reconcile her to its execution. He sent, therefore, a message to the Doctor, to beg to speak with him immediately.

Dr. Orkborne promised to wait upon him without delay: but he was at that moment hunting for a passage in a Greek author, and presently forgot both the promise and the request.

Sir Hugh, concluding nothing but sickness could detain him, went to his apartment; where, finding him perfectly well, he stared at him a moment; and then, sitting down, begged him to make no apology, for he could tell his business there as well as any where else.

He gave a long and copious relation of the objections of Miſs Margland, earneſtly begging Dr. Orkborne would ſave him from ſuch another harangue, it being bad for his health, by undertaking to give her the proper notion of things himſelf.

The Doctor, who had juſt found the paſſage for which he had been ſeeking, heard not one word that he ſaid.

Sir Hugh, receiving no anſwer, imagined him to be weighing the ſubſtance of his narration; and, therefore, bidding him not worry his brain too much, offered him half an hour to fix upon what ſhould be done; and returned quietly to his own room.

Here he ſat, counting the minutes, with his watch in his hand, till the time ſtipulated arrived: but finding Dr. Orkborne let it paſs without any notice, he again took the trouble of going back to his apartment.

He then eagerly aſked what plan he had formed?

Dr. Orkborne, much incommoded by this ſecond interruption, coldly begged to know his pleaſure.

Sir Hugh, with great patience, though much ſurpriſe, repeated the whole, word for word, over again: but the hiſtory was far too long for Dr. Orkborne, whoſe attention, after the firſt ſentence or two, was completely reſtored to his Greek quotation, which he was in the act of tranſcribing when Sir Hugh re-entered the room.

The baronet, at length, more categorically ſaid, "Don't be ſo ſhy of ſpeaking out, Doctor; though I am afraid, by your ſilence, you've rather a notion poor Indiana will never get on; which, perhaps, makes you think it not worth while contradicting Mrs. Margland? Come, ſpeak out!—Is that the caſe with the poor girl?"

"Yes, ſir," anſwered Dr. Orkborne, with great compoſure; though perfectly unconſcious of the propoſition to which he aſſented.

"Lack a-day! if I was not always afraid ſhe had rather a turn to being a dunce! So it's your opinion it won't do, then?"

"Yes, ſir," again replied the Doctor; his eye the whole time faſtened upon the paſſage which occupied his thoughts.

"Why then we are all at a ſtand again! This is worſe than I thought for! So the poor dear girl has really no head?---Hay, Doctor?---Do ſpeak, pray?---Don't mind vexing me. Say ſo at once, if you can't help thinking it."

Another extorted, "Yes, ſir," completely overſet Sir Hugh; who, imputing the abſent and perplexed air with which it was pronounced to an unwillingneſs to give pain, ſhook him by the hand, and, quitting the room, ordered his carriage, and ſet off for Etherington.

"Oh, brother," he cried; "Indiana's the beſt girl in the world, as well as the prettieſt; but, do you know, Dr. Orkborne ſays ſhe has got no brains! So there's an end of that ſcheme! However, I have

I have now thought of another that will ſettle all differences."

Mr. Tyrold hoped it was an entire diſcontinuance of all pupilage and tutorſhip; and that Dr. Orkborne might henceforth be conſidered as a mere family friend.

"No, no, my dear brother, no! 'tis a better thing than that, as you ſhall hear. You muſt know I have often been concerned to think how glum poor Clermont will look when he hears of my will in favour of Eugenia; which was my chief reaſon in my own private mind, for not caring to ſee him before he went abroad; but I have made myſelf quite eaſy about him now, by reſolving to ſet little Eugenia upon learning the claſſics."

"Eugenia! and of what benefit will that prove to Clermont?"

"Why, as ſoon as ſhe grows a little old, that is to ſay, a young woman, I intend, with your good will and my ſiſter's, to marry her to Clermont."

Mr. Tyrold ſmiled, but declared his entire concurrence, if the young people, when they grew up, wiſhed for the alliance.

"As to that," ſaid he, "I mean to make ſure work, by having them educated exactly to fit one another. I ſhall order Clermont to think of nothing but his ſtudies till the proper time; and as to Eugenia, I ſhall make her a wife after his own heart, by the help of this gentleman; for I intend to bid him teach her juſt like a man, which, as ſhe's ſo young, may be done from the beginning, the ſame as if ſhe was a boy."

He then enumerated the advantages of this project, which would ſave Clermont from all diſappointment, by ſtill making over to him his whole fortune, with a wife ready formed into a complete ſcholar for him into the bargain. It would alſo hinder Eugenia from being a prey to ſome fop for her money, who, being no relation, could not have ſo good a right to it;

and

and it would prevent any affront to Dr. Orkborne, by keeping him a conſtant tight taſk in hand.

Mr. Tyrold forbore to chagrin him with any ſtrong expoſtulation, and he returned, therefore, to Cleves in full glee. He repaired immediately to the apartment of the Doctor, who, only by what was now ſaid, was apprized of what had paſſed before. Somewhat, therefore, alarmed, to underſtand that the ſtudies of Indiana were to be relinquiſhed, he exerted all the alacrity in his power for accepting his new little pupil: not from any idea of preference; for he concluded the incapacity of Indiana to be rather that of her ſex than of an individual; but from conceiving that his commodious abode at Cleves depended upon his retaining one ſcholar in the family. Eugenia therefore was called, and the leſſons were begun.

The little girl, who was naturally of a thoughtful turn, and whoſe ſtate of health deprived her of moſt childiſh amuſements,

was well contented with the arrangement, and ſoon made a progreſs ſo ſatisfactory to Dr. Orkborne, that Sir Hugh, letting his mind now reſt from all other ſchemes, became fully and happily occupied by the proſecution of his laſt ſuggeſtion.

CHAP. VII.

Lost Labour.

FROM this period, the families of Etherington and Cleves lived in the enjoyment of uninterrupted harmony and repose, till Eugenia, the most juvenile of the set, had attained her fifteenth year.

Sir Hugh then wrote to Leipsic, desiring his nephew Lynmere to return home without delay. "Not that I intend," he said to Mr. Tyrold, "marrying them together at this young age, Eugenia being but a child, except in point of Latin; though I assure you, my dear brother, she's the most sensible of the whole, poor Indiana being nothing to her, for all her prettiness; but the thing is, the sooner Clermont comes over, the sooner they may begin forming the proper regard."

The

The knowledge of this projected alliance was by no means confined to Sir Hugh and Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold; it was known throughout the family, though never publicly announced, and understood from her childhood by Eugenia herself, though Mrs. Tyrold had exerted her utmost authority to prevent Sir Hugh from apprizing her of it in form. It was nevertheless, the joy of his heart to prepare the young people for each other: and his scheme received every encouragement he could desire, from the zeal and uncommon progress in her studies made by Eugenia; which most happily corresponded with all his injunctions to Leipsic, for the application and acquirements of Clermont.

Thus circumstanced, it was a blow to him the most unexpected, to receive from the young bridegroom elect, in answer to his summons home, a petition to make the tour of Europe, while yet on the continent.

"What!" cried Sir Hugh, "and is this all his care for us? after so many years

years separation from his kin and kind, has he no natural longings to see his native land? no yearnings to know his own relations from strangers?"

Eugenia, notwithstanding her extreme youth, secretly applauded and admired a search of knowledge she would gladly have participated; though she was not incurious to see the youth she considered as her destined partner for life, and to whom all her literary labours had been directed: for the never-failing method of Sir Hugh to stimulate her if she was idle, had been to assure her that, unless she worked harder, her cousin Clermont would eclipse her.

She had now acquired a decided taste for study, which, however unusual for her age, most fortunately rescued from weariness or sadness the sedentary life, which a weak state of health compelled her to lead. This induced her to look with pleasure upon Clermont as the object of her emulation, and to prosecute every plan for her improvement, with that vigour

gour which accompanies a purſuit of our own choice; the only labour that aſks no relaxation.

Steady occupations, ſuch as theſe, kept off all attention to her perſonal misfortunes, which Sir Hugh had ſtrictly ordered ſhould never be alluded to; firſt, he ſaid, for fear they ſhould vex her; and next, leſt they ſhould make her hate him, for being their cauſe. Thoſe incidents, therefore, from never being named, glided imperceptibly from her thoughts; and ſhe grew up as unconſcious as ſhe was innocent, that, though born with a beauty which ſurpaſſed that of her lovely ſiſters, diſeaſe and accident had robbed her of that charm ere ſhe knew ſhe poſſeſſed it. But neither diſeaſe nor accident had power over her mind; there, in its pureſt proportions, moral beauty preſerved its firſt energy. The equanimity of her temper made her ſeem, though a female, born to be a practical philoſopher; her abilities and her ſentiments were each of the higheſt claſs, uniting the beſt

adorned intellects with the best principled virtues.

The dissatisfaction of Sir Hugh with his nephew reached not to prohibition: his consent was painful, but his remittances were generous, and Clermont had three years allowed him for his travels through Europe.

Yet this permission was no sooner granted than the baronet again became dejected. Three years appeared to him to be endless: he could hardly persuade himself to look forward to them with expectation of life; and all the learned labours he had promoted seemed vain and unpromising, ill requiting his toils, and still less answering his hopes. Even the studious turn of Eugenia, hitherto his first delight, he now thought served but to render her unsociable; and the time she devoted to study, he began to regret as lost to himself; nor could he suggest any possible consolation for his drooping spirits, till it occurred to him that Camilla might again enliven him.

This

This idea, and the order for his carriage, were the birth of the same moment; and, upon entering the study of Mr. Tyrold, he abruptly exclaimed, "My dear brother, I must have Camilla back! Indiana says nothing to amuse me, and Eugenia is so bookish, I might as well live with an old woman; which God forbid I should object to, only I like Camilla better."

This request was by no means welcome to Mr. Tyrold, and utterly distasteful to his lady. Camilla was now just seventeen years of age, and attractively lovely; but of a character that called for more attention to its developement than to its formation; though of a disposition so engaging, that affection kept pace with watchfulness, and her fond parents knew as little for their own sakes as for her's, how to part with her.

Her qualities had a power which, without consciousness how, or consideration why, governed her whole family. The airy thoughtlessness of her nature was a source

ſource of perpetual amuſement; and, if ſometimes her vivacity raiſed a fear for her diſcretion, the innocence of her mind reaſſured them after every alarm. The intereſt which ſhe excited ſerved to render her the firſt object of the houſe; it was juſt ſhort of ſolicitude, yet kept it conſtantly alive. Her ſpirits were volatile, but her heart was tender; her gaiety had a faſcination; her perſuaſion was irreſiſtible.

To give her now up to Sir Hugh, ſeemed to Mrs. Tyrold rather impoſſible than diſagreeable; but he was too urgent with his brother, to be wholly refuſed. She was granted him, therefore, as a gueſt, for the three enſuing months, to aid him to diſſipate his immediate diſappointment, from the procraſtinated abſence of Clermont.

Sir Hugh received back his firſt favourite with all the fond glee of a ductile imagination, which in every new good ſees a refuge from every paſt or preſent evil. But, as the extremeſt diſtaſte of

all

all literature now succeeded those sanguine views which had lately made it his exclusive object, the first words he spoke upon her arrival were, to inform her she must learn no Latin; and the first step which followed her welcome, was a solemn charge to Dr. Okborne, that he must give her no lessons.

The gaiety, the spirit, the playful good humour of Camilla, had lost nothing of their charm by added years, though her understanding had been sedulously cultivated, and her principles modelled by the pure and practical tenets of her exemplary parents. The delight of Sir Hugh in regaining her, consisted not merely of the renovation of his first prejudice in her favour; it was strengthened by the restoration it afforded his own mind to its natural state, and the relief of being disburthened of a task he was so ill calculated to undertake, as superintending, in any sort, intellectual pursuits.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

New Projects.

THE baronet would, at length, have enjoyed perfect contentment, had he not been molested by the teasing spirit of Miss Margland, now daily at work in proposing a journey to London, and in representing as an indispensable duty, that the young ladies should see and be seen, in a manner suitable to their situation in life.

Miss Margland, equally void either of taste or of resources for the country, had languished and fretted away twelve years in its bosom, with no other opening to any satisfaction beyond a maintenance, except

except what ſhe ſecretly nouriſhed in her hopes, that, when her beautiful pupil was grown up, ſhe ſhould accompany her to the metropolis. Her former connections and acquaintance in high life ſtill continued to be the ſtationary pride of her heart, the conſtant theme of her diſcourſe, and the perpetual alluſion of ſome lamentation and regret. This excurſion, therefore, in proſpect, had been her ſole ſupport during her retirement; nor had ſhe failed to inſtruct her fair diſciple to aid her ſcheme, though ſhe had kept from her its private motive.

Moſt ſucceſsfully, indeed, had ſhe inſtilled into the youthful breaſt of Indiana, a wondering curioſity to ſee the place which ſhe deſcribed as the ſole reſidence of elegance and faſhion, and an eager impatience to exhibit there a perſon which ſhe was aſſured would meet with univerſal homage.

But neither the exhortations of the governeſs, nor the wiſhes of her pupil, could in this point move Sir Hugh. He had a fixt

fixt averſion to London, and to all public places, and had conſtantly ſome diſaſter to relate of every viſit he had accidentally made to them. The amuſements which had decided his partiality for the country were now, indeed, no longer within his reach; but his ſanguine temper, which occaſionally entertained him with hopes of a recovery, determined him always to keep upon the right ſpot, he ſaid, for ſport, in the caſe of any ſudden and favourable change in his health.

Upon the viſit of Camilla, Miſs Margland grew yet more urgent, expecting through her powerful influence to gain her point. She ſtrove, therefore, to engage her interceſſion; but Camilla, careleſs, eaſy, and gay, had no wiſh about the matter, and could not be brought into the cabal.

This diſappointment ſo much ſoured and provoked Miſs Margland, that ſhe loſt the uſual diſcretion ſhe had hitherto practiſed, of confining her remonſtrances to thoſe times when ſhe ſaw Sir Hugh alone.

Such

Such opportunities, indeed, weary of the use she made of them, the baronet contrived daily to lessen; but every meeting now, whether public or private, was seized alike for the same purpose, and the necessity of *bringing the young ladies out*, and the duty of *thinking of their establishment*, were the sentences with which he was so regularly assailed, that the moment he saw her he prepared to hear them, and commonly with an heavy sigh anticipated their fatigue to his spirits.

No arguments, however, relative to disposing of the young ladies, had any weight with him; he had long planned to give Eugenia to Clermont Lynmere, and he depended upon Edgar Mandlebert for Indiana, while with regard to Camilla, to keep her unmarried, that he might detain her under his own roof, was the favourite wish of his heart. Nevertheless, this perpetual persecution became by degrees insupportable, and, unused to be deaf to any claimant, he was upon the point of constrained compliance, when his passion for forming

forming schemes came again to his aid, upon hearing that Edgar Mandlebert, after a twelvemonth's absence, was just returned to Etherington.

This youth had been making the tour of England, Wales, and Scotland, with Dr. Marchmont, who had been induced by Mr. Tyrold to relinquish all other avocations, and devote to him his whole time.

Sir Hugh hastening, upon this news, to the parsonage-house, said: "Don't imagine, brother, I am going to make any complaint against Mrs. Margland, for she is an excellent governess, and I have no fault to find with her, except her making too many objections, which I take to be her worst part; but as every body has something, it would be very unfair to quarrel with her for such a mere nothing, especially as she can't help it, after so many years going on the same way, without coming to a stop; but the thing I have thought of now may set it all to rights, which I hope you'll approve, and especially my sister."

 He

He then explained, that as he had fixt upon marrying Eugenia to Clermont Lynmere, she was put so completely under the care of Dr. Orkborne, in order to make her fit for the young scholar, that Miss Margland was of little or no use to her. He meant, therefore, to bring forward immediately the marriage of Indiana with young Mandlebert, and then to ask Miss Margland to go and live with them entirely, as he could very well spare her: "This," he continued, "Indiana can't object to, from the point of having had her so long; and young Mr. Edgar's remarkably complaisant, for such a young youth, which I saw a great while ago. By this means, Mrs. Margland will get her main end of going to London, which she may show off to the young bride, without my budging from home, Lord help me! being a thing I don't much like, to be taken about to dances and shews, now that I am not a boy; so then Camilla will be left to stay with me, for my own companion; which I assure you I desire no

better,

better, though she knows no more, as the Doctor tells me, of the classics, than my old spaniel; which, to give every one his due, is much the same with myself."

Mr. Tyrold, with a very unpleasant astonishment, enquired further into his meaning concerning Mandlebert; but his surprise ended in a smile, when he heard the juvenile circumstances upon which alone Sir Hugh built his expectations. To argue with him, however, was always fruitless; he had found out, he said, the intentions of Edgar from the first, and he came now to invite him to pass a month at Cleves, for the sake of cutting the courtship short, by letting him see Indiana every day, so that no time might be lost in coming to the conclusion.

The first wish of the secret heart of Mr. Tyrold was, that one of his own daughters should be the choice of his ward; he did not, therefore, totally unmoved, hear this project for Indiana, though its basis was so little alarming.

Edgar, who was now juſt of age, was receiving the laſt cares of his guardian, and taking into his own hands his fortune and affairs. He was at Etherington, at preſent, only for that purpoſe, Beech-Park being already fitted up for his reſidence.

Sir Hugh, deſiring to ſpeak with him, moſt cordially made his invitation: "Beſides myſelf," he cried, "whom I only mention firſt, as being maſter of the houſe, which I hope is my excuſe for it, you will meet three very good young girls, not to mention Dr. Orkborne and Miſs Margland, who are rather not of the youngeſt at preſent, whatever they may have been in former times; and they will all, myſelf included, make you as welcome as themſelves."

Edgar accepted the propoſal with pleaſure, and agreed to wait upon him the next day, Mr. Tyrold conſenting that they ſhould tranſact their mutual buſineſs at Etherington, by morning rides.

At dinner Sir Hugh told the family at Cleves the new gueſt they were ſo ſoon to expect, aſſuring them he was become a very fine young gentleman, and bidding Indiana, with a ſignificant nod, hold up her head.

Indiana wanted no charge upon this ſubject; ſhe fully underſtood the views of her uncle, and it was now ſome years ſince ſhe had heard the name of Beech Park without a ſmile or a bluſh.

Upon the arrival of the young man, Sir Hugh ſummoned his houſehold to meet him in the hall, where he received him with an hearty welcome, and, in the flutter of his ſpirits, introduced him to them all, as if this had been his firſt appearance in the family; remarking, that a full week of ſhyneſs might be ſaved, by making acquaintance with the whole ſet in a clump.

From eagerneſs irrepreſſible, he began with Indiana, apologiſing when he had done, by ſaying it was only becauſe ſhe was oldeſt, having the advantage of three weeks over Camilla: "For which, how-

ever," he added, "I muſt beg pardon of Mrs. Margland and Dr. Orkborne, who, to be ſure, muſt be pretty much older."

He next preſented him to Camilla; and then, taking him apart, begged, in a whiſper, that he would not ſeem to notice the uglineſs of Eugenia, which, he ſaid, was never mentioned in her hearing, by his particular order; "though, to be ſure," he added, "ſince that ſmall-pox, ſhe's grown plain enough, in point of beauty, conſidering how pretty ſhe was before. However, ſhe's a remarkable good girl, and with regard to Virgil and thoſe others will poſe you in a ſecond, for aught I know to the contrary, being but an indifferent judge in things of that ſort, from leaving off my own ſtudies rather ſhort, on account of the gout; beſides ſome other reaſons."

Edgar aſſured him theſe introductions were by no means neceſſary, a ſingle twelvemonth's abſence being very inſufficient to obliterate from his memory his beſt and earlieſt friends.

Edgar

Edgar Mandlebert was a young man who, if possessed neither of fortune nor its expectations, must from his person and his manners have been as attractive to the young, as from his morals and his conduct to those of riper years. His disposition was serious and meditative; but liberal, open, and candid. He was observant of the errors of others, and watched till he nearly eradicated his own. But though with difficulty he bestowed admiration, he diffused, both in words and deeds, such general amity and good will, that if the strictness of his character inspired general respect, its virtues could no less fail engaging the kinder mede of affection. When to merit of a species so rare were added a fine estate and a large independent fortune, it is not easy to decide whether in prosperity or desert he was most distinguished.

The first week which he spent at Cleves, was passed with a gaiety as unremitting as it was innocent. All parties felt his arrival as an acquisition: Indiana thought the

hour of public exhibition, long promiſed by Miſs Margland, at length faſt approaching; Camilla, who eſcaped all expectation for herſelf, from being informed of what was entertained by her couſin, enjoyed the tranquil pleaſure of undeſigning friendſhip, unchequered either by hope or fear; Eugenia met with a reſpect for her acquirements that redoubled her ambition to increaſe them; Sir Hugh looked forward with joy to the happy diſpoſal of Indiana, and a blameleſs riddance of Miſs Margland; who, on her part, with an almoſt boundleſs ſatisfaction, ſaw her near return to a town life, from the high favour in which ſhe ſtood with the ſuppoſed bride elect; even Dr. Orkborne, though he diſdained with ſo young a ſcholar to enter into much philological diſquiſition, was gratified by a preſence which afforded a little relief to the ſtores of his burdened memory, from authorizing ſome occaſional utterance of the learned recollections, which for many years had encumbered it without vent. Edgar, meanwhile, obliging

and

and obliged, received pleaſure from them all; for though not blind to any of their imperfections, they had not a merit which he failed to diſcern.

The ſecond week opened with a plan which promiſed a ſcene more lively, though it broke into the calm retirement of this peaceful party. Lionel, who was now at Etherington, to ſpend his univerſity vacation, rode over to Cleves, to inform Edgar, that there would be a ball the next evening at Northwick, at which the officers of the * * * regiment, which was quartered in the neighbourhood, and all the beaux and belles of the county, were expected to aſſemble.

Miſs Margland, who was preſent, ſtruck with a deſire that Indiana might make her firſt public appearance in the county, at a ball where Edgar might be her partner, went inſtantly to Sir Hugh to impart the idea. Sir Hugh, though averſe to all public places, conſented to the plan, from the hope of accelerating the affair; but declared, that if there was any amuſement,

his little Camilla ſhould not be left out. Eugenia, won by the novelty of a firſt expedition of this ſort, made her own requeſt to be included; Lionel undertook to procure tickets, and Miſs Margland had the welcome labour of arranging their dreſs, for which Sir Hugh, to atone for the ſhortneſs of the time, gave her powers unlimited.

Indiana was almoſt diſtracted with joy at this event. Miſs Margland aſſured her, that now was the moment for fixing her conqueſt of Mandlebert, by adroitly diſplaying to him the admiration ſhe could not but excite, in the numerous ſtrangers before whom ſhe would appear; ſhe gave her various inſtructions how to ſet off her perſon to moſt advantage, and ſhe delighted Sir Hugh with aſſurances of what this evening would effect: "There is nothing, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "ſo conducive towards a right underſtanding between perſons of faſhion, as a ball. A gentleman may ſpend months and months in this drowſy way in the country, and always think one day will do as well as another for his declaration;

but when he sees a young lady admired and noticed by others, he falls naturally into making her the same compliments, and the affair goes into a regular train, without his almost thinking of it."

Sir Hugh listened to this doctrine with every desire to give it credit; and though the occupations of the toilette left him alone the whole of the assembly day, he was as happy in the prospect of their diversion, as they were themselves in its preparation.

When the young ladies were ready, they repaired to the apartment of the baronet, to shew themselves, and to take leave. Edgar and Lionel were waiting to meet them upon the stairs. Indiana had never yet looked so lovely; Camilla, with all her attractions, was eclipsed; and Eugenia could only have served as a foil, even to those who had no pretensions to beauty.

Edgar, nevertheless, asked Camilla to dance with him; she willingly, though not without wonder, consented. Lionel de-

ſired the hand of his fair couſin; but Indiana, ſelf-deſtined to Edgar, whoſe addreſs to Camilla, ſhe had not heard, made him no anſwer, and ran on to preſent herſelf to her uncle; who, ſtruck with admiration as he beheld her, cried "Indiana, my dear, you really look prettier than I could even have gueſſed; and yet I always knew there was no fault to be found with the outſide; nor indeed with the inſide neither, Mr. Mandlebert, ſo I don't mean any thing by that; only, by uſe, one is apt to put the outſide firſt."

Lionel was now hurrying them away, when Sir Hugh calling to Edgar, ſaid: "Pray, young Mr. Mandlebert, take as much care of her as poſſible; which I am ſure you will do of your own accord."

Edgar, with ſome ſurpriſe, anſwered, he ſhould be happy to take whatever care was in his power of all the ladies; "but," added he, "for my own particular charge to-night, I have engaged Miſs Camilla."

"And how came you to do that? Don't you know I let them all go on purpoſe for

the ſake of your dancing with Indiana, which I mean as a particular favour?"

"Sir," replied Edgar, a little embarraſſed, "you are very good; but as Lionel cannot dance with his ſiſters, he has engaged Miſs Lynmere himſelf."

"Pho, pho, what do you mind Lionel for? not but what he's a very good lad; only I had rather have you and Indiana dance together, which I dare ſay ſo had ſhe."

Edgar, ſomewhat diſtreſſed, looked at Camilla: "O, as to me," cried ſhe, gaily, "pray let me take my chance; if I ſhould not dance at all, the whole will be ſo new to me, that I am ſure of entertainment."

"You are the beſt good girl, without the ſmalleſt exception," ſaid Sir Hugh, "that ever I have known in the world; and ſo you always were; by which I mean nothing as to Indiana, who is juſt ſuch another, except in ſome points; and ſo here's her hand, young Mr. Mandlebert, and

and if you think you ſhall meet a prettier partner at the ball, I beg when you get her there, you will tell her ſo fairly, and give her up."

Edgar, who had hardly yet looked at her, was now himſelf ſtruck with the unuſual reſplendence of her beauty, and telling Camilla he ſaw ſhe was glad to be at liberty, proteſted he could not but rejoice to be ſpared a deciſion for himſelf, where the choice would have been ſo difficult.

"Well then, now go," cried the delighted baronet; "Lionel will find himſelf a partner, I have no doubt, becauſe he is nothing particular in point of ſhyneſs; and as to Camilla, ſhe'll want nothing but to hear the fiddlers to be as merry as a grig, which what it is I never knew: ſo I have no concern," added he, in a low voice, to Edgar, "except for little Eugenia, and poor Mrs. Margland; for Eugenia being ſo plain, which is no fault of her's, on account of the ſmall-pox, many a perſon may overlook her from that objection;

and

and as to Mrs. Margland, being with all these young chickens, I am afraid people will think her rather one of the oldest for a dancing match; which I say in no disrespect, for oldness gives one no choice."

CHAP. II.

New Characters.

THE dancing was not yet begun, but the company was met, and the sprightly violins were employed to quicken their motions, when the Cleves party entered the ball room. They were distinguished immediately by a large party of officers, who assured Lionel, with whom they were acquainted, that they had impatiently been expected.

"I shall recompense you for waiting," answered he, in a whisper, "by introducing you to the rich heiress of Cleves, who now makes her first appearance from the nursery; though no! upon farther thoughts, I will only tell you she is one of our set, and leave it to your own ingenuity to find her out."

While

While this was passing, Indiana, fluttering with all the secret triumph of conscious beauty, attended by Edgar, and guarded by Miss Margland, walked up the room, through a crowd of admiring spectators; in whom a new figure, without half her loveliness, would have excited the same curiosity, that her extreme inexperience attributed solely to her peculiar charms. Camilla and Eugenia followed rather as if in her train, than of her party; but Lionel kept entirely with the officers, insisting upon their guessing which was the heiress; to whom, while he purposely misled their conjectures, he urged them to make their court, by enumerating the present possessions of Sir Hugh, and her future expectations.

Camilla, however, passed not long unnoticed, though the splendor of Indiana's appearance cast her at first on the back ground; a circumstance which, by impressing her with a sensation of inferiority, divested her mind of all personal considerations, and gave to her air and countenance

a grace-

a graceful ſimplicity, a diſengaged openneſs, and a guileleſs freedom from affectation, that rendered her, to the obſervant eye, as captivating upon examination, as Indiana, from the firſt glance, was brilliant and alluring. And thus, as they patroled the room, Indiana excited an unmixt admiration, Camilla awakened an endleſs variety of remark; while each being ſeen for the firſt time, and every one elſe of the company for at leaſt the ſecond, all attention was their own, whether for criticiſm or for praiſe. To Indiana this anſwered, in fulfilling her expectations; by Camilla, it was unheeded, for, not awaiting, ſhe did not perceive it; yet both felt equal ſatisfaction. The eyes of Camilla ſparkled with delight as ſhe ſurveyed all around her the gay novelty of the ſcene; the heart of Indiana beat with a pleaſure wholly new, as ſhe diſcovered that all ſurrounding her regarded her as the principal object.

Eugenia, meanwhile, had not even the negative felicity to paſs unobſerved; impertinent witticiſms upon her face, perſon, and

and walk, though not uttered ſo audibly as to be diſtinctly heard, ran round the room in a confuſed murmur, and produced a diſpoſition for ſneering in the ſatirical, and for tittering in the giddy, that made her as valuable an acquiſition to the company at large, who collect for any amuſement, indifferent to its nature, as her fair couſin proved to the admirers of beauty, and her ſiſter to the developers of expreſſion. She was ſhielded, however, herſelf, from all undeſerved mortifications, by not ſuſpecting any were meant for her, and by a mind delightedly pre-occupied with that ſudden expanſion of ideas, with which new ſcenery and new objects charm a youthful imagination.

When they had taken two or three turns up and down the room, the ſaunterers were called upon to give place to the dancers. Edgar then led out Indiana, and the maſter of the ceremonies brought Major Cerwood to Camilla.

Eugenia, wholly left out, became the excluſive charge of Miſs Margland; ſhe felt

no resentment of neglect, for she had formed no species of expectation. She looked on with perfect contentment, and the motley and quick changing group afforded her ample entertainment.

Miss Margland was not so passive; she seized the opportunity of inveighing very angrily against the mismanagement of Sir Hugh: "If you had all," she cried, "been taken to town, and properly brought out, according to my advice, such a disgrace as this could never have happened; every body would have known who you were, and then, there is no doubt, you might have had partners enough; however, I heartily hope you won't be asked to dance all the evening, that he may be convinced who was in the right; besides, the more you are tired, the more you may see, against another time, Miss Eugenia, that it is better to listen a little to people's opinions, when they speak only for your own advantage, than to go on with just the same indifference, as if you had no proper person to consult with."

Eugenia was too well amufed to heed this remonftrance; and long accuftomed to hear the voice of Mifs Margland without profit or pleafure, her ear received its found, but her attention included not its purpofe.

Indiana and Camilla, in this public effay, acquitted themfelves with all the merits, and all the faults common to a firft exhibition. The fpectators upon fuch occafions, though never equally obfervant, are never afterwards fo lenient. Whatever fails is attributed to modefty, more winning than the utmoft fuccefs of excellence. Timidity follicits that mercy which pride is moft gratified to grant; the blufhes of juvenile fhame attone for the deficiencies which caufe them; and aukwardnefs itfelf, in the unfounded terrors of youth, is perhaps more interefting than grace.

Indiana could with difficulty keep to the figure of the dance, from the exulting, yet unpractifed certainty of attracting all eyes; and Camilla perpetually turned wrong, from the

"You think, then, Indiana would have swallowed flattery with less difficulty?"

"No, indeed! but I think the same things said to her would no longer have been so extravagant."

Edgar, to whom the sun-beams of the mind gave a glow which not all the sparkling rays of the brightest eyes could emit, respected her modesty too highly to combat it, and, dropping the subject, enquired what was become of Eugenia.

"O poor Eugenia!" cried she, "I see nothing of her, and I am very much afraid she has had no better partner all this time than Miss Margland."

Edgar, turning round, presently discerned her; she was still looking on, with an air of the most perfect compofure, examining the various parties, totally without suspicion of the examination she was herself sustaining; while Miss Margland was vainly pouring in her ears observations, or exhortations, evidently of a complaining nature.

"There

"There is ſomething truly reſpectable," ſaid Edgar, "in the innate philoſophy with which ſhe bears ſuch neglect."

"Yet I wiſh it were put leſs to the proof;" ſaid Camilla. "I would give the world ſomebody would take her out!"

"You don't think ſhe would dance?"

"O yes ſhe would! her lameneſs is no impediment; for ſhe never thinks of it. We all learnt together at Cleves. Dancing gives her a little more exertion, and therefore a little more fatigue than other people, but that is all."

"After theſe two dances then----"

"Will you be her partner?" interrupted Camilla, "O go to her at once! immediately! and you will give me twenty times more pleaſure than I can have in dancing myſelf."

She then flew to a form, and eagerly ſeated herſelf where ſhe perceived the firſt vacancy, to ſtop any debate, and enforce his conſent.

The dance, which had been delayed by a diſpute about the tune, was now beginning.

ginning. Edgar, looking after her with affected reproach, but real admiration, asked the hand of Eugenia; who gave it with readiness and pleasure; for, though contented as a spectatress, she experienced an agreeable surprise in becoming a party engaged.

Camilla, happy in her own good humour, now looked at her neighbours; one of which was an elderly lady, who, wholly employed in examining and admiring the performance of her own daughters, saw nothing else in the room. The other was a gentleman, much distinguished by his figure and appearance, and dressed so completely in the extreme of fashion, as more than to border upon foppery. The ease and negligence of his air denoted a self-settled superiority to all about him; yet, from time to time, there was an archness in the glance of his eye, that promised, under a deep and wilful veil of conceit and affectation, a secret disposition to deride the very follies he was practising. He was now lounging against the wainscoat; with one hand on his side, and the other

other upon his eye-lids, occupying the ſpace, without uſing the ſeat, to the left of Camilla.

Miſs Margland, perceiving what ſhe regarded as a fair vacancy, made up to the ſpot, and ſaying, "Sir, by your leave," was preparing to take poſſeſſion of the place, when the gentleman, as if without ſeeing her, dropt ſuddenly into it himſelf, and, pouring a profuſion of *eau ſuave* upon his handkerchief, exclaimed: "What a vaſtly bad room this is for dancing!"

Camilla, concluding herſelf addreſſed, turned round to him; but, ſeeing he was ſniffing up the *eau ſuave*, without looking at her, imagined he meant to ſpeak to Miſs Margland.

Miſs Margland was of the ſame opinion, and, with ſome pique at his ſeizing thus her intended ſeat, rather ſharply anſwered: "Yes, ſir, and it's a vaſt bad room for *not* dancing; for if every body would dance that ought, there would be accommodation ſufficient for other people."

"Incomparably well obſerved!" cried he, collecting ſome bonbons from a bonbonière, and ſwallowing one after another with great rapidity: "But won't you ſit down? You muſt be enormouſly tired. Let me ſupplicate you to ſit down."

Miſs Margland, ſuppoſing he meant to make amends for his inattention, by delivering up the place, civilly thanked him, and ſaid ſhe ſhould not be ſorry, for ſhe had ſtood a good while.

"Have you, indeed?" cried he, ſprinkling ſome jeſſamine drops upon his hands; "how horribly abominable? Why don't ſome of thoſe Mercuries, thoſe Ganymedes, thoſe waiters, I believe you call them, get you a chair?"

Miſs Margland, exceſſively affronted, turned her back to him; and Camilla made an offer of her own ſeat; but, as ſhe had been dancing, and would probably dance again, Miſs Margland would not let her riſe.

"Shall I call to one of thoſe Barbarians, thoſe Goths, thoſe Vandals?" cried

the ſame gentleman, who now was ſpirting lavender water all about him, with grimaces that proclaimed forcibly his opinion of the want of perfume in the room: "Do pray let me harangue them a little for you upon their inordinate want of ſenſibility."

Miſs Margland deigned not any anſwer; but of that he took no notice, and preſently called out, though without raiſing his voice, "Here, Mr. Waiter! Purveyor, Surveyor, or whatſoever other title '*pleaſe thine ear*,' art thou deaf? why doſt not bring this lady a chair? Thoſe people are moſt amazing hard of hearing! Shall I call again? Waiter, I ſay!" ſtill ſpeaking rather lower than louder; "Don't I ſtun you by this ſhocking vociferation?"

"Sir, you're vaſtly----obliging!" cried Miſs Margland, unable longer to hold ſilence, yet with a look and manner that would much better have accorded with vaſtly----*impertinent*.

She then purſued a waiter herſelf, and procured a chair.

Casting his eyes next upon Camilla, he examined her with much attention. Abashed, she turned away her head; but not choosing to lose his object, he called it back again, by familiarly saying, "How is Sir Hugh?"

A good deal surprised, she exclaimed, "Do you know my uncle, sir?"

"Not in the least, ma'am," he coolly answered.

Camilla, much wondering, was then forced into conversation with Miss Margland: but, without paying any regard to her surprise, he presently said, "It's most extremely worth your while to take a glance at that inimitably good figure. Is it not exquisite? Can you suppose any thing beyond it?"

Camilla, looking at the person to whom he pointed, and who was sufficiently ludicrous, from an air of vulgar solemnity, and a dress stiffly new, though completely old-fashioned, felt disposed to join in his laugh, had she not been disconcerted by the mingled liberty and oddity of his attack.

"Sir," ſaid Miſs Margland, winking at her to be ſilent, though eager to anſwer in her ſtead, "the mixt company one always meets at theſe public balls, makes them very unfit for ladies of faſhion, for there's no knowing who one may either dance with or ſpeak to."

"Vaſtly true, ma'am," cried he, ſuperciliouſly dropping his eyes, not to look at her.

Miſs Margland, perceiving this, bridled reſentfully, and again talked on with Camilla; till another exclamation interrupted them. "O pray," cried he, "I do intreat you look at that group! Is it not paſt compare? If ever you held a pencil in your life, I beg and beſeech you to take a memorandum of that tall may-pole. Have you ever ſeen any thing ſo exceſſively delectable?"

Camilla could not forbear ſmiling; but Miſs Margland, taking all reply upon herſelf, ſaid: "Caricatures, ſir, are by no means pleaſing for young ladies to be taking, at their firſt coming out: one does

not know who may be next, if once they get into that habit!"

"Immeaſurably well ſpoken, ma'am," returned he; and, riſing with a look of diſguſt, he ſauntered to another part of the room.

Miſs Margland, extremely provoked, ſaid ſhe was ſure he was ſome Iriſh fortune-hunter, dreſſed out in all he was worth; and charged Camilla to take no manner of notice of him.

When the two ſecond dances were over, Edgar, conducting Eugenia to Miſs Margland, ſaid to Camilla: "Now, at leaſt, if there is not a ſpell againſt it, will you dance with me?"

"And if there is one, too," cried ſhe, gaily; "for I am perfectly diſpoſed to help breaking it."

She roſe, and they were again going to take their places, when Miſs Margland, reproachfully calling after Edgar, demanded what he had done with Miſs Lynmere?

At the ſame moment, led by Major Cerwood, who was paying her in full

all the arrears of that gallantry Miſs Margland had taught her to regret hitherto miſſing, Indiana joined them; the Major, in making his bow, lamenting the rules of the aſſembly, that compelled him to relinquiſh her hand.

"Mr. Mandlebert," ſaid Miſs Margland, "you ſee Miſs Lynmere is again diſengaged."

"Yes, ma'am," anſwered Edgar, drawing Camilla away; "and every gentleman in the room will be happy to ſee it too."

"Stop, Miſs Camilla!" cried Miſs Margland; "I thought, Mr. Mandlebert, Sir Hugh had put Miſs Lynmere under your protection?"

"O it does not ſignify!" ſaid Indiana, colouring high with a new raiſed ſenſe of importance; "I don't at all doubt but one or other of the officers will take care of me."

Edgar, though ſomewhat diſconcerted, would ſtill have proceeded; but Camilla, alarmed by the frowns of Miſs Margland,

begged him to lead out her coufin, and, promifing to be in readinefs for the next two dances, glided back to her feat. He upbraided her in vain; Mifs Margland looked pleafed, and Indiana was fo much piqued, that he found it neceffary to direct all his attention to appeafing her, as he led her to join the dance.

A gentleman now, eminently diftinguifhed by perfonal beauty, approached the ladies that remained, and, in the moft refpectful manner, began converfing with Mifs Margland; who received his attentions fo gratefully, that, when he told her he only waited to fee the mafter of the ceremonies at leifure, in order to have the honour of begging the hand of one of her young ladies, his civilities fo conquered all her pride of etiquette, that fhe affured him there was no fort of occafion for fuch a formality, with a perfon of his appearance and manners; and was bidding Camilla rife, who was innocently preparing to obey, when, to the furprife of them all, he addreffed himfelf to Eugenia.

"There!" cried Miſs Margland, exultingly, when they were gone; "that gentleman is completely a gentleman. I ſaw it from the beginning. How different to that impertinent fop that ſpoke to us juſt now! He has the politeneſs to take out Miſs Eugenia, becauſe he ſees plainly nobody elſe will think of it, except juſt Mr. Mandlebert, or ſome ſuch old acquaintance."

Major Cerwood was now advancing towards Camilla, with that ſpecies of ſmiling and bowing manner, which is the uſual precurſor of an invitation to a fair partner; when the gentleman whom Miſs Margland had juſt called an impertinent fop, with a ſudden ſwing, not to be eluded, caſt himſelf between the Major and Camilla, as if he had not obſerved his approach; and ſpoke to her in a voice ſo low, that, though ſhe concluded he aſked her to dance, ſhe could not diſtinctly hear a word he ſaid.

A good deal confuſed, ſhe looked at him for an explanation; while the Major,

 from

from her air of attention, ſuppoſing himſelf too late, retreated.

Her new beau then, careleſsly ſeating himſelf by her ſide, indolently ſaid: "What a heat! I have not the moſt diſtant idea how you can bear it!"

Camilla found it impoſſible to keep her countenance at ſuch a reſult of a whiſper, though ſhe complied with the injunctions of Miſs Margland, in avoiding mutual diſcourſe with a ſtranger of ſo ſhowy an appearance.

"Yet they are dancing on," he continued, "juſt as if the Greenland ſnows were inviting their exerciſe! I ſhould really like to find out what thoſe people are made of. Can you poſſibly imagine their compoſition?"

Heedleſs of receiving no anſwer, he ſoon after added: "I am vaſtly glad you don't like dancing."

"Me?" cried Camilla, ſurpriſed out of her caution.

"Yes; you hold it in antipathy, don't you?"

"No, indeed! far from it."

"Don't you really?" cried he, ſtarting back; "that's amazingly extraordinary! ſurpriſing in the extreme! Will you have the goodneſs to tell me what you like in it?"

"Sir," interfered Miſs Margland, "there's nothing but what's very natural in a young lady's taking pleaſure in an elegant accompliſhment; provided ſhe is ſecure from any improper partner, or company."

"Irrefragably juſt, ma'am!" anſwered he; affecting to take a pinch of ſnuff, and turning his head another way.

Here Lionel, haſtily running up to Camilla, whiſpered, "I have made a fine confuſion among the red-coats about the heireſs of Cleves! I have put them all upon different ſcents."

He was then going back, when a faint laugh from the neighbour of Camilla detained him; "Look, I adjure you," cried he, addreſſing her, "if there's not that delightful creature again, with his bran-new clothes?

clothes? and they fit upon him so tight, he can't turn round his vastly droll figure, except like a puppet with one jerk for the whole body. He is really an immense treat: I should like of all things in nature, to know who he can be."

A waiter then passing with a glass of water for a lady, he stopt him in his way, exclaiming: "Pray, my extremely good friend, can you tell me who that agreeable person is, that stands there, with the air of a poker?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man; "I know him very well. His name is Dubster. He's quite a gentleman to my knowledge, and has very good fortunes."

"Camilla," cried Lionel, "will you have him for a partner?" And, immemediately hastening up to him, he said two or three words in a low voice, and skipped back to the dance.

Mr. Dubster then walked up to her, and, with an air conspicuously aukward, solemnly said, "So you want to dance, ma'am?"

Convinced

Convinced he had been ſent to her by Lionel, but by no means chuſing to diſplay herſelf with a figure diſtinguiſhed only as a mark for ridicule; ſhe looked down to conceal her ever-ready ſmiles, and ſaid ſhe had been dancing ſome time.

"But if you like to dance again, ma'am," ſaid he, "I am very ready to oblige you."

She now ſaw that this offer had been requeſted as a favour; and, while half provoked, half diverted, grew embarraſſed how to get rid of him, without involving a neceſſity to refuſe afterwards Edgar, and every other; for Miſs Margland had informed her of the general rules upon theſe occaſions. She looked, therefore, at that lady for counſel; while her neighbour, ſticking his hands in his ſides, ſurveyed him from head to foot, with an expreſſion of ſuch undiſguiſed amuſement, that Mr. Dubſter, who could not help obſerving it, caſt towards him, from time to time, a look of the moſt angry ſurpriſe.

Miſs Margland approving, as well underſtanding the appeal, now authorita-

tively

tively interfered, ſaying: "Sir, I ſuppoſe you know the etiquette in public places?"

"The what, ma'am?" cried he, ſtaring.

"You know, I ſuppoſe, ſir, that no young lady of any conſideration dances with a gentleman that is a ſtranger to her, without he's brought to her by the maſter of the ceremonies?"

"O as to that, ma'am, I have no objection. I'll go ſee for him, if you've a mind. It makes no difference to me."

And away he went.

"So you really intend dancing with him?" cried Camilla's neighbour. "'Twill be a vaſtly good ſight. I have not the moſt remote conception how he will bear the pulling and joſtling about. Bend he cannot; but I am immenſely afraid he will break. I would give fifty guineas for his portrait. He is indubitably put together without joints."

Mr. Dubſter now returned, and, with a look of ſome diſturbance, ſaid to Miſs Margland:

gland: "Ma'am, I don't know which is the maſter of the ceremonies. I can't find him out; for I don't know as ever I ſee him."

"O pray," cried Camilla eagerly, "do not take the trouble of looking for him; 'twill anſwer no purpoſe."

"Why I think ſo too, ma'am," ſaid he, miſunderſtanding her; "for as I don't know the gentleman myſelf, he could go no great way towards making us better acquainted with one another: ſo we may juſt as well take our ſkip at once."

Camilla now looked extremely fooliſh; and Miſs Margland was again preparing an obſtacle, when Mr. Dubſter ſtarted one himſelf. "The worſt is," cried he, "I have loſt one of my gloves, and I am ſure I had two when I came. I ſuppoſe I may have dropt it in the other room. If you ſhan't mind it, I'll dance without it; for I don't mind thoſe things myſelf of a ſtraw."

"O! ſir," cried Miſs Margland, "that's ſuch a thing as never was heard of. I can't

poſſibly

possibly consent to let Miss Camilla dance in such a manner as that."

"Why then, if you like it better, ma'am, I'll go back and look for it."

Again Camilla would have declined giving him any trouble; but he seemed persuaded it was only from shyness, and would not listen. "Though the worst is," he said, "you're losing so much time. However, I'll give a good hunt; unless, indeed, that gentleman, who is doing nothing himself, except looking on at us all, would be kind enough to lend me his."

"I rather fancy, sir," cried the gentleman, immediately recovering from a laughing fit, and surveying the requester with supercilious contempt; "I rather suspect they would not perfectly fit you."

"Why then," cried he, "I think I'll go and ask Tom Hicks to lend me a pair; for it's a pity to let the young lady lose her dance for such a small trifle as that."

Camilla began remonstrating; but he tranquilly walked away.

"You

"You are ſuperlatively in the good graces of fortune to-night," cried her new friend, "ſuperlatively to a degree: you may not meet with ſuch an invaluably uncommon object in twenty luſtres."

"Certainly," ſaid Miſs Margland, "there's a great want of regulation at balls, to prevent low people from aſking who they will to dance with them. It's bad enough one can't keep people one knows nothing of from ſpeaking to one."

"Admirably hit off! admirable in the extreme!" he anſwered; ſuddenly twiſting himſelf round, and beginning a whiſpering converſation with a gentleman on his other ſide.

Mr. Dubſter ſoon came again, ſaying, ſomewhat dolorouſly, "I have looked high and low for my glove, but I am no nearer. I dare ſay ſomebody has picked it up, out of a joke, and put it in their pocket. And as to Tom Hicks, where he can be hid, I can't tell, unleſs he has hanged himſelf; for I can't find him no more than my glove. However I've got

a boy

a boy to go and get me a pair; if all the ſhops a'n't ſhut up."

Camilla, fearing to be involved in a neceſſity of dancing with him, expreſſed herſelf very ſorry for this ſtep; but, again miſconceiving her motive, he begged her not to mind it; ſaying, "A pair of gloves here or there is no great matter. All I am concerned for is, putting you off ſo long from having a little pleaſure, for I dare ſay the boy won't come till the next two batches; ſo if that gentleman that looks ſo particular at me, has a mind to jig it with you a bit himſelf, in the interim, I won't be his hindrance."

Receiving no anſwer, he bent his head lower down, and ſaid, in a louder voice, "Pray, ſir, did you hear me?"

"Sir, you are ineffably good!" was the reply; without a look, or any further notice.

Much affronted, he ſaid no more, but ſtood pouting and ſtiff before Camilla, till the ſecond dance was over, and another

other general ſeparation of partners took place. "I thought how it would be, ma'am," he then cried; "for I know it's no ſuch eaſy matter to find ſhops open at this time of night; for if people's 'prentices can't take a little pleaſure by now, they can't never."

Tea being at this time ordered, the whole party collected to remove to the next room. Lionel, ſeeing Mr. Dubſter ſtanding by Camilla, with a rapturous laugh, cried, "Well, ſiſter, have you been dancing?"

Camilla, though laughing too, reproachfully ſhook her head at him; while Mr. Dubſter gravely ſaid, "It's no fault of mine, ſir, that the lady's a ſitting ſtill; for I come and offered myſelf to her the moment you told me ſhe wanted a partner; but I happened of the misfortune of loſing one of my gloves, and not being able to find Tom Hicks, I've been waiting all this while for a boy as has promiſed to get me a pair; though, I ſuppoſe he's fell down in the dark and broke his ſkull, by his not coming.

coming. And, indeed, if that elderly lady had not been ſo particular, I might as well have done without; for, if I had one on, nobody would have been the wiſer but that t'other might have been in my pocket."

This ſpeech, ſpoken without any ceremony in the hearing of Miſs Margland, to the viſible and undiſguiſed delight of Lionel, ſo much enraged her, that, haſtily calling him aſide, ſhe peremptorily demanded how he came to bring ſuch a vulgar partner to his ſiſter?

"Becauſe you took no care to get her a better," he anſwered, heedleſsly.

Camilla alſo began to remonſtrate; but, without hearing her, he courteouſly addreſſed himſelf to Mr. Dubſter, and told him he was ſure Miſs Margland and his ſiſter would expect the pleaſure of his company to join their party at tea.

Miſs Margland frowned in vain; Mr. Dubſter bowed, as at a compliment but his due; obſerving he ſhould then be cloſe at hand for his partner; and they were proceeding

proceeding to the tea-room, when the finer new acquaintance of Camilla called after Mr. Dubster: "Pray, my good sir, who may this Signor Thomaso be, that has the honour to stand so high in your good graces?"

"Mine, sir?" cried Mr. Dubster; "I know no Signor Thomaso, nor Signor nothing else neither: so I don't know what you mean."

"Did not I hear you dilating, my very good sir, upon a certain Mr. Tom somebody?"

"What, I suppose then, sir, if the truth be known, you would say Tom Hicks?"

"Very probably, sir: though I am not of the first accuracy as the gentleman's nomenclator."

"What? don't you know him, sir? why he's the head waiter!"

Then, following the rest of the party, he was placed, by the assistance of Lionel, next to Camilla, in utter defiance of all the angry glances of Miss Margland, who herself invited the handsome partner of

Eugenia to join their group, and reaped ſome conſolation in his willing civilities; till the attention of the whole aſſembly was called, or rather commanded by a new object.

A lady, not young, but ſtill handſome, with an air of faſhion eaſy almoſt to inſolence, in a complete but becoming undreſs, with a work-bag hanging on her arm, whence ſhe was careleſsly knotting, entered the ball-room alone, and, walking ſtraight through it to the large folding glaſs doors of the tea-room, there ſtopt, and took a general ſurvey of the company, with a look that announced a decided ſuperiority to all ſhe ſaw, and a perfect indifference to what opinion ſhe incurred in return.

She was immediately joined by all the officers, and ſeveral other gentlemen, whoſe eagerneſs to ſhew themſelves of her acquaintance marked her for a woman of ſome conſequence; though ſhe took little other notice of them, than that of giving to each ſome frivolous commiſſion; telling

one to hold her work-bag; bidding another fetch her a chair; a third, afk for a glafs of water; and a fourth, take care of her cloak. She then planted herfelf juft without the folding-doors, declaring there could be no breathing in the fmaller apartment, and fent about the gentlemen for various refrefhments; all which fhe rejected when they arrived, with extreme contempt, and a thoufand fantaftic grimaces.

The tea-table at which Mifs Margland prefided being neareft to thefe folding-doors, fhe and her party heard, from time to time, moft of what was faid, efpecially by the newly arrived lady; who, though fhe now and then fpoke for feveral minutes in a laughing whifper, to fome one fhe called to her fide, uttered moft of her remarks, and all her commands quite aloud, with that fort of deliberate eafe which belongs to the moft determined negligence of who heard, or who efcaped hearing her, who were pleafed, or who were offended.

Camilla and Eugenia were ſoon wholly engroſſed by this new perſonage; and Lionel, ſeeing her ſurrounded by the moſt faſhionable men of the aſſembly, forgot Mr. Dubſter and his gloves, in an eagerneſs to be introduced to her.

Colonel Andover, to whom he applied, willingly gratified him: "Give me leave, Mrs. Arlbery," cried he, to the lady, who was then converſing with General Kinſale, "to preſent to you Mr. Tyrold."

"For Heaven's ſake don't ſpeak to me juſt now," cried ſhe; "the General is telling me the moſt intereſting thing in the world. Go on, dear General!"

Lionel, who, if guided by his own natural judgment, would have conceived this to be the height of ill-breeding or of ignorance, no ſooner ſaw Colonel Andover bow in ſmiling ſubmiſſion to her orders, than he concluded himſelf all in the dark with reſpect to the laſt licences of faſhion: and, while contentedly he waited her leiſure for his reception, he ran over in

his

his own mind the triumph with which he ſhould carry to Oxford the neweſt flouriſh of the *bon ton.*

In a few minutes, after gaily laughing with the General, ſhe turned ſuddenly to Colonel Andover, and, ſtriking him on the arm with her fan, exclaimed: "Well, now, Colonel, what is it you would ſay?"

"Mr. Tyrold," he anſwered, "is very ambitious of the honour of being introduced to you."

"With all my heart. Which is he?" And then, nodding to Lionel's bow, "You live, I think," ſhe added, "in this neighbourhood? By the way, Colonel, how came you never to bring Mr. Tyrold to me before? Mr. Tyrold, I flatter myſelf you intend to take this very ill."

Lionel was beginning to expreſs his ſenſe of the loſs he had ſuffered by the delay, when, again, patting the Colonel, "Only look, I beg you," ſhe cried, "at that inſupportable Sir Sedley Clarendel! how he ſits at his eaſe there! amuſing his ridiculous fancy with every creature he ſees.

Yet what an elegant poſture the animal has found out! I make no doubt he would as ſoon forfeit his eſtate as give up that attitude. I muſt make him come to me immediately for that very reaſon;---do go to him, good Andover, and ſay I want him directly."

The Colonel obeyed; but not ſo the gentleman he addreſſed, who was the new acquaintance of Camilla. He only bowed to the meſſage, and, kiſſing his hand acroſs the room to the lady, deſired the Colonel to tell her he was ineffably tired; but would inconteſtably have the honour to throw himſelf at her feet the next morning.

"O, intolerable!" cried ſhe, "he grows more conceited every hour. Yet what an agreeable wretch it is! There's nothing like him. I cannot poſſibly do without him. Andover, tell him if he does not come this moment he kills me."

"And is that a meſſage," ſaid General Kinſale, "to cure him of being conceited?"

" O, Heaven forbid, my good General, I ſhould cure him! That would utterly ſpoil him. His conceit is preciſely what enchants me. Rob him of that, and you loſe all hold of him."

" Is it then neceſſary to keep him a fop, in order to retain him in your chains?"

" O, he is not in my chains, I promiſe you. A fop, my dear General, wears no chains but his own. However, I like to have him, becauſe he is ſo hard to be got; and I am fond of converſing with him, becauſe he is ſo ridiculous. Fetch him, therefore, Colonel, without delay."

This ſecond embaſſy prevailed; he ſhrugged his ſhoulders, but aroſe to follow the Colonel.

" See, madam, your victory!" ſaid the General. " What would not a military man give for ſuch talents of command?"

" Ay, but look with what magnificent tardineſs he obeys orders! There is ſomething quite irreſiſtible in his impertinence; 'tis ſo conſcious and ſo picquant. I think, General, 'tis a little like my own."

Sir Sedley now advancing, seized the back of a chair, which he twirled round for a resting place to his elbow, and exclaimed, "You know yourself invincible!" with an air that shewed him languidly prepared for her reproaches: but, to his own surprise, and that of all around him, she only, with a smile and a nod, cried, "How do do?" and immediately turning wholly away from him, addressed herself to Colonel Andover, desiring him to give her the history of who was in the tea-room.

At this time a young Ensign, who had been engaged at a late dinner in the neighbourhood, stroamed into the ball-room, with the most visible marks of his unfitness for appearing in it; and, in total ignorance of his own condition, went up to Colonel Andover, and, clapping him upon the back, called out, with a loud oath, "Colonel, I hope you have taken care to secure to me the prettiest little young angel in the room? You know with what sincerity I despise an old hag."

The

The Colonel, with ſome concern, adviſed him to retire; but, inſenſible to his counſel, he uttered oath upon oath, and added, "I'm not to be played upon, Colonel. Beauty in a pretty girl is as neceſſary an ingredient, as honour in a brave ſoldier; and I could find in my heart to ſink down to the bottom of the Channel every fellow without one, and every dear creature without the other."

Then, in defiance of all remonſtrance, he ſtaggered into the tea-room; and, after a ſhort ſurvey, ſtopt oppoſite to Indiana, and, ſwearing aloud ſhe was the handſomeſt angel he had ever beheld, begged her hand without further ceremony; aſſuring her he had broken up the beſt party that had yet been made for him in the county, merely for the joy of dancing with her.

Indiana, to whom not the ſmalleſt doubt of the truth of this aſſertion occurred; and who, not ſuſpecting he was intoxicated, thought his manner the moſt ſpirited and gallant ſhe had ever ſeen,

was readily accepting his offer; when Edgar, who ſaw her danger, ſtarted up, and exclaimed: "This lady, ſir, is engaged to dance the next two dances with me."

"The lady did not tell me ſo, ſir!" cried the Enſign, firing.

"Miſs Lynmere," replied Edgar, coolly, "will pardon me, that on this occaſion, my memory has an intereſt to be better than her's. I believe it is time for us to take our places."

He then whiſpered a brief excuſe to Camilla, and hurried Indiana to the ball-room.

The Enſign, who knew not that ſhe had danced with him the laſt time, was obliged to ſubmit; while Indiana, not conjecturing the motive that now impelled Edgar, was in a yet brighter blaze of beauty, from an exhilarating notion that there was a conteſt for the honour of her hand.

Camilla, once more diſappointed of Edgar, had now no reſource againſt Mr.

Dubſter, but the non-arrival of the gloves; for he had talked ſo publicly of waiting for them to dance with her, that every one regarded her as engaged.

No new propoſition being made for Eugenia, Miſs Margland permitted her again to be led out by the handſome ſtranger.

When ſhe was gone, Mr. Dubſter, who kept conſtantly cloſe to Camilla, ſaid: "They tell me, ma'am, that ugly little body's a great fortune."

Camilla very innocently aſked who he meant.

"Why that little lame thing, that was here drinking tea with you. Tom Hicks ſays ſhe'll have a power of money."

Camilla, whoſe ſiſter was deſervedly dear to her, looked much diſpleaſed; but Mr. Dubſter, not perceiving it, continued: "He recommended it to me to dance with her myſelf, from the firſt, upon that account. But I ſays to him, ſays I, I had no notion that a perſon, who had ſuch a hobble in their gate, would think of ſuch a

thing as going to dancing. But there I was out, for as to the women, aſking your pardon, ma'am, there's nothing will put 'em off from their pleaſure. But, however, for my part, I had no thought of dancing at all, if it had not been for that young gentleman's aſking me; for I'm not over fond of ſuch jiggets, as they've no great uſe in 'em; only I happened to be this way, upon a little matter of buſineſs, ſo I thought I might as well come and ſee the hop, as Tom Hicks could contrive to get me a ticket."

This was the ſort of diſcourſe with which Camilla was regaled till the two dances were over; and then, begging her to ſit ſtill till he came back, he quitted her, to ſee what he could do about his gloves.

Edgar, when he returned with Indiana, addreſſed himſelf privately to Miſs Margland, whom he adviſed to take the young ladies immediately home; as it would not be poſſible for him, a ſecond time, to break through the rules of the aſſembly, and Indiana muſt, therefore, inevitably

inevitably accept the young Enſign, who already was following and claiming her, and whoſe condition was obviouſly improper for the ſociety of ladies.

Miſs Margland, extremely pleaſed with him, for thus protecting her pupil, inſtantly agreed; and, collecting her three young charges, haſtened them down ſtairs; though the young Enſign, inflamed with angry diſappointment, uttered the moſt bitter lamentations at their ſudden departure; and though Mr. Dubſter, purſuing them to the coach door, called out to Camilla, in a tone of pique and vexation, "Why, what are you going for now, ma'am, when I have juſt got a new pair of gloves, that I have bought o' purpoſe?"

CHAP. III.

A Family Breakfast.

IN their way home, Edgar apologised to Camilla for again foregoing the promised pleasure of dancing with her, by explaining the situation of the Ensign.

Camilla, internally persuaded that any reason would suffice for such an arrangement, where Indiana was its object, scarce listened to an excuse which she considered as unnecessary.

Indiana was eager to view in the glass how her dress and ornaments had borne the shaking of the dance, and curiously impatient to look anew at a face and a figure of which no self-vanity, nor even the adulation of Miss Margland, had taught her a consciousness, such as she had acquired from the adventures of this night. She hastened, therefore, to her apartment as soon as she arrived at Cleves, and there

indulged in an examination which forbade all ſurpriſe, and commanded equal juſtice for the admirers and the admired.

Miſs Margland, anxious to make her own report to Sir Hugh, accompanied Camilla and Eugenia to his room, where he was ſtill ſitting up for them.

She expatiated upon the behaviour of young Mandlebert, in terms that filled the baronet with ſatisfaction. She exulted in the ſucceſs of her own meaſures; and, ſinking the circumſtance of the intended impartiality of Edgar, enlarged upon his dancing, out of his turn, with Indiana, as at an event which manifeſted his ſerious deſigns beyond all poſſibility of miſtake.

Sir Hugh, in the fulneſs of his content, promiſed that when the wedding day arrived, they ſhould all have as fine new gowns as the bride herſelf.

The next morning, not conſidering that every one elſe would require unuſual repoſe, he got up before his cuſtomary hour, from an involuntary hope of accelerating his favourite project; but he had long the

breakfaſt parlour to himſelf, and became ſo fatigued and diſcomfited by faſting and waiting, that when Indiana, who appeared laſt, but for whom he inſiſted upon ſtaying, entered the room, he ſaid; "My dear, I could really find a pleaſure in giving you a little ſcold, if it were not for ſetting a bad example, which God forbid! And, indeed, it's not ſo much your fault as the ball's, to which I can never be a ſincere friend, unleſs it be juſt to anſwer ſome particular purpoſe."

Miſs Margland defended her pupil, and called upon Mandlebert for aſſiſtance, which he readily gave. Sir Hugh then was not merely appeaſed but gratified, and declared, the next moment, with a marked ſmile at Indiana, that his breakfaſt had not reliſhed ſo well for a twelvemonth, owing to the advantage of not beginning till he had got an appetite.

Soon after, Lionel, galloping acroſs the park, haſtily diſmounted, and ſcampered into the parlour.

The

The zealot for every ſpecies of ſport, the candidate for every order of whim, was the light-hearted mirthful Lionel. A ſtranger to reflection, and incapable of care, laughter ſeemed not merely the bent of his humour, but the neceſſity of his exiſtence: he purſued it at all ſeaſons, he indulged it upon all occaſions. With excellent natural parts, he trifled away all improvement; without any ill temper, he ſpared no one's feelings. Yet, though not radically vicious, nor deliberately malevolent, the egotiſm which urged him to make his own amuſement his firſt purſuit, ſacrificed his beſt friends and firſt duties, if they ſtood in its way.

"Come, my little girls, come!" cried he, as he entered the room; "get your hats and cloaks as faſt as poſſible; there is a public breakfaſt at Northwick, and you are all expected without delay."

This ſudden invitation occaſioned a general commotion. Indiana gave an involuntary jump; Camilla and Eugenia looked delighted; and Miſs Margland ſeemed ready to ſecond the propoſition; but

but Sir Hugh, with ſome ſurpriſe, exclaimed: "A public breakfaſt, my dear boy! why where's the need of that, when we have got ſo good a private one?"

"O, let us go! let us go, uncle!" cried Indiana. "Miſs Margland, do pray ſpeak to my uncle to let us go!"

"Indeed, ſir," ſaid Miſs Margland, "it is time now, in all conſcience, for the young ladies to ſee a little more of the world, and that it ſhould be known who they are. I am ſure they have been immured long enough, and I only wiſh you had been at the ball laſt night, ſir, yourſelf!"

"Me, Mrs. Margland! Lord help me! what ſhould I do at ſuch a thing as that, with all this gout in my hip?"

"You would have ſeen, ſir, the fine effects of keeping the young ladies out of ſociety in this manner. Miſs Camilla, if I had not prevented it, would have danced with I don't know who; and as to Miſs Eugenia, ſhe was as near as poſſible to not dancing at all, owing to nobody's knowing who ſhe was."

Sir Hugh had no time to reply to this attack, from the urgency of Indiana, and the impetuofity of Lionel, who, applying to Camilla, faid: "Come, child, afk my uncle yourfelf, and then we fhall go at once."

Camilla readily made it her own requeft.

"My dear," anfwered Sir Hugh, "I can't be fo unnatural to deny you a little pleafure, knowing you to be fuch a merry little whirligig; not but what you'd enjoy yourfelf juft as much at home, if they'd let you alone. However, as Indiana's head is fo much turned upon it, for which I beg you won't think the worfe of her, Mr. Mandlebert, it being no more than the common fault of a young perfon no older than her; why, you muft all go, I think, provided you are not fatisfied already, which, by the breakfaft you have made, I fhould think likely enough to be the cafe."

They then eagerly arofe, and the females haftened to make fome change in their drefs. Sir Hugh, calling Eugenia back,

back, ſaid: "As to you, my little claſſic, I make but ſmall doubt you will be half ready to break your heart at miſſing your leſſon, knowing hic, hæc, hoc, to be dearer to you, and for good reaſons enough, too, in the end, than all the hopping and ſkipping in the world; ſo if you had rather ſtay away, don't mind all thoſe dunces; for ſo I muſt needs call them, in compariſon to you and Dr. Orkborne, though without the leaſt meaning to undervalue them."

Eugenia frankly acknowledged ſhe had been much amuſed the preceding evening, and wiſhed to be again of the party.

"Why then, if that's the caſe," ſaid the baronet, the beſt way will be for Dr. Orkborne to be your 'ſquire; by which means you may have a little ſtudy as you go along, to the end that the leſs time may be thrown away in doing nothing."

Eugenia, who perceived no objection to this idea, aſſented, and went quietly up ſtairs, to prepare for ſetting out. Sir Hugh, by no means connecting the laughter of Lionel, nor the ſmile of Edgar, with

with his propofal, gravely repeated it to Dr. Orkborne, adding: "And if you want a nice pair of gloves, Doctor, not that I make the offer in any detriment to your own, but I had fix new pair come home juft before my gout, which, I can affure you, have never feen the light fince, and are as much at your fervice as if I had befpoke them on purpofe."

The mirth of Lionel grew now fo outrageous, that Dr. Orkborne, much offended, walked out of the room without making any anfwer.

"There is fomething," cried Sir Hugh, after a paufe, "in thefe men of learning, prodigious nice to deal with; however, not underftanding them, in point of their maxims, it's likely enough I may have done fomething wrong; for he could not have feemed much more affronted, if I had told him I had fix new pair of gloves lying by me, which he fhould be never the better for."

When they were all ready, Sir Hugh, calling to Edgar, faid: "Now as I don't much

much chuſe to have my girls go to theſe ſort of places often, which is a prudence that I dare ſay you approve as much as myſelf, I would wiſh to have the moſt made of them at once; and, therefore, as I've no doubt but they'll ſtrike up a dance, after having eat what they think proper, why I would adviſe you, Mr. Mandlebert, to let Indiana trip it away till ſhe's heartily tired, for elſe ſhe'll never give it up, with a good grace, of her own accord."

"Certainly, ſir," anſwered Edgar, "I ſhall not hurry the ladies."

"O, as to any of the reſt," interrupted Sir Hugh, "they'll be as ſoon ſatisfied as yourſelf, except" lowering his voice "Mrs. Margland, who, between friends, ſeems to me as glad of one of thoſe freaks, as when ſhe was but ſixteen; which how long it is ſince ſhe was no more I can't pretend to ſay, being a point ſhe never mentions."

Then addreſſing them in general: "I wiſh you a good breakfaſt," he cried, "with all my heart, which I think you pretty well deſerve, conſidering you go

ſo

ſo far for it, with one cloſe at your elbow, but juſt ſwallowed. And ſo, my dear Indiana, I hope you won't tire Mr. Mandlebert more than can't be avoided."

"How came you to engage Indiana again, Mandlebert?" cried Lionel, in their way to the carriage.

"Becauſe," ſaid Miſs Margland, finding he heſitated, "there is no other partner ſo proper for Miſs Lynmere."

"And pray what's the matter with me? why am not I as proper as Mandlebert?"

"Becauſe you are her relation, to be ſure!"

"Well," cried he, vaulting his horſe, "if I meet but the charming widow, I ſhall care for none of you."

CHAP. IV.

A Public Breakfast.

THE unfitting, however customary, occasion of this speedy repetition of public amusement in the town of Northwick, was, that the county assizes were now held there; and the arrival of the Judges of the land, to hear causes which kept life or death suspended, was the signal for entertainment to the surrounding neighbourhood: a hardening of human feelings against human crimes and human miseries, at which reflection revolts, however habit may persevere.

The young men, who rode on first, joined the ladies as they entered the town, and told them to drive straight to the ball-room, where the company had assembled, in consequence of a shower of rain which had forced them from the public garden intended for the breakfast.

Here, as they ſtopt, a poor woman, nearly in rags, with one child by her ſide, and another in her arms, approached the carriage, and preſenting a petition, beſought the ladies to read or hear her caſe. Eugenia, with the ready impulſe of generous affluence, inſtantly felt for her purſe; but Miſs Margland, angrily holding her hand, ſaid, with authority: "Miſs Eugenia, never encourage beggars; you don't know the miſchief you may do by it." Eugenia reluctantly deſiſted, but made a ſign to her footman to give ſomething for her. Edgar then alighting, advanced to hand them from the coach, while Lionel ran forward to ſettle their tickets of admittance.

The woman now grew more urgent in her ſupplications, and Miſs Margland in her remonſtrances againſt attending to them.

Indiana, who was placed under the care of Edgar, enchanted to again diſplay herſelf where ſure of again being admired, neither heard nor ſaw the petitioner; but

dimpling

dimpling and ſmiling, quickened her motions towards the aſſembly room: while Camilla, who was laſt, ſtopping ſhort, ſaid: "What is the matter, poor woman?" and took her paper to examine.

Miſs Margland, ſnatching it from her, threw it on the ground, peremptorily ſaying: "Miſs Camilla, if once you begin ſuch a thing as that, there will be no end to it; ſo come along with the reſt of your company, like other people."

She then haughtily proceeded; but Camilla, brought up by her admirable parents never to paſs diſtreſs without inquiry, nor to refuſe giving at all, becauſe ſhe could give but little, remained with the poor object, and repeated her queſtion. The woman, ſhedding a torrent of tears, ſaid ſhe was wife to one of the priſoners who was to be tried the next day, and who expected to loſe his life, or be tranſported, for only one bad action of ſtealing a leg of mutton; which, though ſhe knew it to be a ſin, was not without excuſe, being a firſt offence, and committed in poverty and ſickneſs,

ficknefs. And this, fhe was told, the Judges would take into confideration; but her hufband was now fo ill, that he could not feed on the gaol allowance, and not having wherewithal to buy any other, would either die before his trial, or be too weak to make known his fad ftory in his own behalf, for want of fome wine or fome broth to fupport him in the meanwhile.

Camilla, haftily giving her a fhilling, took one of her petitions, and promifing to do all in her power to ferve her, left the poor creature almoft choaked with fobbing joy. She was flying to join her party, when fhe perceived Edgar at her fide. "I came to fee," cried he, with gliftening eyes, "if you were running away from us; but you were doing far better in not thinking of us at all."

Camilla, accuftomed from her earlieft childhood to attend to the indigent and unhappy, felt neither retreating fhame, nor parading pride in the office; fhe gave him the petition of the poor woman, and begged he would confider if there was

any thing that could be done for her hufband.

"I had received a paper from herfelf," he anfwered, "before you alighted; and I hope I fhould not have neglected it: but I will now take yours, that my memory may run no rifk."

They then went on to the affembly room.

The company, which was numerous, was already feated at breakfaft. Indiana and Camilla, now firft furveyed by day-light, again attracted all eyes; but, in the fimplicity of undrefs, the fuperiority of Indiana was no longer wholly unrivalled, though the general voice was ftill ftrongly in her favour.

Indiana was a beauty of fo regular a caft, that her face had no feature, no look to which criticifm could point as fufceptible of improvement, or on which admiration could dwell with more delight than on the reft. No ftatuary could have modelled her form with more exquifite fymmetry; no painter have harmonifed her complexion with greater brilliancy of colouring.

ing. But here ended the liberality of nature, which, in not fullying this fair workmanfhip by inclofing in it what was bad, contentedly left it vacant of whatever was noble and defirable.

The beauty of Camilla, though neither perfect nor regular, had an influence fo peculiar on the beholder, it was hard to catch its fault; and the cynic connoiffeur, who might perfevere in feeking it, would involuntarily furrender the ftrict rules of his art to the predominance of its lovelinefs. Even judgment itfelf, the cooleft and laft betrayed of our faculties, fhe took by furprife, though it was not till fhe was abfent the feizure was detected. Her difpofition was ardent in fincerity, her mind untainted with evil. The reigning and radical defect of her character—an imagination that fubmitted to no control—proved not any antidote againft her attractions; it caught, by its force and fire, the quick-kindling admiration of the lively; it poffeffed, by magnetic pervafion, the witchery to create fympathy in the moft ferious.

In their march up the room, Camilla was ſpoken to by a perſon from the tea-table, who was diſtinct from every other, by being particularly ill dreſſed; and who, though ſhe did not know him, aſked her how ſhe did, with a familiar look of intimacy. She ſlightly curtſied, and endeavoured to draw her party more nimbly on; when another perſon, equally conſpicuous, though from being accoutred in the oppoſite extreme of full dreſs, quitting his ſeat, formally made up to her, and drawing on a ſtiff pair of new gloves as he ſpoke, ſaid: "So you are come at laſt, ma'am! I began to think you would not come at all, begging that gentleman's pardon, who told me to the contrary laſt night, when I thought, thinks I, here I've bought theſe new gloves, for no reaſon but to oblige the young lady, and now I might as well not have bought 'em at all."

Camilla, ready to laugh, yet much provoked at this renewed claim from her old perſecutor, Mr. Dubſter, looked vainly for redreſs at the miſchievous Lionel, who archly

archly anſwered: "O, ay, true, ſiſter; I told the gentleman, laſt night, you would be ſure to make him amends this morning for putting him to ſo much expence."

"I'm ſure, Sir," ſaid Mr. Dubſter, "I did not ſpeak for that, expence being no great matter to me at this time; only nobody likes to fool away their money for nothing."

Edgar having now, at the end of one of the tables, ſecured places for the ladies, Lionel again, in defiance of the frowns of Miſs Margland, invited Mr. Dubſter to join them: even the appealing looks of Camilla ſerved but to increaſe her brother's ludicrous diverſion, in coupling her with ſo ridiculous a companion; who, without ſeeming at all aware of the liberty he was taking, engroſſed her wholly.

"So I ſee, ma'am," he cried, pointing to Eugenia, "you've brought that limping little body with you again? Tom Hicks had like to have took me in finely about her! He thought ſhe was the great fortune of theſe here parts; and if it had not been

for the young gentleman, I might have known no better neither, for there's half the room in the fame fcrape at this minute."

Obferving Camilla regard him with an unpleafant furprife, he more folemnly added: "I afk pardon, ma'am, for mentioning the thing, which I only do in excufe for what I faid laft night, not knowing then you was the fortune yourfelf."

An eager fign of filence from Lionel, forbade her explaining this miftake; Mr. Dubfter, therefore, proceeded:

"When Tom Hicks told me about it, I faid at the time, fays I, fhe looks more like to fome fort of a humble young perfon, juft brought out of a little good-nature to fee the company, and the like of that; for fhe's not a bit like a lady of fortunes, with that nudging look; and I faid to Tom Hicks, by way of joke, fays I, if I was to think of her, which I don't think I fhall, at leaft fhe would not be much in my way, for fhe could not follow a body much

much about, becaufe of that hitch in her gait, for I'm a pretty good walker."

Here the ill dreffed man, who had already fpoken to Camilla, quitting his feat, ftrolled up to her, and faftening his eyes upon her face, though without bowing, made fome fpeech about the weather, with the lounging freedom of manner of a confirmed old acquaintance. His whole appearance had an air of even wilful flovenlinefs: His hair was uncombed; he was in boots, which were covered with mud; his coat feemed to have been defignedly emerged in powder, and his univerfal negligence was not only fhabby but uncleanly. Aftonifhed and offended by his forwardnefs, Camilla turned entirely away from him.

Not difconcerted by this diftance, he procured a chair, upon which he caft himfelf, perfectly at his eafe, immediately behind her.

Juft as the general breakfaft was over, and the waiters were fummoned to clear away the tables, and prepare the room for

 dancing,

dancing, the lady who had so strikingly made her appearance the preceding evening, again entered. She was alone, as before, and walked up the room with the same decided air of indifference to all opinion; sometimes knotting with as much diligence and earnestness as if her subsistence depended upon the rapidity of her work; and at other times stopping short, she applied to her eye a near-sighted glass, which hung to her finger, and intently examined some particular person or group; then, with a look of absence, as if she had not seen a creature, she hummed an opera song to herself, and proceeded. Her rouge was remarkably well put on, and her claim to being still a fine woman, though past her prime, was as obvious as it was conscious: Her dress was more fantastic and studied than the night before, in the same proportion as that of every other person present was more simple and quiet; and the commanding air of her countenance, and the easiness of her carriage, spoke a confirmed internal assurance, that her

charms

charms and her power were abſolute, wherever ſhe thought their exertion worth her trouble.

When ſhe came to the head of the room, ſhe turned about, and, with her glaſs, ſurveyed the whole company; then ſmilingly advancing to the ſloven, whom Camilla was ſhunning, ſhe called out: "O! are you there? what rural deity could break your reſt ſo early?"

"None!" anſwered he, rubbing his eyes; "I am invulnerably aſleep at this very moment! In the very centre of the morphetic dominions. But how barbarouſly late you are! I ſhould never have come to this vaſtly horrid place before my ride, if I had imagined you could be ſo excruciating."

Struck with a jargon of which ſhe could not ſuſpect two perſons to be capable, Camilla turned round to her ſlighted neighbour, and with the greateſt ſurpriſe recogniſed, upon examination, the moſt brilliant beau of the preceding evening, in the worſt dreſſed man of the preſent morning.

The lady now, again holding her glaſs to her eye, which ſhe directed without ſcruple towards Camilla and her party, ſaid: "Who have you got there?"

Camilla looked haſtily away, and her whole ſet, abaſhed by ſo unſeaſoned an inquiry, caſt down their eyes.

"Hey!" cried he, calmly viewing them, as if for the firſt time himſelf: "Why, I'll tell you!" Then making her bend to hear his whiſper, which, nevertheleſs, was by no means intended for her own ear alone, he added: "Two little things as pretty as angels, and two others as ugly as---I ſay no more!"

"O, I take in the full force of your metaphor!" cried ſhe, laughing; "and acknowledge the truth of its contraſt."

Camilla alone, as they meant, had heard them; and aſhamed for herſelf, and provoked to find Eugenia coupled with Miſs Margland, ſhe endeavoured to converſe with ſome of her own ſociety; but their attention was entirely engaged by the whiſperers; nor could ſhe, for more than a

minute,

minute, deny her own curiofity the pleafure of obferving them.

They now fpoke together for fome time in low voices, laughing immoderately at the occafional fallies of each other; Sir Sedley Clarendel fitting at his eafe, Mrs. Arlbery ftanding, and knotting by his fide.

The officers, and almoft all the beaux, began to crowd to this fpot; but neither the gentleman nor the lady interrupted their difcourfe to return or receive any falutations. Lionel, who with much eagernefs had quitted an infide feat at a long table, to pay his court to Mrs. Arlbery, could catch neither her eye nor her ear for his bow or his compliment.

Sir Sedley, at laft, looking up in her face and fmiling, faid: "A'n't you fhockingly tired?"

"To death!" anfwered fhe, coolly.

"Why then, I am afraid, I muft pofitively do the thing that's old fafhioned."

And rifing, and making her a very elegant bow, he prefented her his feat, adding:

"There, ma'am! I have the honour to give you my chair,—at the riſk of my reputation."

"I ſhould have thought," cried Lionel, now getting forward, "that omitting to give it would rather have riſked your reputation."

"Is it poſſible you could be born before all that was over?" ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, dropping careleſsly upon the chair as ſhe perceived Lionel, whom ſhe honoured with a nod: "How do do, Mr. Tyrold? are you juſt come in?" But turning again to Sir Sedley, without waiting for his anſwer, "I ſwear, you barbarian," ſhe cried, "you have really almoſt killed me with "fatigue."

"Have I indeed?" ſaid he, ſmiling.

Mr. Dubſter now, leaning over the table, ſolemnly ſaid: "I am ſure I ſhould have offered the lady my own place, if I had not been ſo tired myſelf; but Tom Hicks overperſuaded me to dance a bit before you came in, ma'am," addreſſing Camilla, "for you have loſt a deal of dancing by coming ſo

ſo late; for they all fell to as ſoon as ever they come; and, as I'm not over and above uſed to it, it ſoon makes one a little ſtiffiſh, as one may ſay; and indeed, the lady's much better off in getting a chair, for one ſits mighty little at one's eaſe on theſe here benches, with nothing to lean one's back againſt."

"And who's that?" cried Mrs. Arlbery to Sir Sedley, looking Mr. Dubſter full in the face.

Sir Sedley made ſome anſwer in a whiſper, which proved highly entertaining to them both. Mr. Dubſter, with an air much offended, ſaid to Camilla: "People's laughing and whiſpering, when one don't know what it's about, is not one of the politeſt things, I know, for polite people to do; and, in my mind, they ought to be above it."

This reſentment excited Lionel to join in the laugh; and Mr. Dubſter, with great gravity of manner, roſe, and ſaid to Camilla: "When you are ready to dance, ma'am, I am willing to be your partner, and I ſhan't engage myſelf to nobody

elſe;

else; but I shall go to t'other end of the room till you choose to stand up; for I don't much care to stay here, only to be laughed at, when I don't know what it's for."

They now all left the table; and Lionel eagerly begged permission to introduce his sisters and cousin to Mrs. Arlbery, who readily consented to the proposal.

Indiana advanced with pleasure into a circle of beaux, whose eyes were most assiduous to welcome her. Camilla, though a little alarmed in being presented to a lady of so singular a deportment, had yet a curiosity to see more of her, that willingly seconded her brother's motion. And Eugenia, to whose early reflecting mind every new character and new scene opened a fresh fund for thought, if not for knowledge, was charmed to take a nearer view of what promised such food for observation. But Miss Margland began an angry remonstrance against the proceedings of Lionel, in thus taking out of her hands the direction of her charges. What she urged, however, was vain:

Lionel was only diverted by her wrath, and the three young ladies, as they had not requested the introduction, did not feel themselves responsible for its taking effect.

Lionel led them on: Mrs. Arlbery half rose to return their curtsies; and gave them a reception so full of vivacity and good humour, that they soon forgot the ill will with which Miss Margland had suffered them to quit her; and even lost all recollection that it belonged to them to return to her. The satisfaction of Indiana, indeed, flowed simply from the glances of admiration which every where met her eye; but Eugenia attended to every word, and every motion of Mrs. Arlbery, with that sort of earnestness which marks an intelligent child at a first play; and Camilla, still more struck by the novelty of this new acquaintance, scarce permitted herself to breathe, lest she should lose any thing she said.

Mrs. Arlbery perceived their youthful wonder, and felt a propensity to increase

it, which ſtrengthened all her powers, and called forth all her faculties. Wit ſhe poſſeſſed at will; and, with exertions which rendered it uncommonly brilliant, ſhe diſplayed it, now to them, now to the gentlemen, with a gaiety ſo fantaſtic, a raillery ſo arch, a ſpirit of ſatire ſo ſeaſoned with a delight in coquetry, and a certain negligence of air ſo enlivened by a whimſical pleaſantry, that ſhe could not have failed to ſtrike with admiration even the moſt hackneyed ſeekers of character; much leſs the inexperienced young creatures now preſented to her; who, with open eyes and ears, regarded her as a phenomenon, upon finding that the ſplendor of her talents equalled the ſingularity of her manners.

When the room was prepared for dancing, Major Cerwood brought to Indiana Mr. Macderſey, the young Enſign who had ſo improperly addreſſed her at the ball; and, after a formal apology, in his name, for what had paſſed, begged the honour of her hand for him this morn-

ing. Indiana, flattered and fluttered together by this ceremony, almoſt forgot Edgar, who ſtood quietly but watchfully aloof, and was actually giving her conſent when, meeting his eye, ſhe recollected ſhe was already engaged. Mr. Macderſey hoped for more ſucceſs another time, and Edgar advanced to lead his fair partner to her place.

Major Cerwood offered himſelf to Camilla; but Mr. Dubſter coming forward, pulled him by the elbow, and making a ſtiff low bow, ſaid: "Sir, I aſk your pardon for taking the liberty of giving you ſuch a jog, but the young lady's been engaged to me ever ſo long." The Major looked ſurpriſed; but, obſerving that Camilla coloured, he bowed reſpectfully and retreated.

Camilla, aſhamed of her beau, determined not to dance at all: though ſhe ſaw, with much vexation, upon the general diſperſion, Miſs Margland approach to claim her. Educated in all the harmony of contentment and benevolence, ſhe had

a hor-

a horrour of a temper fo irafcible, that made it a penance to remain a moment in its vicinity. Mr. Dubfter, however, left her not alone to it: when fhe pofitively refufed his hand, he faid it was equal agreeable to him to have only a little difh of chat with her; and compofedly ftationed himfelf before her. Eugenia had already been taken out by the handfome ftranger, with whom fhe had danced the evening before; and Lionel, bewitched with Mrs. Arlbery, enlifted himfelf entirely in her train; and with Sir Sedley Clarendel, and almoft every man of any confequence in the room, declined all dancing for the pleafure of attending her.

Mr. Dubfter, unacquainted with the natural high fpirits of Camilla, inferred nothing to his own difadvantage from her filence, but talked inceffantly himfelf with perfect complacency. "Do you know, ma'am," cried he, "juft as that elderly lady, that, I fuppofe, is your mamma, took you all away in that hurry laft night, up comes the boy with my new pair of gloves! but, though

though I run down directly to tell you of it, there was no making the old lady ſtop; which I was fool to try at; for as to women, I know their obſtinacy of old. But what I grudged the moſt was, as ſoon as I come up again, as ill luck would have it, Tom Hicks finds me my own t'other glove! So there I had two pair, when I might as well have had never a one!"

Obſerving that Eugenia was dancing, "Lack a-day!" he exclaimed, "I'll lay a wager that poor gentleman has been took in, juſt as I was yeſterday! He thinks that young lady that's had the ſmall-pox ſo bad, is you, ma'am! 'Twould be a fine joke if ſuch a miſtake as that ſhould get the little lame duck, as I call her, a huſband! He'd be in a fine hobble when he found he'd got nothing but her ugly face for his bargain. Though, provided ſhe'd had the rhino, it would not much have ſignified: for, as to being pretty or not, it's no great matter in a wife. A man ſoon tires of ſeeing nothing but the ſame face, if it's one of the beſt."

Camilla here, in the midst of her chagrin, could not forbear asking him if he was married? "Yes, ma'am," answered he calmly, "I've had two wives to my share already; so I know what I'm speaking of; though I've buried them both. Why it was all along of my wives, what with the money I had with one, and what with the money I had with the other, that I got out of business so soon."

"You were very much obliged to them, then?"

"Why, yes, ma'am, as to that, I can't say to the contrary, now that they're gone; but I can't say I had much comfort with 'em while they lived. They was always a thinking they had a right to what they had a mind, because of what they brought me; so that I had enough to do to scrape a little matter together, in case of outliving them. One of 'em has not been dead above a twelvemonth, or there about; these are the first clothes I've bought since I left off my blacks."

When

When Indiana paſt them, he expreſſed his admiration of her beauty. "That young lady, ma'am," he ſaid, "cuts you all up, ſure enough. She's as fine a piece of red and white as ever I ſee. I could think of ſuch a young lady as that myſelf, if I did not remember that I thought no more of my wife that was pretty, than of my wife that was ugly, after the firſt month or ſo. Beauty goes for a mere nothing in matrimony, when once one's uſed to it. Beſides, I've no great thoughts at preſent of entering into the ſtate again of one while, at any rate, being but juſt got to be a little comfortable."

The ſecond dance was now called, when Mrs. Arlbery, coming ſuddenly behind Camilla, ſaid, in a low voice, "Do you know who you are talking with?"

"No, ma'am!"

"A young tinker, my dear! that's all!" And, with a provoking nod, ſhe retreated.

Camilla, half ready to laugh, half to cry, reſtrained herſelf with difficulty from

running

running after her; and Mr. Dubster, observing that she abruptly turned away, and would listen no more, again claimed her for his partner; and, upon her absolute refusal, surprised and affronted, walked off in silence. She was then finally condemned to the morose society of Miss Margland: and invectives against Sir Hugh for mismanagement, and Lionel, with whom now that lady was at open war, for impertinence, filled up the rest of her time, till the company was informed that refreshments were served in the card-room.

Thither, immediately, every body flocked, with as much speed and avidity, as if they had learnt to appreciate the blessing of plenty, by the experience of want. Such is the vacancy of dissipated pleasure, that, never satisfied with what it possesses, an opening always remains for something yet to be tried, and, on that something still to come, all enjoyment seems to depend.

The day beginning now to clear, the sashes of a large bow window were thrown

up.

up. Sir Sedley Clarendel ſauntered thither, and inſtantly every body followed, as if there were no breathing any where elſe; declaring, while they preſſed upon one another almoſt to ſuffocation, that nothing was ſo reviving as the freſh air: and, in a minute, not a creature was to be ſeen in any other part of the room.

Here, in full view, ſtood ſundry hapleſs relations of the poorer part of the priſoners to be tried the next morning, who, with ſupplicating hands and eyes, implored the compaſſion of the company, whom their very calamities aſſembled for amuſement.

Nobody took any notice of them; nobody appeared even to ſee them: but, one by one, all glided gently away, and the bow-window was preſently the only empty ſpace in the apartment.

Camilla, contented with having already preſented her mite, and Eugenia, with having given her's in commiſſion, retired unaffectedly with the reſt; while Miſs Margland, ſhrugging up her ſhoulders, and

and declaring there was no end of beggars, pompoufly added, " However, we gave before we came in."

Prefently, a paper was handed about, to collect half guineas for a raffle. A beautiful locket, fet round with pearls, ornamented at the top with a little knot of fmall brilliants, and very elegantly fhaped, with a fpace left for a braid of hair, or a cypher, was produced; and, as if by magnetic power, attracted into almoft every hand the capricious coin, which diftrefs, but the moment before had repelled.

Mifs Margland lamented fhe had only guineas or filver, but fuffered Edgar to be her paymafter; privately refolving, that, if fhe won the locket, fhe would remember the debt: Eugenia, amufed in feeing the humour of all that was going forward, readily put in; Indiana, fatisfied her uncle would repay the expences of the day, with a heart panting from hope of the prize, did the fame; but Camilla hung back, totally unufed to hazard upon what was unneceffary the little allowance fhe

had

had been taught to ſpend ſparingly upon herſelf, that ſomething might be always in her power to beſtow upon others. The character of this raffle was not of that intereſting nature which calls forth from the affluent and eaſy reſpect as well as aid: the prize belonged to no one whom adverſity compelled to change what once was an innocent luxury, into the means of ſubſiſtence; it was the mere common mode of getting rid of a mere common bauble, which no one had thought worth the full price affixed to it by its toyman. She knew not, however, till now, how hard to reſiſt was the contagion of example, and felt a ſtruggle in her ſelf-denial, that made her, when ſhe put the locket down, withdraw from the crowd, and reſolve not to look at it again.

Edgar, who had obſerved her, read her ſecret conflict with an emotion which impelled him to follow her, that he might expreſs his admiration; but he was ſtopt

by Mrs. Arlbery, who juſt then haſtily attacked her with, " What have you done with your friend the tinker, my dear ?"

Camilla, laughing, though extremely aſhamed, ſaid, ſhe knew nothing at all about him.

" You talked with him, then, by way of experiment, to ſee how you might like him ?"

" No, indeed! I merely anſwered him when I could not help it; but ſtill I thought, at a ball, gentlemen only would preſent themſelves."

" And how many couple," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, ſmiling, " do you calculate would, in that caſe, ſtand up ?"

She then ordered one of the beaux who attended her, to bring her a chair, and told another to fetch her the locket. Edgar was again advancing to Camilla, when Lionel, whoſe deſire to obtain the good graces of Mrs. Arlbery, had ſuggeſted to him an anticipation of her commands, puſhed forward with the locket.

" Well,

"Well, really, it is not ugly," cried ſhe, taking it in her hand: "Have you put in yet, Miſs Tyrold?"

"No, ma'am."

"O, I am vaſtly glad of that; for now we will try our fortune together."

Camilla, though ſecretly bluſhing at what ſhe felt was an extravagance, could not withſtand this invitation: ſhe gave her half guinea.

Edgar, diſappointed, retreated in ſilence.

The money being collected, and the names of the rafflers taken down, information was given, that the prize was to be thrown for in three days time, at one o'clock at noon, in the ſhop of a bookſeller at Northwick.

Some of the company now departed; others prepared for a laſt dance. Miſs Margland deſired Lionel to ſee for their carriage; but Lionel had no greater joy than to diſregard her. Indiana aſked earneſtly to ſtay longer; Miſs Margland ſaid, ſhe could only give way to her re-

quest, upon condition her partner ſhould be Mr. Mandlebert. It was in vain ſhe urged that ſhe was already engaged to Colonel Andover; Miſs Margland was inexorable, and Edgar, laughing, ſaid, he ſhould certainly have the whole corps upon his back; but the honour was ſufficient to counterbalance the riſk, and he would, therefore, beg the Colonel's patience.

"Mr. Mandlebert," ſaid Miſs Margland, "I know enough of quarrels at balls about partners, and ladies changing their minds, to know how to act pretty well in thoſe caſes: I ſhall deſire, therefore, to ſpeak to the Colonel myſelf, and not truſt two gentlemen together upon ſuch a nice matter."

She then beckoned to the Colonel, who ſtood at a little diſtance, and, taking him apart, told him, ſhe flattered herſelf he would not be offended, if Miſs Lynmere ſhould dance again with Mr. Mandlebert, though rather out of rule, as there were particular reaſons for it.

The

The Colonel, with a ſmile, ſaid he perceived Mr. Mandlebert was the happy man, and acquieſced.

A general murmur now ran buzzing round the room, that Mr. Mandlebert and Miſs Lynmere were publicly contracted to each other; and, amongſt many who heard with diſpleaſure that the young beauty was betrothed before ſhe was exhibited to view, Mr. Macderſey appeared to ſuffer the moſt ſerious mortification.

As ſoon as this dance was over, Edgar conducted his ladies to an apartment below ſtairs, and went in ſearch of the carriage.

He did not return for ſome time. Miſs Margland, as uſual, grumbled; but Camilla, perceiving Mrs. Arlbery, rejoiced in the delay; and ſtationed herſelf by her ſide, all alive in attending to the pleaſantry with which ſhe was amuſing herſelf and thoſe around her.

When Edgar, who ſeemed out of breath from running, came back, he made but ſhort anſwers to the murmurs of

Miſs Margland; and, haſtening to Camilla, ſaid: "I have been with your petitioner:----ſhe has all that can comfort her for the preſent; and I have learnt the name of her huſband's counſel. You will be ſo good as to excuſe me at dinner to Sir Hugh. I ſhall remain here till I can judge what may be done."

The attention of Camilla was now effectually withdrawn from Mrs. Arlbery, and the pureſt delight of which human feelings are ſuſceptible, took ſudden and ſole poſſeſſion of her youthful mind, in the idea of being inſtrumental to the preſervation of a fellow-creature.

Edgar ſaw, in the change, yet brightneſs of her countenance, what paſſed within;----and his diſappointment concerning the raffle was immediately forgotten.

A ſhort conſultation followed, in which both ſpoke with ſo much energy, as not only to overpower the remonſtrances of Miſs Margland for their departure, but to catch the notice of Mrs. Arlbery, who, coming forward, and leaning her hand

on the ſhoulder of Camilla, ſaid: "Tell me what it is that has thus animated you? Have you heard any good tidings of your new friend?"

Camilla inſtantly and eagerly related the ſubject that occupied them, without obſerving that the whole company around were ſmiling, at her earneſtneſs in a cauſe of ſuch common diſtreſs.

"You are new, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, patting her cheek, "very new; but I take the whim ſometimes of being charitable myſelf, for a little variety. It always looks pretty; and begging is no bad way of ſhewing off one's powers. So give me your documents, and I'll give you my eloquence."

Camilla preſented her the petition, and ſhe invited Mandlebert to dine with her. Miſs Margland then led the way, and the female party returned to Cleves.

CHAP. V.

A Raffle.

IT was late when Edgar returned to Cleves. Camilla flew to meet him. He told her every thing relative to her petitioner was in the moſt proſperous train; he had ſeen the priſoner, heard the particulars of his ſtory, which all tended to his exculpation; and Mrs. Arlbery had contrived to make acquaintance with his counſel, whom ſhe found perfectly well diſpoſed to exert himſelf in the cauſe, and whom ſhe had invited to a ſplendid ſupper. The trial was to take place the next morning.

Camilla, already powerfully ſtruck with Mrs. Arlbery, was enchanted to find her thus active in benevolence.

Edgar was to dine with that lady the next day, and to learn the event of their joint exertions.

This proved all that could be wiſhed. The proſecution had been mild: the

judge

judge and jury had been touched with compaſſion; and the venial offender had been releaſed with a gentle reprimand.

Mandlebert returned to communicate theſe tidings to Camilla, with a pleaſure exactly in unifon with her own. Mrs. Arlbery, he avowed, had been as zealous as himſelf; and had manifeſted a charity of diſpoſition which the flightineſs of her manners had not led him to expect.

* * * *

The next object of attention was the raffle, which was to take place the following morning.

Sir Hugh was averſe to letting his nieces go abroad again ſo ſoon: but Miſs Margland, extremely anxious about her own chance for the prize, ſolemnly aſſerted its neceſſity; inveighed againſt the miſmanagement of every thing at Cleves, ſtifled all her complaints of Lionel, and pronounced a poſitive deciſion, that, to carry Indiana to public places, was the ſole method of promoting the match.

Sir Hugh then, willing to believe, and yet more willing to get rid of diſputing with her, no longer withheld his conſent.

They were advanced within half a mile of Northwick, when a ſick man, painfully ſupported by a woman with a child in her arms, caught their eyes. The ready hand of Eugenia was immediately in her pocket; Camilla, looking more intently upon the group, perceived another child, and preſently recogniſed the wife of the priſoner. She called to the coachman to ſtop, and Edgar, at the ſame moment, rode up to the carriage.

Miſs Margland angrily ordered the man to drive on, ſaying, ſhe was quite ſick of being thus for ever infeſted with beggars; who really came ſo often, they were no better than pick-pockets.

"O, don't refuſe to let me ſpeak to them!" cried Camilla; "it will be ſuch a pleaſure to ſee their joy!"

"O yes! they look in much joy indeed! they ſeem as if they had not eat a morſel theſe three weeks! Drive on, I

ſay,

ſay, coachman! I like no ſuch melancholy ſights, for my part. They always make me ill. I wonder how any body can bear them."

"But we may help them; we may aſſiſt them!" ſaid Camilla, with increaſing earneſtneſs.

"And pray, when they have got all our money, who is to help us?"

Eugenia, delighted to give, but unhabituated to any other exertion, flung half a crown to them; and Indiana, begging to look out, ſaid, "Dear! I never ſaw a priſoner before!"

Encouraged by an expreſſive look from Camilla, Edgar diſmounted to hand her from the carriage, affecting not to hear the remonſtrances of Miſs Margland, though ſhe ſcrupled not to deliver them very audibly. Eugenia languiſhed to join them, but could not venture to diſobey a direct command; and Indiana, obſerving the road to be very duſty, ſubmitted, to ſave a pair of beautiful new ſhoes.

Camilla had all the gratification she promised herself, in witnessing the happiness of the poor petitioner. He was crawling to Cleves, with his family, to offer thanks. They were pennilefs, fick, and wretched; yet the prefervation of the poor man feemed to make mifery light to them all. Edgar defired to know what were their defigns for the future. The man anfwered that he should not dare go back to his own country, becaufe there his difgrace was known, and he fhould procure no work; nor, indeed, was he now able to do any. "So we muft make up our minds to beg from door to door, and in the ftreets, and on the high road," he continued; "till I get back a little ftrength; and can earn a living more creditably."

"But as long as we have kept you alive, and faved you from being tranfported," faid his wife, "for which all thanks be due to this good gentleman, we fhall mind no hardfhips, and never go

aſtray again, in wicked unthinkingneſs of this great mercy."

Edgar inquired what had been their former occupations; they anſwered, they had both been day-workers in the field, till a fit of ſickneſs had hindered the poor man from getting his livelihood: penury and hunger then preſſing hard upon them all, he had been tempted to commit the offence for which he was taken, and brought to death's door. "But as now," he added, "I have been ſaved, I ſhall make it a warning for the time to come, and never give myſelf up to ſo bad a courſe again."

Edgar aſked the woman what money ſhe had left.

"Ah, ſir, none! for we had things to pay, and people to ſatisfy, and ſo every thing you and the good ladies gave us, is all gone; for, while any thing was left us, they would not be eaſy. But this is no great miſchief now, as my huſband is not taken away from us, and is come to a right ſenſe."

"I believe," ſaid Edgar, "you are very good ſort of people, however diſtreſs had miſguided you."

He then put ſomething into the man's hand, and Eugenia, who from the carriage window heard what paſſed, flung him another half crown; Camilla added a ſhilling, and turning ſuddenly away, walked a few paces from them all.

Edgar, gently following, inquired if any thing was the matter; her eyes were full of tears: "I was thinking," ſhe cried, "what my dear father would have ſaid, had he ſeen me giving half a guinea for a toy, and a ſhilling to ſuch poor ſtarving people as theſe!"

"Why, what would he have ſaid?" cried Edgar, charmed with her penitence, though joining in the apprehended cenſure.

"He would more than ever have pitied thoſe who want money, in ſeeing it ſo ſquandered by one who ſhould better have remembered his leſſons! O, if I could but recover that half guinea!"

" Will you give me leave to get it back for you ?"

" Leave ? you would lay me under the greateſt obligation ! How far half a guinea would go here, in poverty ſuch as this !"

He aſſured her he could regain it without difficulty; and then, telling the poor people to poſtpone their walk to Cleves till the evening, when Camilla meant to prepare her uncle, alſo, to aſſiſt them, he handed her to the coach, with feelings yet more pleaſed than her own, and galloped forward to execute his commiſſion.

He was ready at the door of the library to receive them. As they alighted, Camilla eagerly cried : " Well ! have you ſucceeded ?"

" Can you truſt yourſelf to this ſpot, and to a review of the allurement," anſwered he, ſmiling, and holding half a guinea between his fingers, " yet be content to ſee your chance for the prize withdrawn ?"

" O give it me ! give it me !" cried ſhe, almoſt ſeizing it from him, " my dear father

ther will be ſo glad to hear I have not ſpent it ſo fooliſhly."

The rafflers were not yet aſſembled; no one was in the ſhop but a well dreſſed elegant young man, who was reading at a table, and who neither raiſed his eyes at their entrance, nor ſuffered their diſcourſe to interrupt his attention; yet though abſtracted from outward objects, his ſtudiouſneſs was not of a ſolemn caſt; he ſeemed wrapt in what he was reading with a pleaſure amounting to extacy. He ſtarted, acted, ſmiled, and looked penſive in turn; while his features were thrown into a thouſand different expreſſions, and his perſon was almoſt writhed with perpetually varying geſtures. From time to time his rapture broke forth into loud exclamations of "Exquiſite! exquiſite!" while he beat the leaves of the book violently with his hands, in token of applauſe, or lifting them up to his lips, almoſt devoured with kiſſes the paſſages that charmed him. Sometimes he read a few words aloud, calling out "Heavenly!" and vehemently ſtamping his

his approbation with his feet; then ſuddenly ſhutting up the book, folded his arms, and caſting his eyes towards the ceiling, uttered: "O too much! too much! there is no ſtanding it!" yet again, the next minute, opened it and reſumed the lecture.

The youthful group was much diverted with this unintended exhibition. To Eugenia alone it did not appear ridiculous; ſhe ſimply envied his tranſports, and only wiſhed to diſcover by what book they were excited. Edgar and Camilla amuſed themſelves with conjecturing various authors; Indiana and Miſs Margland required no ſuch aid to paſs their time, while, with at leaſt equal delight, they contemplated the hoped-for prize.

Lionel now bounced in: "Why what," cried he, "are you all doing in this muſty old ſhop, when Mrs. Arlbery and all the world are enjoying the air on the public walks?"

Camilla was inſtantly for joining that lady; but Eugenia felt an unconquerable

curioſity to learn the running title of the book. She ſtole ſoftly round to look over the ſhoulder of the reader, and her reſpect for his raptures increaſed, when ſhe ſaw they were raiſed by Thompſon's Seaſons.

Neither this approach, nor the loud call of Lionel, had interrupted the attention of the young ſtudent, who perceived and regarded nothing but what he was about; and though occaſionally he ceaſed reading to indulge in paſſionate ejaculations, he ſeemed to hold every thing elſe beneath his conſideration.

Lionel, drawn to obſerve him from the circuit made by Eugenia, exclaimed: "What, Melmond! why, how long have you been in Hampſhire?"

The youth, ſurpriſed from his abſence of mind by the ſound of his own name, looked up and ſaid: "Who's that?"

"Why, when the deuce did you come into this part of the world?" cried Lionel, approaching him to ſhake hands.

"O! for pity's ſake," anſwered he, with energy, "don't interrupt me!"

"Why

"Why not? have not you enough of that dry work at Oxford? Come, come, have done with this boyifh ftuff, and behave like a man."

"You diftract me," anfwered Melmond, motioning him away; "I am in a fcene that entrances me to Elyfium! I have never read it fince I could appreciate it."

"What! old Thompfon?" faid Lionel, peeping over him; "why, I never read him at all. Come, man! (giving him a flap on the fhoulder,) come along with me, and I'll fhew you fomething more worth looking at."

"You will drive me mad, if you break in upon this epifode! 'tis a picture of all that is divine upon earth! hear it, only hear it!"

He then began the truly elegant and feeling defcription that concludes Thompfon's Spring; and though Lionel, with a loud fhout, cried: "Do you think I come hither for fuch fogrum ftuff as that?" and ran out of the fhop; the "wrapt enthu-

ſiaſt" continued reading aloud, too much delighted with the pathos of his own voice in expreſſing the ſentiments of the poet, to deny himſelf a regale ſo ſoothing to his ears.

Eugenia, enchanted, ſtood on tip-toe to hear him, her uplifted finger petitioning ſilence all around, and her heart fondly repeating, O juſt ſuch a youth be Clermont! juſt ſuch his paſſion for reading! juſt ſuch his fervour for poetry! juſt ſuch his exaltation of delight in literary yet domeſtic felicity!

Mandlebert, alſo, caught by the rehearſal of his favourite picture of a ſcheme of human happineſs, which no time, no repetition can make vapid to a feeling heart, ſtood pleaſed and attentive to hear him; even Indiana, though ſhe liſtened not to the matter, was ſtruck by the manner in which it was delivered, which ſo reſembled dramatic recitation, that ſhe thought herſelf at a play, and full of wonder, advanced ſtraight before him, to look full in his face, and watch the motions of his right arm,

with

with which he acted inceffantly, while the left held his book. Mifs Margland concluded he was a ftrolling player, and did not fuffer him to draw her eyes from the locket. But when, at the words

"——content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendfhip, books,
Eafe and alternate labour, ufeful life,
Progreffive virtue, and approving Heaven,"

Mandlebert turned foftly round to read their impreffion on the countenance of Camilla—fhe was gone!

Attracted by her wifh to fee more of Mrs. Arlbery, fhe had run out of the fhop after Lionel, before fhe either knew what was reading, or was miffed by thofe the reader had engaged. Edgar, though difappointed, wondered he fhould have ftayed himfelf to liften to what had long been familiar to him, and was quietly gliding away when he faw her returning. He then went back to his poft, wondering, with ftill lefs fatisfaction, how fhe could abfent herfelf from hearing what fo well was worth her ftudying.

The

The young man, when he came to the concluding line:

To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign!

roſe, let fall the book, claſped his hands with a theatrical air, and was caſting his eyes upwards in a fervent and willing trance, when he perceived Indiana ſtanding immediately before him.

Surpriſed and aſhamed, his ſublimity ſuddenly forſook him; his arms dropt, and his hands were ſlipt into his waiſtcoat pockets.

But, the very next moment, the ſenſation of ſhame and of ſelf was ſuperſeded by the fair object that had thus arouſed him. Her beauty, her youth, her attitude of examination, ſtruck him at firſt with an amazement that preſently gave place to an admiration as violent as it was ſudden. He ſtarted back, bowed profoundly, without any pretence for bowing at all, and then rivetting his eyes, in which his whole ſoul ſeemed centred, on her lovely face, ſtood viewing her with a look of homage, motionleſs, yet enraptured.

Indiana,

Indiana, ſtill conceiving this to be ſome ſort of acting, unabaſhed kept her poſt, expecting every moment he would begin ſpouting ſomething more. But the enthuſiaſm of the young Oxonian had changed its object; the charms of poetry yielded to the ſuperior charms of beauty, and while he gazed on the fair Indiana, his fervent mind fancied her ſome being of celeſtial order, wonderfully accorded to his view: How, or for what purpoſe, he as little knew as cared. The play of imagination, in the romance of early youth, is rarely interrupted with ſcruples of probability.

This ſcene of dumb tranſport and unfixed expectation, was broken up neither by the admirer nor the admired, but by the entrance of Mrs. Arlbery, Sir Sedley Clarendel, Lionel, the officers, and many of the reſt of the company that had been preſent at the public breakfaſt: Nor would even this intruſion have diſengaged the young Oxonian from his devout and extatic adoration, had it been equally indifferent to Indiana; but the appearance of a party of

gay officers was not, to her, a matter of little moment. Eager for the notice in which ſhe delighted, ſhe looked round in full confidence of receiving it. The rapture of the Oxonian, as ſhe had ſeen it kindled while he was reading, ſhe attributed to ſomething ſhe did not underſtand, and took in it, therefore, no part; but the adulation of the officers was by no means ambiguous, and its acceptance was as obvious as its preſentation.

Willingly, therefore, as well as immediately encompaſſed, ſhe received a thouſand compliments, and in the gratification of hearing them, completely forgot her late ſhort ſurpriſe; but the Oxonian, more forcibly ſtruck, ardently followed her with his eyes, ſtarted back theatrically at every change of attitude which diſplayed her fine figure, and at her ſmiles ſmiled again, from the uncontrollable ſympathy of a faſcinated imagination.

Miſs Margland felt no ſmall pride in ſeeing her pupil thus diſtinguiſhed, ſince it marked the ſhrewdneſs of her capacity in

foretelling the effect of bringing her forth. Anxious to ſhare in a conſequence to which ſhe had induſtriouſly contributed, ſhe paradingly forced her way through the group, and calling the attention of Indiana to herſelf, ſaid: "I am glad you came away, my dear; for I am ſure that man is only a poor ſtrolling player."

"Dear! let me look at him again!" cried Indiana; "for I never ſaw a player before; only at a play."

She then turned back to examine him.

Enchanted to again meet her eyes, the youth bowed with intenſe reſpect, and advanced a few paces, as if with intention to ſpeak to her, though immediately and with ſtill more precipitance he retreated, from being ready with nothing to ſay.

Lionel, going up to him, and pulling him by the arm, cried: "Why, man! what's come to you? Theſe are worſe heroics than I have ſeen you in yet."

The bright eyes of Indiana being ſtill fixed upon him, he diſdained all notice of Lionel, beyond a ſilent repulſe.

Indiana, having now ſatisfied her curioſity, reſtored her attention to the beaux that ſurrounded her. The Oxonian, half ſighing, unfolded his claſped hands, one of which he repoſed upon the ſhoulder of Lionel.

"Come, prithee, be a little leſs in alt," cried Lionel, "and anſwer a man when he ſpeaks to you. Where did you leave Smythſon?"

"Who is that divinity; can you tell me?" ſaid the Oxonian in a low and reſpectful tone of inquiry.

"What divinity?"

"What divinity? inſenſible Tyrold! taſteleſs! adamantine! Look, look yonder, and aſk me again if you can!"

"O what; my couſin Indiana?"

"Your couſin? have you any affinity with ſuch a creature as that? O Tyrold! I glory in your acquaintance! ſhe is all I ever read of! all I ever conceived! ſhe is beauty in its very eſſence! ſhe is elegance, delicacy, and ſenſibility perſonified!"

"All

" All very true," ſaid Lionel; " but how ſhould you know any thing of her beſides her beauty?"

" How? by looking at her! Can you view that countenance and aſk me how? Are not thoſe eyes all ſoul? Does not that mouth promiſe every thing that is intelligent? Can thoſe lips ever move but to diffuſe ſweetneſs and ſmiles? I muſt not look at her again! another glance may ſet me raving!"

" May?" cried Lionel, laughing; " why what have you been doing all this time? However, be a little leſs in the ſublime, and I'll introduce you to her."

" Is it poſſible? ſhall I owe to you ſo celeſtial a happineſs? O Tyrold! you bind me to you for life!"

Lionel, heartily hallowing, then brought him forward to Indiana: " Miſs Lynmere," he cried, " a fellow ſtudent of mine, though ſomewhat more given to ſtudy than your poor couſin, moſt humbly begs the honour of kiſſing your toe."

The uncommon lownefs of the bow which the Oxonian, ignorant of what Lionel would fay, was making, led Mifs Margland to imagine he was really going to perform that popifh ceremony; and haftily pulling Lionel by the fleeve, fhe angrily faid: " Mr. Lionel, I defire to know by whofe authority you prefent fuch actor-men to a young lady under my care."

Lionel, almoft in convulfions, repeated this aloud; and the young ftudent, who had juft, in a voice of the deepeft intereft and refpect, begun, " The high honour, madam ;" hearing an univerfal laugh from the company, ftopt fhort, utterly difconcerted, and after a few vainly ftammering attempts, bowed again, and was filent.

Edgar, who in this diftrefs, read an ingenoufnefs of nature that counterpoifed its romantic enthufiafm, felt for the young man, and taking Lionel by the arm, faid: " Will you not introduce me alfo to your friend?"

" Mr. Melmond of Brazen Nofe! Mr. Mandlebert of Beech Park!" cried Lionel, flourifhing,

flourifhing, and bowing from one to the other.

Edgar fhook hands with the youth, and hoped they fhould be better acquainted.

Camilla, gliding round, whifpered him: "How like my dear father was that! to give relief to embarraffment, inftead of joining in the laugh which excites it!"

Edgar, touched by a comparifon to the perfon he moft honoured, gratefully looked his acknowledgment; and all difpleafure at her flight, even from Thomfon's fcene of conjugal felicity, was erafed from his mind.

The company grew impatient for the raffle, though fome of the fubfcribers were not arrived. It was voted, at the propofition of Mrs. Arlbery, that the mafter of the fhop fhould reprefent, as their turns came round, thofe who were abfent.

While this was fettling, Edgar, in fome confufion, drew Camilla to the door, faying: "To avoid any perplexity about your

throwing, ſuppoſe you ſtep into the haberdaſher's ſhop that is over the way?"

Camilla, who already had felt very awkward with reſpect to her withdrawn ſubſcription, gladly agreed to the propoſal, and begging him to explain the matter to Miſs Margland, tript acroſs the ſtreet, while the rafflers were crowding to the point of action.

Here ſhe ſat, making ſome ſmall purchaſes, till the buſineſs was over: The whole party then came forth into the ſtreet, and all in a body poured into the haberdaſher's ſhop, ſmiling, bowing, and of one accord wiſhing her joy.

Concluding this to be in deriſion of her deſertion, ſhe rallied as well as ſhe was able; but Mrs. Arlbery, who entered the laſt, and held the locket in her hand, ſaid: "Miſs Tyrold, I heartily wiſh you equally brilliant ſucceſs, in the next, and far more dangerous lottery, in which, I preſume, you will try your fate." And preſented her the prize.

Camilla, colouring, laughing, and unwillingly taking it, ſaid: "I ſuppoſe,

ma'am—I hope—it is yours?" And ſhe looked about for Edgar to aſſiſt her; but, he was gone to haſten the carriage.

Every body crowded round her to take a laſt ſight of the beautiful locket. Eager to get rid of it, ſhe put it into the hands of Indiana, who regarded it with a partiality which her numerous admirers had courted, individually, in vain; though the young Oxonian, by his dramatic emotions, had engaged more of her attention than ſhe had yet beſtowed elſewhere. Eugenia too, caught by his eccentricity, was powerfully impelled to watch and admire him; and not the leſs, in the unenvying innocency of her heart, for his evident predilection in favour of her couſin. This youth was not, however, ſuffered to engroſs her; the ſtranger by whom ſhe had already been diſtinguiſhed at the ball and public breakfaſt, was one in the group, and reſumed a claim upon her notice, too flattering in its manner to be repulſed, and too new to her extreme inexperience to be obtruſive.

Meanwhile, Camilla gathered from Major Cerwood, that the prize had really fallen to her lot. Edgar had excused her not ſtaying to throw for herſelf, but the general proxy, the bookſeller, had been ſucceſsful in her name.

In great perplexity how to account for this incident, ſhe apprehended Edgar had made ſome miſtake, and determined, through his means, to reſtore the locket to the ſubſcription.

The carriage of Mrs. Arlbery was firſt ready; but, puſhing away the throng of beaux offering aſſiſtance, ſhe went up to Camilla, and ſaid: "Fair object of the ſpleen of all around, will you bring a little of your influence with good fortune to my domain, and come and dine with me?"

Delighted at the propoſal, Camilla looked at Miſs Margland; but Miſs Margland, not being included in the invitation, frowned a refuſal.

Edgar now entered and announced the coach of Sir Hugh.

"Make

"Make uſe of it as you can," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery; "there is room for one more to go back than it brought; ſo pray do the honours prettily. Clarendel! take care of Miſs Tyrold to my coach."

Sir Sedley ſmiled, and played with his watch chain, but did not move.

"O you lazieſt of all lazy wretches!" cried Mrs. Arlbery.

"I ſhall reverſe the epithet, and be the alerteſt of the alert," ſaid Major Cerwood; "if the commiſſion may be devolved to myſelf."

"Poſitively not for the world! there is nothing ſo pleaſant as working the indolent; except, indeed, making the reſtleſs keep quiet; ſo, come forth, Clarendel! be civil, and ſtrike us all with aſtoniſhment!"

"My adored Mrs. Arlbery!" cried he, (hoiſting himſelf upon the ſhop counter, and ſwinging a ſwitch to and fro, with a languid motion,) your maxims are all of the firſt ſuperlative, except this; but no-

body's civil now, you know; 'tis a ſogramity quite out."

"So you abſolutely won't ſtir, then?"

"O pray! pray!" anſwered he, putting on his hat and folding his arms, "a little mercy! 'tis ſo vaſtly inſufferably hot! Calcutta muſt be in the frigid zone to this ſhop! a very ice-houſe!"

Camilla, who never imagined rudeneſs could make a feature of affectation, internally attributed this refuſal to his pique that ſhe had diſregarded him at the public breakfaſt, and would have made him ſome apology, but knew not in what manner to word it.

The Major again came forward, but Miſs Margland, advancing alſo, ſaid: "Miſs Camilla! you won't think of dining out unknown to Sir Hugh?"

"I am ſure," cried Mrs. Arlbery, "you will have the goodneſs to ſpeak for me to Sir Hugh." Then, turning to Lionel, "Mr. Tyrold," ſhe added, "you muſt go with us, that you may conduct your ſiſter

ſiſter ſafe home. Don't be affronted; I ſhall invite you for your own ſake another time. Come, you abominable Clarendel! awake! and give a little ſpring to our motions."

"You are moſt incommodiouſly cruel!" anſwered he; "but I am bound to be your ſlave." Then calling to one of the apprentices in the ſhop: "My vaſtly good boy," he cried, "do you want to ſee me irrecoverably ſubdued by this immenſely inhuman heat?"

The boy ſtared; and ſaid, "Sir."

"If not, do get me a glaſs of water."

"O worſe and worſe!" ſaid Mrs. Arlbery; "your whims are inſupportable. I give you up! Major! advance."

The Major, with alacrity, offered his hand; Camilla heſitated; ſhe wiſhed paſſionately to go, yet felt ſhe had no authority for ſuch a meaſure. The name, though not the perſon of Mrs. Arlbery, was known both at Cleves and at Etherington, as belonging

to the owner of a capital houſe in the neighbourhood; and though the invitation was without form, Camilla was too young to be withheld by ceremony. Her uncle, ſhe was ſure, could refuſe her nothing; and ſhe thought, as ſhe was only a viſitor at Cleves, Miſs Margland had no right to control her; the pleaſure, therefore, of the ſcheme, ſoon conquered every ſmaller difficulty, and, looking away from her party, ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be led to the coach.

Miſs Margland as ſhe paſſed, ſaid aloud: "Remember! I give no conſent to this!"

But Eugenia, on the other ſide, whiſpered: "Don't be uneaſy; I will explain to my uncle how it all happened."

Mrs. Arlbery was following, when Indiana exclaimed: "Couſin Camilla, what am I to do with your locket?

Camilla had wholly forgotten it; ſhe called to Edgar, who ſlowly, and with a ſeriouſneſs very unuſual, obeyed her ſummons.

"There

" There has been ſome great miſtake," ſaid ſhe, " about the locket. I ſuppoſe they neglected to ſcratch out my name from the ſubſcription; for Major Cerwood ſays it really came to me. Will you be ſo good as to return it to the bookſeller?"

The gravity of Edgar immediately vaniſhed: " Are you ſo ready," he ſaid, " even when it is in your poſſeſſion, to part with ſo pretty a trinket?"

" You know it cannot be mine, for here is my half guinea."

Mrs. Arlbery then got into the coach; but Camilla, ſtill farther recollecting herſelf, again called to Edgar, and holding out the half guinea, ſaid: " How ſhall I get this to the poor people?"

" They were to come," he anſwered, " to Cleves this afternoon."

" Will you, then, give it them for me?"

" No commiſſion to Mr. Mandlebert!" interrupted Mrs. Arlbery; " for he muſt poſitively dine with us."

Mandlebert bowed a pleafed affent, and Camilla applied to Eugenia; but Mifs Margland, in deep wrath, refufed to let her move a ftep.

Mrs. Arlbery then ordered the coach to drive home. Camilla, begging a moment's delay, defired Edgar to approach nearer, and faid, in a low voice: "I cannot bear to let thofe poor expectants toil fo far for nothing. I will fooner go back to Cleves myfelf. I fhall not fleep all night if I difappoint them. Pray, invent fome excufe for me."

"If you have fet your heart upon this vifit," anfwered Mandlebert, with vivacity, though in a whifper, "I will ride over myfelf to Cleves, and arrange all to your wifhes; but if not, certainly there can need no invention, to decline an invitation of which Sir Hugh has no knowledge."

Camilla, who at the beginning of this fpeech felt the higheft glee, funk involuntarily at its conclufion, and turning with a blank

blank countenance to Mrs. Arlbery, ſtammeringly ſaid: "Can you, will you—be ſo very good, as not to take it ill if I don't go with you?"

Mrs. Arlbery, ſurpriſed, very coldly anſwered: "Certainly not! I would be no reſtraint upon you. I hate reſtraint myſelf." She then ordered the footman to open the door; and Camilla, too much abaſhed to offer any apology, was handed out by Edgar.

"Amiable Camilla!" ſaid he, in conducting her back to Miſs Margland, "this is a ſelf-conqueſt that I alone, perhaps, expected from you!"

Cheared by ſuch approbation, ſhe forgot her diſappointment, and regardleſs of Miſs Margland and her ill humour, jumped into her uncle's coach, and was the gayeſt of the party that returned to Cleves.

Edgar took the locket from Indiana, and promiſed to rectify the miſtake; and then, leſt Mrs. Arlbery ſhould be offended

fended with them all, rode to her houſe without any freſh invitation, accompanied by Lionel; whoſe anger againſt Camilla, for ſuffering Miſs Margland to gain a victory, was his theme the whole ride.

CHAP. VI.

A Barn.

THE firſt care of Camilla was to intereſt Sir Hugh in the misfortunes of the priſoner and his family; her next, to relate the invitation of Mrs. Arlbery, and to beg permiſſion that ſhe might wait upon that lady the next morning, with apologies for her abrupt retreat, and with acknowledgments for the ſervices done to the poor woman; which firſt the Oxonian, and then the raffle, had driven from her mind. Sir Hugh readily conſented, blaming her for ſuppoſing it poſſible he could ever heſitate in what could give her any pleaſure.

Before the tea-party broke up, Edgar returned. He told Camilla he had ſtolen away the inſtant the dinner was over, to avoid any miſtake about the poor people, whom he had juſt overtaken by the park-gate, and conducted to the great barn, where

where he had directed them to wait for orders.

"I'll run to them immediately," cried ſhe, "for my half guinea is in an agony to be gone!"

"The barn! my dear young Mr. Mandlebert!" exclaimed Sir Hugh; "and why did you not bring them to the ſervants' hall? My little girl has been telling me all their hiſtory; and, God forbid, I ſhould turn hard-hearted, becauſe of their wanting a leg of mutton, in preference to being ſtarved; though they might have no great right to it, according to the forms of law; which, however, is not much impediment to the calls of nature, when a man ſees a butcher's ſtall well covered, and has got nothing within him, except his own poor craving appetite; which is a thing I always take into conſideration; though, God forbid, I ſhould protect a thief, no man's property being another's, whether he's poor or rich."

He then gave Camilla three guineas to deliver to them from himſelf, to ſet them

a little a-going in an honeſt way, that they might not, he ſaid, repent leaving off bad actions. Her joy was ſo exceſſive, that ſhe paſſionately embraced his knees: and Edgar, while he looked on, could nearly have bent to her his own, with admiration of her generous nature. Eugenia deſired to accompany her; and Indiana, riſing alſo, ſaid: "Dear! I wonder how they will look in the barn! I ſhould like to ſee them too."

Miſs Margland made no oppoſition, and they ſet out.

Camilla, leading the way, with a fleetneſs that mocked all equality, ran into the barn, and ſaw the whole party, according to their ſeveral powers, enjoying themſelves. The poor man, ſtretched upon ſtraw, was reſting his aching limbs; his wife, by his ſide, was giving nouriſhment to her baby; and the other child, a little boy of three years old, was jumping and turning head over heels, with the true glee of unſpoilt nature, ſuperior to poverty and diſtreſs.

To

To the gay heart of Camilla whatever was ſportive was attractive; ſhe flew to the little fellow, whoſe ſkin was clean and bright, in the midſt of his rags and wretchedneſs, and, making herſelf his play-mate, bid the woman finiſh feeding her child, told the man to repoſe himſelf undiſturbed, and began dancing with the little boy, not leſs delighted than himſelf at the feſtive exerciſe.

Miſs Margland caſt up her hands and eyes as ſhe entered, and poured forth a warm remonſtrance againſt ſo demeaning a condeſcenſion: but Camilla, in whoſe compoſition pride had no ſhare, though ſpirit was a principal ingredient, danced on unheeding, to the equal amaze and enchantment of the poor man and woman, at the honour done to their little ſon.

Edgar came in laſt; he had given his arm to Eugenia, who was always in the rear if unaſſiſted. Miſs Margland appealed to him upon the impropriety of the behaviour of Camilla, adding, "If I had had the bringing up a young lady who could

could fo degrade herfelf, I proteft I fhould blufh to fhew my face: but you cannot, I am fure, fail remarking the difference of Mifs Lynmere's conduct."

Edgar attended with an air of complacency, which he thought due to the fituation of Mifs Margland in the family, yet kept his eyes fixt upon Camilla, with an expreffion that, to the leaft difcernment, would have evinced his utmoft approbation of her innocent gaiety: but Mifs Margland was amongft that numerous tribe, who, content as well as occupied with making obfervations upon others, have neither the power, nor thought, of developing thofe that are returned upon themfelves.

Camilla at length, wholly out of breath, gave over; but perceiving that the baby was no longer at its mother's breaft, flew to the poor woman, and, taking the child in her arms, faid: "Come, I can nurfe and reft at the fame time; I affure you the baby will be fafe with me, for I nurfe all the children in our neighbourhood."

She

She then fondled the poor little half-ſtarved child to her boſom, quieting, and kiſſing, and cooing over it.

Miſs Margland was ſtill more incenſed; but Edgar could attend to her no longer. Charmed with the youthful nurſe, and ſeeing in her unaffected attitudes, a thouſand graces he had never before remarked, and reading in her fondneſs for children the genuine ſweetneſs of her character, he could not bear to have the pleaſing reflections revolving in his mind interrupted by the ſpleen of Miſs Margland, and, ſlipping away, poſted himſelf behind the baby's father, where he could look on undiſturbed, certain it was a vicinity to which Miſs Margland would not follow him.

Had this ſcene laſted till Camilla was tired, its period would not have been very ſhort; but Miſs Margland, finding her exhortations vain, ſuddenly called out: "Miſs Lynmere! Miſs Eugenia! come away directly! It's ten to one but theſe people have all got the gaol diſtemper!"

Edgar,

Edgar, quick as lightning at this ſound, flew to Camilla, and ſnatched the child from her arms. Indiana, with a ſcream, ran out of the barn; Miſs Margland hurried after; and Eugenia, following, earneſtly intreated Camilla not to ſtay another moment.

" And what is there to be alarmed at?" cried ſhe; " I always nurſe poor children when I ſee them at home; and my father never prohibits me."

" There may be ſome reaſon, however," ſaid Edgar, while ſtill he tenderly held the baby himſelf, " for the preſent " apprehenſion: I beg you, therefore, to haſten away."

" At leaſt," ſaid ſhe, " before I depart, let me execute my commiſſion." And then, with the kindeſt good wiſhes for their better fortune, ſhe put her uncle's three guineas into the hands of the poor man, and her own reſcued half guinea into thoſe of his wife; and, deſiring Edgar not to remain himſelf where he would not ſuffer her to ſtay, ran to

give her arm to Eugenia; leaving it a doubtful point, whether the good humour accompanying her alms, made the most pleased impression upon their receivers, or upon their observer.

CHAP. VII.

A Declaration.

At night, while they were enjoying the bright beams of the moon, from an apartment in the front of the houſe, they obſerved a ſtrange footman, in a ſuperb livery, ride towards the ſervants hall; and preſently a letter was delivered to Miſs Margland.

She opened it with an air of exulting conſequence; one which was incloſed, ſhe put into her pocket, and read the other three or four times over, with looks of importance and complacency. She then pompouſly demanded a private audience with Sir Hugh, and the young party left the room.

"Well, ſir!" ſhe cried, proudly, "you may now ſee if I judged right as to taking

the young ladies a little into the world. Please to look at this letter, sir:"

To Miss Margland, *at Sir* Hugh Tyrold's, *Bart.* Cleves, Hampshire.

MADAM,

WITH the most profound respect I presume to address you, though only upon the strength of that marked politeness which shines forth in your deportment. I have the highest ambition to offer a few lines to the perusal of Miss Eugenia Tyrold, previous to presenting myself to Sir Hugh. My reasons will be contained in the letter which I take the liberty to put into your hands. It is only under your protection, madam, I can aim at approaching that young lady, as all that I have either seen or heard convinces me of her extraordinary happiness in being under your direction. Your influence, madam, I should therefore esteem as an honour, and I leave it wholly to your own choice, whether to read what I have addressed to that

that young lady before or after she has deigned to cast an eye upon it herself. I remain, with the most profound respect,

Madam,

your most obedient,

and obliged servant,

ALPHONSO BELLAMY.

I shall take the liberty to send my servant for an answer to-morrow evening.

"This, sir," continued Miss Margland, when Sir Hugh had read the letter; "this is the exact conduct of a gentleman; all open, all respectful. No attempt at any clandestine intercourse. All is addressed where it ought to be, to the person most proper to superintend such an affair. This is that very same gentleman whose politeness I mentioned to you, and who danced with Miss Eugenia at Northwick, when nobody else took any notice of her. This is—"

"Why then this is one of the most untoward things," cried Sir Hugh, who

vainly waiting for a pauſe, began to ſpeak without one, "that has ever come to bear; for where's the uſe of Eugenia's making poor young fellows fall in love with her for nothing? which I hold to be a pity, provided it's ſincere, which I take for granted."

"As to that, ſir, I can't ſay I ſee the reaſon why Miſs Eugenia ſhould not be allowed to look about her, and have ſome choice; eſpecially as the young gentleman abroad has no fortune; at leaſt none anſwerable to her expectations."

"But that's the very reaſon for my marrying them together. For as he has not had the ſmall-pox himſelf, that is, not in the natural way; which, Lord help me! I thought the beſt, owing to my want of knowledge; why he'll the more readily excuſe her face not being one of the prettieſt, for her kindneſs in putting up with his having ſo little money; being a thing ſome people think a good deal of."

"But, sir, won't it be very hard upon poor Miſs Eugenia, if a better offer ſhould come,

come, that ſhe muſt not liſten to it, only becauſe of a perſon ſhe has never ſeen, though he has no eſtate?"

"Mrs. Margland," ſaid Sir Hugh, (with ſome heat,) "this is the very thing that I would ſooner have given a crown than have had happen! Who knows but Eugenia may take a fancy to this young jackanapes? who, for aught I know, may be as good a man as another, for which I beg his pardon; but, as he is nothing to me, and my nephew's my nephew, why am I to have the beſt ſcheme I ever made knocked on the head, for a perſon I had as lieve were twitched into the Red Sea? which, however, is a thing I ſhould not ſay, being what I would not do."

Miſs Margland took from her pocket the letter deſigned for Eugenia, and was going to break the ſeal; but Sir Hugh, preventing her, ſaid: "No, Miſs Margland; Eugenia ſhall read her own letters. I have not had her taught all this time, by one of the firſt ſcholars of the age, as

far as I can tell, to put that affront upon her."

He then rang the bell, and ſent for Eugenia.

Miſs Margland ſtated the utter impropriety of ſuffering any young lady to read a letter of that ſort, till propoſals had been laid before her parents and guardians. But Sir Hugh ſpoke no more till Eugenia appeared.

"My dear," he then ſaid, "here is a letter juſt come to put your education to the trial; which, I make no doubt, will ſtand the teſt properly: therefore, in regard to the anſwer, you ſhall write it all yourſelf, being qualified in a manner to which I have no right to pretend; though I ſhall go to-morrow to my brother, which will give me a better inſight; his head being one of the beſt."

Eugenia, greatly ſurpriſed, opened the letter, and read it with viſible emotion.

"Well, my dear, and what do you ſay to it?"

Without anſwering, ſhe read it again.

Sir

Sir Hugh repeated the queſtion.

"Indeed, ſir," ſaid ſhe, (in a tone of ſadneſs,) "it is ſomething that afflicts me very much!"

"Lord help us!" cried Sir Hugh, "this comes of going to a ball! which, begging Miſs Margland's pardon, is the laſt time it ſhall be done."

Miſs Margland was beginning a vehement defence of herſelf; but Sir Hugh interrupted it, by deſiring to ſee the letter.

Eugenia, with increaſed confuſion, folded it up, and ſaid: "Indeed, ſir----Indeed, uncle----it is a very improper letter for me to ſhew."

"Well, that," cried Miſs Margland, "is a thing I could never have imagined! that a gentleman, who is ſo much the gentleman, ſhould write an improper letter!"

"No, no," interrupted ſhe, "not improper----perhaps----for him to write,----but for me to exhibit."

"O, if that's all, my dear," ſaid Sir Hugh, "if it's only becauſe of a few compliments, I beg you not to mind them, be-

cause of their having no meaning; which is a thing common enough in the way of making love, by what I hear; though such a young thing as you can know nothing of the matter, your learning not going in that line; nor Dr. Orkborne's neither, if one may judge; which, God forbid I should find fault with, being no business of mine."

He then again asked to see the letter; and Eugenia, ashamed to refuse, gave it, and went out of the room.

To Miss Eugenia Tyrold, Cleves.

Madam,

The delicacy of your highly cultivated mind awes even the violent passion which you inspire. And to this I intreat you to attribute the trembling fear which deters me from the honour of waiting upon Sir Hugh, while uncertain, if my addressing him might not raise your displeasure. I forbear, therefore, to lay before him my pretensions for soliciting your favour, from the deepest apprehension you might think

I pre-

I prefumed too far, upon an acquaintance, to my unhappinefs, fo fhort; yet, as I feel it to have excited in me the moft lafting attachment, from my fixed admiration of your virtues and talents, I cannot endure to run the rifk of incurring your averfion. Allow me then, once more, under the fanction of that excellent lady in whofe care I have had the honour of feeing you, to entreat one moment's audience, that I may be graced with your own commands about waiting upon Sir Hugh, without which, I fhould hold myfelf ungenerous and unworthy to approach him; fince I fhould blufh to throw myfelf at your feet from an authority which you do not permit. I befeech you, madam, to remember, that I fhall be miferable till I know my doom; but ftill, that the heart, not the hand, can alone beftow happinefs on a difinterefted mind.

I have the honour to be,
Madam,
your moft devoted
and obedient humble fervant,
ALPHONSO BELLAMY.

Sir Hugh, when he had finiſhed the letter, heaved a ſigh, and leant his head upon his hand, conſidering whether or not to let it be ſeen by Miſs Margland; who, however, not feeling ſecure what his determination might be, had ſo contrived to ſit at the table as to read it at the ſame time with himſelf. Nor had ſhe weighed the intereſt of her curioſity amiſs; Sir Hugh, dreading a debate with her, ſoon put the letter into his pocket-book, and again ſent for Eugenia.

Eugenia excuſed herſelf from returning, pleaded a head-ache, and went to bed.

Sir Hugh was in the deepeſt alarm; though the evening was far advanced, he could ſcarce refrain from going to Etherington directly; he ordered his carriage to be at the door at eight o'clock the next morning; and ſent a ſecond order, a moment after, that it ſhould not be later than half paſt ſeven.

He then ſummoned Camilla, and, giving her the letter, bid her run with it to her ſiſter, for fear it was that ſhe was fretting

for. And soon after, he went to bed, that he might be ready in the morning.

Eugenia, meanwhile, felt the placid composure of her mind now for the first time shaken. The assiduities of this young man had already pleased and interested her; but, though gratified by them in his presence, they occurred to her no more in his absence. With the Oxonian she had been far more struck; his energy, his sentiments, his passion for literature, would instantly have riveted him in her fairest favour, had she not so completely regarded herself as the wife of Clermont Lynmere, that she denied her imagination any power over her reason.

This letter, however, filled her with sensations wholly new. She now first reflected seriously upon the nature of her situation with regard to Clermont, for whom she seemed bespoke by her uncle, without the smallest knowledge how they might approve or suit each other. Perhaps he might dislike her; she must then have the mortification of being refused:

perhaps he might excite her own antipathy; ſhe must then either diſappoint her uncle, or become a miſerable ſacrifice.

Here, on the contrary, ſhe conceived herſelf an elected object. The difference of being accepted, or being choſen, worked forcibly upon her mind; and, all that was delicate, feminine, or dignified in her notions, roſe in favour of him who ſought, when oppoſed to him who could only conſent to receive her. Generous, too, he appeared to her, in forbearing to apply to Sir Hugh, without her permiſſion; diſintereſted, in declaring he did not wiſh for her hand without her heart; and noble, in not ſeeking her in a clandeſtine manner, but referring every thing to Miſs Margland.

The idea alſo of exciting an ardent paſſion, loſt none of its force from its novelty to her expectations. It was not that ſhe had hitherto ſuppoſed it impoſſible; ſhe had done leſs; ſhe had not thought of it all. Nor came it now with any triumph to her modeſt and unaſſuming mind;

mind; all it brought with it was gratitude towards Bellamy, and a ſomething ſoothing towards herſelf, which, though inexplicable to her reaſon, was irreſiſtible to her feelings.

When Camilla entered with the letter, ſhe baſhfully aſked her, if ſhe wiſhed to read it? Camilla eagerly cried: "O, yes." But, having finiſhed it, ſaid: "It is not ſuch a letter as Edgar Mandlebert would have written."

"I am ſure, then," ſaid Eugenia, colouring, "I am ſorry to have received it."

"Do you not obſerve every day," ſaid Camilla, "the diſtance, the delicacy of his behaviour to Indiana, though Miſs Margland ſays their marriage is fixed; how free from all diſtinction that might confuſe her? This declaration, on the contrary, is ſo abrupt---and from ſo new an acquaintance---"

"Certainly, then, I won't anſwer it," ſaid Eugenia, much diſcompoſed; "it had not ſtruck me thus at firſt reading; but I ſee now all its impropriety."

She

She then bid good night to Camilla; who, concluding her the appropriated wife of Clermont, had uttered her opinion without fcruple.

Eugenia now again read the letter; but not again with pleafure. She thought it forward and prefumptuous; and the only gratification that remained upon her mind, was an half confcious, fcarce admitted, and, even to herfelf, unacknowledged charm, in a belief, that fhe poffeffed the power to infpire an animated regard.

CHAP. VIII.

An Anſwer.

MR. and Mrs. Tyrold and Lavinia were at breakfaſt when Sir Hugh entered their parlour, the next morning. "Brother," he cried, "I have ſomething of great importance to tell you, which it is very fit my ſiſter ſhould hear too; for which reaſon, I make no doubt but my dear Lavinia's good ſenſe will leave the room, without waiting for a hint."

Lavinia inſtantly retired.

"O, my dear brother," continued the baronet; "do you know here's a young chap, who appears to be a rather good ſort of man, which is ſo much the worſe, who has been falling in love with Eugenia?"

He then delivered the two letters to Mr. Tyrold.

"Now the only thing that hurts me in this businefs is, that this young man, who Mifs Margland calls a perfon of fafhion, writes as well as Clermont would do himfelf; though that is what I fhall never own to Eugenia, which I hope is no fin, being all for her own fake; that is to fay, for Clermont's."

Mr. Tyrold, after attentively reading the letters, gave them to his wife, and made many inquiries concerning their writer, and his acquaintance with Eugenia and Mifs Margland.

"Why it was all brought about," faid Sir Hugh, "by their going to a ball and a public breakfaft; which is a thing my little Camilla is not at all to blame for, becaufe if nobody had put it in her head, fhe would not have known there was a thing of the kind. And, indeed, it was but natural in poor Lionel neither, to fet her agog, the chief fault lying in the affizes; to which my particular objection is against the lawyers, who come into a town to hang and tranfport the poor, by way

way of keeping the peace, and then encourage the rich to make all the noiſe and riot they can, by their own junkettings; for which, however, being generally, I believe, pretty good ſcholars, I make no doubt but they have their own reaſons."

"I flatter myſelf," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, ſcarce deigning to finiſh the letters, "Eugenia, young as ſhe is, will need no counſel how to eſtimate a writer ſuch as this. What muſt the man be, who, preſuming upon his perſonal influence, ventures to claim her concurrence in an application to her friends, though he has ſeen her but twice, and knows her to be deſtitute of the ſmalleſt knowledge of his principles, his character, or his ſituation in life?"

"Good lack!" cried the baronet, "what a prodigious poor head I muſt have! here I could hardly ſleep all night, for thinking what a fine letter this jackanapes, which I ſhall make no more apology for calling him, had been writing, fearing it would cut up poor Clermont in her opinion, for all his grand tour."

Perfectly reftored to eafe, he now bad them good morning; but Mr. Tyrold intreated him to ftay till they had fettled how to get rid of the bufinefs.

"My dear brother," he anfwered, "I want no more help now, fince I have got your opinion, that is, my fifter's, which I take it for granted is the fame. I make no doubt but Eugenia will pretty near have writ her foul copy by the time I get home, which Dr. Orkborne may overlook for her, to the end that this Mr. Upftart may have no more fault to find againft it."

They both defired to dine at Cleves, that they might fpeak themfelves with Eugenia.

"And how," faid Mr. Tyrold, with a ftrong fecret emotion, "how goes on Edgar with Indiana?"

"Vaftly well, vaftly well indeed! not that I pretend to fpeak for myfelf, being rather too dull in thefe matters, owing to never entering upon them in the right feafon, as I intend to tell other young men doing the fame."

He

He then, in warm terms, narrated the accounts given him by Miſs Margland of the ſecurity of the conqueſt of Indiana.

Mr. Tyrold fixed his hour for expecting the carriage, and the baronet deſired that Lavinia ſhould be of the party; "becauſe," he ſaid, "I ſee ſhe has the proper diſcretion, when ſhe is wanted to go out of the way; which muſt be the ſame with Camilla and Indiana, too, to-day, as well as with young Mr. Edgar; for I don't think it prudent to truſt ſuch new beginners with every thing that goes on, till they get a little older."

The anxiety of Mr. Tyrold, concerning Bellamy, was now mingled with a cruel regret in relation to Mandlebert. Even his own upright conduct could ſcarce conſole him for the loſs of his favourite hope, and he almoſt repented that he had not been more active in endeavouring to preſerve it.

All that paſſed in his mind was read and participated in by his faithful partner, whoſe diſpleaſure was greater, though her mortification could but be equal. "That

Edgar,"

Edgar," ſaid ſhe, "ſhould have kept his heart wholly untouched, would leſs have moved my wonder; he has a peculiar, though unconſcious delicacy in his nature, which reſults not from inſolence nor preſumption, but from his own invariable and familiar exerciſe of every virtue and of every duty: the ſmalleſt deviation is offenſive, and even the leaſt inaccuracy is painful to him. Was it poſſible, then, to be prepared for ſuch an election as this? He has diſgraced my expectations; he has played the common part of a mere common young man, whoſe eye is his ſole governor."

"My Georgina," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, "I am deeply diſappointed. Our two eldeſt girls are but ſlightly provided for; and Eugenia is far more dangerouſly circumſtanced, in ſtanding ſo conſpicuouſly apart, as a prize to ſome adventurer. One of theſe three precious cares I had fondly concluded certain of protection and happineſs; for which ever I might have beſtowed upon Edgar Mandlebert, I ſhould have

have considered as the most fortunate of her sex. Let us, however, rejoice for Indiana; no one can more need a protector; and, next to my own three girls, there is no one for whom I am so much interested. I grieve, however, for Edgar himself, whose excellent judgment will, in time, assert its rights, though passion, at this period, has set it aside."

"I am too angry with him for pity," said Mrs. Tyrold; "nor is his understanding of a class that has any claim to such lenity: I had often thought our gentle Lavinia almost born to be his wife, and no one could more truly have deserved him. But the soft perfection of her character relieves me from any apprehension for her conduct, and almost all my solicitude devolves upon Camilla. For our poor Eugenia I had never indulged a hope of his choice; though that valuable, unfortunate girl, with every unearned defect about her, intrinsically merits him, with all his advantages, his accomplishments, and his virtues: but to appreciate her, uninfluenced

by pecuniary views, to which he is every way ſuperior, was too much to expect from ſo young a man. My wiſhes, therefore, had guided him to our Camilla, that ſweet, open, generous, inconſiderate girl, whoſe feelings are all virtues, but whoſe impulſes have no reſtraints: I have not a fear for her, when ſhe can act with deliberation; but fear is almoſt all I have left, when I conſider her as led by the ſtart of the moment. With him, however, ſhe would have been the ſafeſt, and with him—next alone to her mother, the happieſt of her ſex."

The kindeſt acknowledgments repaid this ſympathy of ſentiment, and they agreed that their felicity would have been almoſt too complete for this lower world, if ſuch an event had come to paſs. "Nevertheleſs its failure," added Mrs. Tyrold, "is almoſt incredible, and wholly unpardonable. That Indiana ſhould vanquiſh where Lavinia and Camilla have failed! I feel indignant at ſuch a triumph of mere external unintelligent beauty."

Eugenia

Eugenia received her parents with the moſt baſhful confuſion; yet they found, upon converſing with her, it was merely from youthful ſhame, and not from any dangerous prepoſſeſſion. The obſervations of Camilla had broken that ſpell with which a firſt declaration of regard is apt to entangle unreflecting inexperience; and by teaching her to leſs value the votary, had made the conqueſt leſs an object of ſatisfaction. She was gratified by the permiſſion of her uncle to write her own anſwer, which was now produced.

To Alphonſo Bellamy, *Eſq.*

Sir,

I am highly ſenſible to the honour of your partiality, which I regret it is not poſſible for me to deſerve. Be not, therefore, offended, and ſtill leſs ſuffer yourſelf to be afflicted, when I confeſs I have only my poor thanks to offer, and poor eſteem to return, for your unmerited goodneſs. Dwell not, ſir, upon this diſappointment,

but receive my best wishes for your restored happiness; for never can I forget a distinction to which I have so little claim. Believe me,

Sir,

Your very much obliged,
and most grateful humble servant,
EUGENIA TYROLD.

Mr. Tyrold, who delighted to see how completely, in her studies with Dr. Orkborne, she had escaped any pedantry or affectation, and even preserved all the native humility of her artless character, returned her the letter with an affectionate embrace, and told her he could desire no alteration but that of omitting the word *grateful* at the conclusion.

Mrs. Tyrold was far less satisfied. She wished it to be completely re-written; protesting, that a man who, in all probability, was a mere fortune-hunter, would infer from so gentle a dismission encouragement rather than repulse.

Sir

Sir Hugh faid there was one thing only he defired to have added, which was a hint of a pre-engagement with a relation of her own.

Eugenia, at this, coloured and retreated; and Mrs. Tyrold reminded the baronet, with fome difpleafure, of his promife to guard the fecret of his project. Sir Hugh, a little difturbed, faid it never broke out from him but by accident, which he would take care fhould never get the upper hand again. He would not, however, confent to have the letter altered, which he faid would be an affront to the learning of Eugenia, unlefs it were done by Dr. Orkborne himfelf, who, being her mafter, had a right to correct her firft penmanfhip.

Dr. Orkborne, being called upon, flightly glanced his eye over the letter, but made no emendation, faying: "I believe it will do very fufficiently; but I have only concerned myfelf with the progrefs of Mifs Eugenia in the Greek and Latin languages; any body can teach her Englifh."

The fond parents finiſhed their viſit in full ſatisfaction with their irreproachable Eugenia, and with the joy of ſeeing their darling Camilla as happy and as diſengaged as when ſhe had left them; but Mandlebert had ſpent the day abroad, and eſcaped, therefore, the obſervations with which they had meant to have inveſtigated his ſentiments. Indiana, with whom they converſed more than uſual, and with the moſt ſcrutinizing attention, offered nothing either in manner or matter to reſcue his deciſion from their cenſure: Mrs. Tyrold, therefore, rejoiced at his abſence, leſt a coolneſs ſhe knew not how to repreſs, ſhould have led him to ſurmiſe her diſappointment. Her huſband beſought her to be guarded: "We had no right," he ſaid, "to the diſpoſal of his heart; and Indiana, however he may find her inadequate to his future expectations, will not diſgrace his preſent choice. She is beautiful, ſhe is young, and ſhe is innocent; this in early life is ſufficient for felicity; and Edgar is yet too new in the world to be

be aware how much of life remains when youth is gone, and too unpractised to foresee, that beauty loses its power even before it loses its charms, and that the season of declining nature sighs deeply for the support which sympathy and intelligence can alone bestow."

CHAP. IX.

An Explication.

THE visit which Camilla had designed this morning to Mrs. Arlbery, she had been induced to relinquish through a speech made to her by Lionel. "You have done for yourself, now!" said he, exultingly; "so you may be governed by that scare-crow, Miss Margland, at your leisure. Do you know you were not once mentioned again at the Grove, neither by Mrs. Arlbery nor any body else? and they all agreed Indiana was the finest girl in the world."

Camilla, though of the same opinion with respect to Indiana, concluded Mrs. Arlbery was offended by her retreat, and lost all courage for offering any apology.

Edgar did not return to Cleves till some time after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold,

Tyrold, when he met Miſs Margland and the young ladies ſtrolling in the park.

Camilla, running to meet him, aſked if he had reſtored the locket to the right owner.

"No," anſwered he, ſmiling, "not yet."

"What can be done then? my half guinea is gone; and, to confeſs the truth, I have not another I can well ſpare!"

He made no immediate reply; but, after ſpeaking to the reſt of the party, walked on towards the houſe.

Camilla, in ſome perplexity, following him, exclaimed: "Pray tell me what I muſt do? indeed I am quite uneaſy."

"You would really have me give the locket to its rightful proprietor?"

"To be ſure I would!"

"My commiſſion, then, is ſoon executed." And taking a little ſhagreen caſe from his waiſtcoat pocket, he put it into her hand.

"What can you mean? is there ſtill any miſtake?"

"None but what you may immediately rectify, by ſimply retaining your own prize."

Camilla, opening the caſe, ſaw the locket, and perceived under the cryſtal a light knot of braided hair. But while ſhe looked at it, he hurried into the houſe.

She ran after him, and inſiſted upon an explanation, declaring it to be utterly impoſſible that the locket and the half guinea ſhould belong to the ſame perſon.

"You muſt not then," he ſaid, "be angry, if you find I have managed, at laſt, but aukwardly. When I came to the library, the maſter of the raffle told me it was againſt all rule to refund a ſubſcription." He ſtopt.

"The half guinea you put into my hand, then," cried ſhe, colouring, "was your own?"

"My dear Miſs Camilla, there is no other occaſion upon which I would have hazarded ſuch a liberty; but as the money

was

was for a charity, and as I had undertaken what I could not perform, I rather ventured to replace it, than ſuffer the poor objects for whom it was deſtined, to miſs your kind intention."

"You have certainly done right," ſaid ſhe (feeling for her purſe); "but you muſt not, for that reaſon, make me a ſecond time do wrong."

"You will not ſo much hurt me?" replied he, gravely; "you will not reprove me as if I were a ſtranger, a mere common acquaintance? Where could the money have been ſo well beſtowed? It is not you, but thoſe poor people who are in my debt. So many were the chances againſt your gaining the prize, that it was an event I had not even taken into conſideration: I had merely induced you to leave the ſhop, that you might not have the ſurpriſe of finding your name was not withdrawn; the reſt was accident; and ſurely you will not puniſh me that I have paid to the poor the penalty of my own ill weighed officiouſneſs?"

Camilla put up her purse, but, with some spirit, said: "There is another way to settle the matter which cannot hurt you; if I do not pay you my half guinea, you must at least keep the fruits of your own." And she returned him the locket.

"And what," cried he, laughing, "must I do with it? would you have me wear it myself?"

"Give it," answered she, innocently, "to Indiana."

"No;" replied he, (redelivering and putting it down upon a table,) but *you* may, if you believe her value will be greater than your own for the hair of your two sisters."

Camilla, surprised, again looked at it, and recognized the hair of Lavinia and Eugenia.

"And how in the world did you get this hair?"

"I told them both the accident that had happened, and begged them to contribute their assistance to obtain your pardon."

"Is it possible," cried she, with vivacity, "you could add to all your trouble so kind a thought?"

a thought?" and, without a moment's further hesitation, she accepted the prize, returning him the most animated thanks, and flying to Eugenia to inquire further into the matter, and then to her uncle, to shew him her new acquisition.

Sir Hugh, like herself, immediately said: "But why did he not give it to Indiana?"

"I suppose," said Eugenia, "because Camilla had herself drawn the prize, and he had only added our hair to it."

This perfectly satisfied the baronet; but Indiana could by no means understand why it had not been managed better; and Miss Margland, with much ill will, nourished a private opinion that the prize might perhaps have been her own, had not Mandlebert interfered. However, as there seemed some collusion which she could not develope, her conscience wholly acquitted her of any necessity to refund her borrowed half guinea.

Camilla, meanwhile, decorated herself with the locket, and had nothing in her possession which gave her equal delight.

Miſs Margland now became, internally, leſs ſanguine, with regard to the preference of Edgar for Indiana; but ſhe concealed from Sir Hugh a doubt ſo unpleaſant, through an unconquerable repugnance to acknowledge it poſſible ſhe could have formed a wrong judgment.

CHAP. X.

A Panic.

UPON the enfuing Sunday, Edgar propofed that a party fhould be made to vifit a new little cottage, which he had juft fitted up. This was agreed to; and as it was not above a mile from the parifh church, Sir Hugh ordered that his low garden phaeton fhould be in readinefs, after the fervice, to convey himfelf and Eugenia thither. The reft, as the weather was fine, defired to walk.

They went to the church, as ufual, in a coach and a chaife; which were difmiffed as foon as they alighted: but before that period, Eugenia, with a figh, had obferved, that Melmond, the young Oxonian, was ftrolling the fame way, and had feen, with a blufh, that Bellamy was by his fide.

The two gentlemen recognifed them as they were croffing the church-yard. The Oxonian bowed profoundly, but ftood aloof: Bellamy bowed alfo, but immediately approached; and as Sir Hugh, at that moment, accidentally let fall his ftick, darted forward to recover and prefent it him.

The baronet, from furprife at his quick motion, dropt his handkerchief in receiving his cane; this alfo Bellamy, attentively fhaking, reftored to him: and Sir Hugh, who could accept no civility unrequited, faid: "Sir, if you are a ftranger, as I imagine, not knowing your face, you are welcome to a place in my pew, provided you don't get a feat in a better; which I'm pretty much afraid you can't, mine being the beft."

The invitation was promptly accepted.

Mifs Margland, always happy to be of confequence, was haftening to Sir Hugh, to put him upon his guard; when a refpectful offer from Bellamy to affift her down the fteps, induced her to remit her

defign

design to a future opportunity. Any attentions from a young man were now so new to her as to seem a call upon her gratitude; nor had her charms ever been so attractive as to render them common.

Edgar and Indiana, knowing nothing of his late declaration, thought nothing of his present admission; to Dr. Orkborne he was an utter stranger; but Camilla had recourse to her fan to conceal a smile; and Eugenia was in the utmost confusion. She felt at a loss how to meet his eyes, and seated herself as much as possible out of his way.

A few minutes after, looking up towards the gallery, she perceived, in one of the furthest rows, young Melmond; his eyes fixt upon their pew, but withdrawn the instant he was observed, and his air the most melancholy and dejected.

Again a half sigh escaped the tender Eugenia. How delicate, how elegant, thought she, is this retired behaviour! what refinement results from a true literary taste! O such be Clermont! if he resemble

resemble not this Oxonian----I must be wretched for life!

These ideas, which unavoidably, though unwillingly, interrupted her devotion, were again broken in upon, when the service was nearly over, by the appearance of Lionel. He had ridden five miles to join them, merely not to be thought in leading-strings, by staying at Etherington to hear his father; though the name and the excellence of the preaching of Mr. Tyrold, attracted to his church all strangers who had power to reach it:----so vehement in early youth is the eagerness to appear independant, and so general is the belief that all merit must be sought from a distance.

The deeper understanding of Mandlebert rendered him superior to this common puerility: and, though the preacher at Cleves church was his own tutor, Dr. Marchmont, from whom he was scarce yet emancipated, he listened to him with reverence, and would have travelled any distance, and taken cheerfully any trouble,

that would in the best and strongest manner have marked the respect with which he attended to his doctrine.

Dr. Marchmont was a man of the highest intellectual accomplishments, uniting deep learning with general knowledge, and the graceful exterior of a man of the world, with the erudition and science of a fellow of a college. He obtained the esteem of the scholar wherever he was known, and caught the approbation of the most uncultivated wherever he was seen.

When the service was over, Edgar proposed that Dr. Marchmont should join the party to the cottage. Sir Hugh was most willing, and they sauntered about the church, while the Doctor retired to the vestry to take off his gown.

During this interval, Eugenia, who had a passion for reading epitaphs and inscriptions, became so intently engaged in decyphering some old verses on an antique tablet, that she perceived not when Dr. Marchmont was ready, nor when the party

was

was leaving the church: and before any of the rest missed her, Bellamy suddenly took the opportunity of her being out of sight of all others, to drop on one knee, and passionately seize her hand, exclaiming: "O madam!—" When hearing an approaching step, he hastily arose; but parted not with her hand till he had pressed it to his lips.

The astonished Eugenia, though at first all emotion, was completely recovered by this action. His kneeling and his "O madam!" had every chance to affect her; but his kissing her hand she thought a liberty the most unpardonable. She resented it as an injury to Clermont, that would risk his life should he ever know it, and a blot to her own delicacy, as irreparable as it was irremediable.

Bellamy, who, from her letter, had augured nothing of hardness of heart, tenderly solicited her forgiveness; but she made him no answer: silent and offended she walked away, and, losing her timidity in her displeasure, went up to her uncle,

and whispered: "Sir, the gentleman you invited into your pew, is Mr. Bellamy!"

The consternation of Sir Hugh was extreme: he had concluded him a stranger to the whole party because a stranger to himself; and the discovery of his mistake made him next conclude, that he had risked a breach of the marriage he so much desired by his own indiscretion. He took Eugenia immediately under his arm, as if fearful she might else be conveyed away for Scotland before his eyes, and hurrying to the church porch, called aloud for his phaeton.

The phaeton was not arrived.

Still more dismayed, he walked on with Eugenia to the railing round the church-yard, motioning with his left hand that no one should follow.

Edgar, Lionel, and Bellamy marched to the road, listening for the sound of horses, but they heard none; and the carriages of the neighbouring gentry, from which they might have hoped any assist-

ance,

ance, had been driven away while they had waited for Dr. Marchmont.

Meanwhile, the eyes of Eugenia again caught the young Oxonian, who was wandering around the church-yard: neither was he unobserved by Indiana, who, though she participated not in the turn of reasoning, or taste for the romantic, which awakened in Eugenia so forcible a sympathy, was yet highly gratified by his apparent devotion to her charms: and had not Miss Margland narrowly watched and tutored her, would easily have been attracted from the cold civilities of Edgar, to the magnetism of animated admiration.

In these circumstance, a few minutes appeared many hours to Sir Hugh, and he presently exclaimed: "There's no possibility of waiting here the whole day long, not knowing what may be the end!" Then, calling to Dr. Orkborne, he said to him in a low voice, "My good friend, here's happened a sad thing; that young man I asked into my pew, for which I take pro-

per

per ſhame to myſelf, is the ſame perſon that wanted to make Eugenia give up Clermont Lynmere, her own natural relation, and mine into the bargain, for the ſake of a ſtranger to us all; which I hold to be rather uncommendable, conſidering we know nothing about him; though there's no denying his being handſome enough to look at; which, however, is no certainty of his making a good huſband; ſo I'll tell you a mode I've thought of, which I think to be a pretty good one, for parting them out of hand."

Dr. Orkborne, who had juſt taken out his tablets, in order to enter ſome hints relative to his great work, begged him to ſay no more till he had finiſhed his ſentence. The baronet looked much diſtreſſed, but conſented: and when he had done, went on:

"Why, if you will hold Eugenia, I'll go up to the reſt, and ſend them on to the cottage; and when they are gone, I ſhall get rid of this young chap, by telling him Eugenia and I want to be alone."

Dr.

Dr. Orkborne assented; and Sir Hugh, advancing to the group, made his proposition, adding: "Eugenia and I will overtake you as soon as the garden-chair comes, which, I dare say, won't be long, Robert being so behind-hand already." Then, turning to Bellamy, "I am sorry, sir," he said, "I can't possibly ask you to stay with us, because of something my little niece and I have got to talk about, which we had rather nobody should hear, being an affair of our own: but I thank you for your civility, sir, in picking up my stick and my pocket handkerchief, and I wish you a very good morning and a pleasant walk, which I hope you won't take ill."

Bellamy bowed, and, saying he by no means intended to intrude himself into the company, slowly drew back.

Edgar then pointed out a path through the fields that would considerably abridge the walk, if the ladies could manage to cross over a dirty lane on the other side of the church-yard.

The

The baronet, who was in high spirits at the success of his scheme, declared that if there was a short cut, they should not part company, for he could walk it himself. Edgar assured him it could not be more than half a mile, and offered him the use of his arm.

"No, no, my good young friend," answered he, smiling significantly; "take care of Indiana! I have got a good stick, which I hold to be worth any arm in Christendom, except for not being alive; so take care of Indiana, I say."

Edgar bowed, but with a silence and gravity not unmixt with surprise; and Sir Hugh, a little struck, hastily added, "Nay, nay, I mean no harm!"

"No, sir," said Edgar, recovering, "you can mean nothing but good, when you give me so fair a charge." And he placed himself at the side of Indiana.

"Well then, now," cried Sir Hugh, "I'll marshal you all: and, first, for my little Camilla, who shall come to my proper share;

ſhare; for ſhe's certainly the beſt companion of the whole; which I hope nobody will take for a ſlight, all of us not being the ſame, without any fault of our own. Dr. Orkborne ſhall keep to Eugenia, becauſe, if there ſhould be a want of converſation, they can go over ſome of their leſſons. Lionel ſhall take the care of Mrs. Margland, it being always right for the young to help people a little ſtricken; and as for the odd one, Dr. Marchmont, why he may join little Camilla and me; for as ſhe's none of the ſteadieſt, and I am none of the ſtrongeſt, it is but fair the one over ſhould be between us."

Every body profeſſed obedience but Lionel; who, with a loud laugh, called to Edgar to change partners.

"We are all under orders," anſwered he, quietly, "and I muſt not be the firſt to mutiny."

Indiana ſmiled with triumph; but Miſs Margland, firing with anger, declared ſhe wanted no help, and would accept none.

Sir

Sir Hugh was now beginning an expostulation with his nephew; but Lionel preferred compliance to hearing it; yet, to obviate the ridicule which he was persuaded would follow such an acquiescence, he strided up to Miss Margland with hasty steps, and dropping on one knee, in the dust, seized and kissed her hand; but precipitately rising, and shaking himself, called out: "My dear ma'am, have you never a little cloaths-brush in your pocket? I can't kneel again else!"

Miss Margland wrathfully turned from him; and the party proceeded to a small gate, at the back of the church, that opened to the lane mentioned by Edgar, over which, when the rest of the company had passed, into a beautiful meadow, Lionel offered his hand for conducting Miss Margland, who rejected it disdainfully.

"Then, you will be sure to fall," said he.

"Not unless you do something to make me."

"You will be sure to fall," he repeated coolly.

Much

Much alarmed, ſhe proteſted ſhe would not get over before him.

He abſolutely refuſed to go firſt.

The whole party ſtopt; and Bellamy, who had hitherto ſtood ſtill and back, now ventured to approach, and in the moſt courteous manner, to offer his ſervices to Miſs Margland. She looked victoriouſly around her; but as he had ſpoken in a low voice, only ſaid: "Sir?" to make him repeat his propoſal more audibly. He complied, and the impertinencies of Lionel rendered his civility irreſiſtible: "I am glad," ſhe cried, "there is ſtill one gentleman left in the world!" And accepted his aſſiſtance, though her perſecutor whiſpered that her ſpark was a dead man! and ſtrutted ſignificantly away.

Half frightened, half ſuſpecting ſhe was laughed at, ſhe repeated ſoftly to Sir Hugh the menace of his nephew, begging that, to prevent miſchief, ſhe might ſtill retain Bellamy.

"Lord be good unto me!" cried he, "what amazing fools the boys of now

a-days

a-days are grown! with all their learning, and teaching, and classics at their tongue's end for nothing! However, not to set them together by the ears, till they grow a little wiser, which, I take it, won't be of one while, why you must e'en let this strange gentleman walk with you till t'other boy's further off. However, this one thing pray mind! (lowering his voice,) keep him all to yourself! if he does but so much as look at Eugenia, give him to understand it's a thing I sha'n't take very kind of him."

Beckoning then to Dr. Orkborne, he uneasily said: "As I am now obliged to have that young fellow along with us, for the sake of preventing an affray, about nobody knows what, which is the common reason of quarrels among those raw young fry, I beg you to keep a particular sharp look out, that he does not take the opportunity to run off with Eugenia."

The spirit of the baronet had overrated his strength; and he was forced to sit upon the lower step of a broad

 stile

ſtile at the other end of the meadow: while Miſs Margland, who leant her tall thin figure againſt a five-barred gate, willingly obviated his ſolicitude about Eugenia, by keeping Bellamy in cloſe and unabating conference with herſelf.

A circumſtance in the ſcenery before him now ſtruck Dr. Orkborne with ſome reſemblance to a verſe in one of Virgil's Eclogues, which he thought might be happily applied to illuſtrate a paſſage in his own work; taking out, therefore, his tablets, he begged Eugenia not to move, and wrote his quotation; which, leading him on to ſome reflections upon the ſubject, ſoon drove his charge from his thoughts, and conſigned him ſolely to his pencil.

Eugenia willingly kept her place at his ſide: offended by Bellamy, ſhe would give him no chance of ſpeaking with her, and the protection under which her uncle had placed her ſhe deemed ſacred.

Here they remained but a ſhort time, when their ears received the ſhock of a pro-

digious roar from a bull in the field adjoining. Miſs Margland ſcreamed, and hid her face with her hands. Indiana, taught by her leſſons to nouriſh every fear as becoming, ſhriekt ſtill louder, and ran ſwiftly away, deaf to all that Edgar, who attended her, could urge. Eugenia, to whom Bellamy inſtantly haſtened, ſeeing the beaſt furiouſly make towards the gate, almoſt unconſciouſly accepted his aſſiſtance, to accelerate her flight from its vicinity; while Dr. Orkborne, intent upon his annotations, calmly wrote on, ſenſible there was ſome diſturbance, but determining to evade inquiring whence it aroſe, till he had ſecured what he meant to tranſmit to poſterity from the treachery of his memory.

Camilla, the leaſt frightened, becauſe the moſt enured to ſuch ſounds, from the habits and the inſtruction of her rural life and education, adhered firmly to Sir Hugh, who began bleſſing himſelf with ſome alarm; but whom Dr. Marchmont re-aſſured, by ſaying the gate was ſecured,

and too high for the bull to leap, even supposing it a vicious animal.

The first panic was still in its meridian, when Lionel, rushing past the beast, which he had secretly been tormenting, skipt over the gate, with every appearance of terror, and called out: "Save yourselves all! Miss Margland in particular; for here's a mad bull!"

A second astounding bellow put a stop to any question, and wholly checked the immediate impulse of Miss Margland to ask why she was thus selected; she snatched her hands from her face, not doubting she should see her esquire soothingly standing by her side; but, though internally surprised and shocked to find herself deserted, she gathered strength to run from the gate with the nimbleness of youth, and, flying to the stile, regardless of Sir Hugh, and forgetting all her charges, scrambled over it, and ran on from the noise, without looking to the right or the left.

Sir

Sir Hugh, whom Lionel's information, and Miſs Margland's puſhing paſt him, had extremely terrified, was now alſo getting over the ſtile, with the aſſiſtance of Dr. Marchmont, ejaculating: "Lord help us! what a poor race we are! No ſafety for us! if we only come out once in a dozen years, we muſt meet with a mad bull!"

He had, however, inſiſted that Camilla ſhould jump over firſt, ſaying, "There's no need of all of us being toſt, my dear girl, becauſe of my ſlowneſs, which is no fault of mine, but of Robert's not being in the way; which muſt needs make the poor fellow unhappy enough, when he hears of it: which, no doubt, I ſhall let him do, according to his deſerts."

The other ſide of the ſtile brought them to the high road. Lionel, who had only wiſhed to torment Miſs Margland, felt his heart ſmite him, when he ſaw the fright of his uncle, and flew to acquaint him that he had made a miſtake, for the bull was only angry, not mad.

The unsuspicious baronet thanked him for this good news, and sat upon a bank till the party could be collected.

This, however, was not soon to be done; the dispersion from the meadow having been made in every possible direction.

CHAP. XI.

Two Lovers.

INDIANA, intent but upon running on, had nearly reached the church-yard, without hearkening to one word of the expoſtulating Mandlebert; when, leaning over a tombſtone, on which ſhe had herſelf leant while waiting for the carriage, ſhe perceived the young Oxonian. An inſtinctive ſpirit of coquetry made her now increaſe her pace; he heard the ruſtling of female approach, and looked up: her beauty, heightened by her flight, which animated her complexion, while it diſplayed her fine form, ſeemed more than ever celeſtial to the enamoured ſtudent; who darted forward from an impulſe of irreſiſtible ſurpriſe. "O Heaven!" ſhe cried, panting and ſtopping as he met her; "I ſhall die! I ſhall die!—-I am purſued by a mad bull!"

Edgar would have explained, that all was safe; but Melmond neither heard nor saw him.—"O, give me, then," he cried, emphatically; "give me the extacy to protect----to save you!"

His out-spread arms shewed his intention to bear her away; but Edgar, placing himself betwen them, said: "Pardon me, sir! this lady is under my care!"

"O don't fight about me! don't quarrel!" cried Indiana, with an apprehension half simple, half affected.

"No, Madam!" answered Melmond, respectfully retreating; "I know too----too well! my little claim in such a dispute!----Permit me, however, to assist you, Mr. Mandlebert, in your search of refuge; and deign, madam, to endure me in your sight, till this alarm passes away."

Indiana, by no means insensible to this language, looked with some elation at Edgar, to see how he bore it.

Edgar was not surprised; he had already observed the potent impression made by the beauty of Indiana upon the Oxonian;

nian; and was struck, in defiance of its romance and ſuddenneſs, with its air of ſincerity; he only, therefore, gently anſwered, that there was not the leaſt cauſe of fear."

"O, how can you ſay ſo?" ſaid Indiana; "how can you take ſo little intereſt in me?"

"At leaſt, at leaſt," cried Melmond, trembling with eagerneſs, "condeſcend to accept a double guard!----Refuſe not, Mr. Mandlebert, to ſuffer my attendance!"

Mandlebert, a little embarraſſed, anſwered: "I have no authority to decide for Miſs Lynmere: but, certainly, I ſee no occaſion for any aſſiſtance."

Melmond fervently claſped his hands, and exclaimed: "Do not, do not, madam, command me to leave you till all danger is over!"

The little heart of Indiana beat high with triumph; ſhe thought Mandlebert jealous: Miſs Margland had often told her there was no ſurer way to quicken him: and, even independently of this idea, the

ſpirit, the ardour, the admiration of the Oxonian, had a power upon her mind that needed no auxiliary for delighting it.

She curtſied her conſent; but declared ſhe would never go back the ſame way. They proceeded, therefore, by a little round to the high road, which led to the field in which the party had been diſperſed.

Indiana was full of ſtarts, little ſhrieks, and palpitations; every one of which rendered her, in the eyes of the Oxonian, more and more captivating; and, while Edgar walked gravely on, reflecting, with ſome uneaſineſs, upon being thus drawn in to ſuffer the attendance of a youth ſo nearly a ſtranger, upon a young lady actually under his protection; Melmond was continually ejaculating in return to her perpetual apprehenſions, "What lovely timidity!----What bewitching ſoftneſs!----What feminine, what beautiful delicacy!----How ſweet in terror!----How ſoul-piercing in alarm!"

Theſe exclamations were nearly enchanting to Indiana, whoſe only fear was,

lest they should not be heard by Edgar; and, whenever they ceased, whenever a pause and respectful silence took their place, new starts, fresh palpitations, and designed false steps, again called them forth; while the smile with which she repaid their enthusiastic speaker, was fuel to his flame, but poison to his peace.

They had not proceeded far, when they were met by Miss Margland, who, in equal trepidation from anger and from fear, was still making the best of her way from the bellowing of the bull. Edgar inquired for Sir Hugh, and the rest of the party; but she could speak only of Lionel; his insolence and his ill usage; protesting nothing but her regard for Indiana, could induce her to live a moment longer under his uncle's roof.

"But where," again cried Edgar, "where is Sir Hugh? and where are the ladies?"

"Tossed by the bull," answered she, pettishly, "for aught I know; I did not choose to stay and be tossed myself; and

a person like Mr. Lionel can soon make such a beast point at one, if he takes it into his humour."

Edgar then begged they might hasten to their company; but Miss Margland positively refused to go back: and Indiana, always ready to second any alarm, declared, she should quite sink with fright, if they went within an hundred yards of that horrid field. Edgar still pleaded that the baronet would expect them; but Melmond, in softer tones, spoke of fears, sensibility, and dangers; and Edgar soon found he was talking to the winds.

All now that remained to prevent further separations was, that Edgar should run on to the party, and acquaint them that Miss Margland and Indiana would wait for them upon the high road.

Melmond, meanwhile, felt in paradise; even the presence of Miss Margland could not restrain his rapture, upon a casualty that gave him such a charge, though it forced him to forbear making the direct and open declaration of his passion, with which

which his heart was burning, and his tongue quivering. He attended them both with the moſt fervent reſpect, evidently very gratifying to the object of his adoration; though not noticed by Miſs Margland, who was wholly abſorbed by her own provocations.

Edgar ſoon reached the bank by the road's ſide, upon which the baronet, Dr. Marchmont, Lionel, and Camilla were ſeated. "Lord help us!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, aghaſt at his approach, "if here is not young Mr. Edgar without Indiana! This is a thing I could never have expected from you, young Mr. Edgar! that you ſhould leave her, I don't know where, and come without her!"

Edgar aſſured him ſhe was ſafe, and under the care of Miſs Margland, but that neither of them could be prevailed with to come farther: he had, therefore, advanced to inquire after the reſt of the party, and to arrange where they ſhould all aſſemble.

"You have done very right, then, my dear, Mr. Edgar, as you always do, as far as I can make out, when I come to the

bottom.

bottom. And now I am quite eafy about Indiana. But as to Eugenia, what Dr. Orkborne has done with her is more than I can devife; unlefs, indeed, they are got to ftudying fome of their Greek verbs, and fo forgot us all, which is likely enough; only I had rather they had taken another time, not much caring to ftay here longer than I can help."

Edgar faid, he would make a circuit in fearch of them; but, firft, addreffing Camilla, "You alone," he cried, with an approving fmile, "have remained thus quiet, while all elfe have been fcampering apart, making *confufion worfe confounded.*"

"I have lived too completely in the country to be afraid of cattle," fhe anfwered; "and Dr. Marchmont affured me there was no danger."

"You can liften, then, even when you are alarmed," faid he, expreffively, "to the voice of reafon!"

Camilla raifed her eyes, and looked at him, but dropt them again without making any anfwer: Can *you*, fhe thought, have

been

been pleading it in vain? How I wonder at Indiana?

He then ſet out to ſeek Eugenia, recommending the ſame office to Lionel by another route; but Lionel no ſooner gathered where Miſs Margland might be met with, than his repentance was forgotten, and he quitted every thing to encounter her.

Edgar ſpent near half an hour in his ſearch, without the ſmalleſt ſucceſs; he was then ſeriouſly uneaſy, and returning to the party, when a countryman, to whom he was known, told him he had ſeen Miſs Eugenia Tyrold, with a very handſome fine town gentleman, going into a farm houſe.

Edgar flew to the ſpot, and through a window, as he advanced, perceived Eugenia ſeated, and Bellamy kneeling before her.

Amazed and concerned, he abruptly made his way into the apartment. Bellamy roſe in the utmoſt confuſion, and Eugenia, ſtarting and colouring, caught Edgar by the arm, but could not ſpeak.

He told her that her uncle and the whole company were waiting for her in great anxiety.

"And where, where," cried ſhe, "are they? I have been in agonies about them all! and I could not prevail---I could not---this gentleman ſaid the riſk was ſo great---he would not ſuffer me---but he has ſent for a chaiſe, though I told him I had a thouſand times rather hazard my life amongſt them, and with them, than ſave it alone!"

"They are all perfectly ſafe, nor has there ever been any danger."

"I was told---I was aſſured---" ſaid Bellamy, "that a mad bull was running wild about the country; and I thought it, therefore, adviſable to ſend for a chaiſe from the neareſt inn, that I might return this young lady to her friends."

Edgar made no anſwer, but offered his arm to conduct Eugenia to her uncle. She accepted it, and Bellamy attended on her other ſide.

Edgar

Edgar was ſilent the whole way. The attitude in which he had ſurpriſed Bellamy, by aſſuring him of the nature of his pretenſions, had awakened doubts the moſt alarming of the deſtination in view for the chaiſe which he had ordered; and he believed that Eugenia was either to have been beguiled, or betrayed, into a journey the moſt remote from the home to which ſhe belonged.

Eugenia increaſed his ſuſpicions by the mere confuſion which deterred her from removing them. Bellamy had aſſured her ſhe was in the moſt eminent perſonal danger, and had hurried her from field to field, with an idea that the dreaded animal was in full purſuit. When carried, however, into the farm houſe, ſhe loſt all apprehenſion for herſelf in fears for her friends, and inſiſted upon ſharing their fate. Bellamy, who immediately ordered a chaiſe, then caſt himſelf at her feet, to intreat ſhe would not throw away her life by ſo raſh a meaſure.

Exhauſted,

Exhausted, from her lameness, she was forced to sit still, and such was their situation at the entrance of Edgar. She wished extremely to explain what had been the object of the solicitation of Bellamy, and to clear him, as well as herself, from any further surmises; but she was ashamed to begin the subject. Edgar had seen a man at her feet, and she thought, herself, it was a cruel injury to Clermont, though she knew not how to refuse it forgiveness, since it was merely to supplicate she would save her own life.

Bellamy, therefore, was the only one who spoke; and his unanswered observations contributed but little to enliven the walk.

When they came within sight of the party, the baronet was again seized with the extremest dismay. "Why now, what's this?" cried he; "here's nothing but blunders. Pray, Sir, who gave you authority to take my niece from her own tutor? for so I may call him, though more properly

properly speaking, he came amongst us to be mine; which, however, is no affair but of our own."

"Sir," answered Bellamy, advancing and bowing; "I hope I have had the happiness of rather doing service than mischief; I saw the young lady upon the point of destruction, and I hastened her to a place of security, from whence I had ordered a post-chaise, to convey her safe to your house."

"Yes, my dear uncle," said Eugenia, recovering from her embarrassment; "I have occasioned this gentleman infinite trouble; and though Mr. Mandlebert assures us there was no real danger, he thought there was, and therefore I must always hold myself to be greatly obliged to him."

"Well, if that's the case, I must be obliged to him too; which, to tell you the truth, is not a thing I am remarkably fond of having happened. But where's Dr. Orkborne? I hope he's come to no harm, by his not shewing himself?"

"At

"At the moment of terror," ſaid Eugenia, "I accepted the firſt offer of aſſiſtance, concluding we were all hurrying away at the ſame time; but I ſaw Dr. Orkborne no more afterwards."

"I can't ſay that was over and above kind of him, nor careful neither," cried Sir Hugh, "conſidering ſome particular reaſons; however, where is he now?"

Nobody could ſay; no one had ſeen or obſerved him.

"Why then, ten to one, poor gentleman!" exclaimed the baronet, "but he's the very perſon himſelf who's toſſed, while we are all of us running away for nothing!"

A ſuſpicion now occured to Dr. Marchmont, which led him to return over the ſtile into the field where the confuſion had begun; and there, on the exact ſpot where he had firſt taken out his tablets, calmly ſtood Dr. Orkborne; looking now upon his writing, now up to the ſky, but ſeeing nothing any where, from intenſe abſorption

of

of thought upon the illuſtration he was framing.

Awakened from his reverie by the Doctor, his firſt recollection was of Eugenia; he had not doubted her remaining quietly by his ſide, and the moment he looked round and miſſed her, he felt conſiderable compunction. The good Doctor, however, aſſured him all were ſafe, and conducted him to the group.

"So here you are," ſaid the baronet, "and no more toſſed than myſelf, for which I am ſincerely thankful, though I can't ſay I think you have taken much care of my niece, nobody knowing what might have become of her, if it had not been for that ſtrange gentleman, that I never ſaw before."

He then formally placed Eugenia under the care of Dr. Marchmont.

Dr. Orkborne, piqued by this transfer, ſullenly followed, and now gave to her, pertinaciouſly, his undivided attention. Drawn

Drawn by a total revulſion of ideas from the chain of thinking that had led him to compoſition, he relinquiſhed his annotations in reſentment of this diſmiſſion, when he might have purſued them uninterruptedly without neglect of other avocations.

CHAP. XII.

Two Doctors.

A COUNCIL was now held upon what course must next be taken. Both Sir Hugh and Eugenia were too much fatigued to walk any further; yet it was concluded that the garden chair, by some mistake, was gone straight to the cottage. Edgar, therefore, proposed running thither to bring it round for them, while Dr. Orkborne should go forward for Miss Margland and Indiana, and conduct them by the high road to the same place; where the whole party might at length re-assemble. Sir Hugh approved the plan, and he set off instantly.

But not so Dr. Orkborne; he thought himself disgraced by being sent from one post to another; and though Eugenia was nothing to him, in competition with his

tablets and his work, his own inſtructions had ſo raiſed her in his mind, that he thought her the only female worthy a moment of his time. Indiana he looked upon with ineffable contempt; the incapacity ſhe had ſhewn during the ſhort time ſhe was under his pupillage, had convinced him of the futility of her whole ſex, from which he held Eugenia to be a partial exception; and Miſs Margland, who never ſpoke to him but in a voice of haughty ſuperiority, and whom he never anſwered, but with an air of ſolemn ſuperciliouſneſs, was his rooted averſion. He could not brook being employed in the ſervice of either; he ſtood, therefore, motionleſs, till Sir Hugh repeated the propoſition.

Not caring to diſoblige him, he then, without ſpeaking, ſlowly and unwillingly moved forwards.

"I ſee," ſaid the baronet, ſoftened rather than offended, "he does not much like to leave his little ſcholar, which is but natural; though I took it rather unkind his letting the poor thing run againſt the

very horns of the bull, as one may ſay, if it had not been for a mere accidental paſſenger. However, one muſt always make allowance for a man that takes much to his ſtudies, thoſe things generally turning the head pretty much into a narrow compaſs."

He then called after him, and ſaid if the walk would tire him, he would wait till they came of themſelves, which no doubt they would ſoon do, as Lionel was gone for them.

Dr. Orkborne gladly ſtopt; but Dr. Marchmont, ſeeing little likelihood of a general meeting without ſome trouble, offered to take the commiſſion upon himſelf, with a politeneſs that ſeemed to ſhew it to be a wiſh of his own.

Sir Hugh accepted his kindneſs with thanks; and Dr. Orkborne, though ſecretly diſconcerted by ſuch ſuperior alacrity in ſo learned a man, was well content to reinſtate himſelf by the ſide of his pupil.

Sir Hugh, who ſaw the eyes of Bellamy conſtantly turned towards Eugenia, thought his preſence highly dangerous, and with

much tribulation, said: "As I find, sir, we may all have to stay here, I don't know how long, I hope you won't be affronted, after my best thanks for your keeping my niece from the bull, if I don't make any particular point of begging the favour of you to stay much longer with us."

Bellamy, extremely chagrined, cast an appealing look at Eugenia, and expressing his regret that his services were inadmissible, made his retreat with undisguised reluctance.

Eugenia, persuaded she owed him a serious obligation for his care, as well as for his partiality, felt the sincerest concern at his apparent distress, and contributed far more than she intended to its removal, by the gentle countenance with which she received his sorrowful glance.

Bellamy, hastily overtaking Dr. Marchmont, darted on before him in search of Miss Margland and Indiana, who, far from advancing, were pacing their way back to the church-yard. Lionel had joined them, and the incensed Miss Margland had en-

couraged

couraged the glad attendance of the Oxonian, as a protection to herself.

The sight of Bellamy by no means tended to disperse the storm: She resented his deserting her while she was in danger, and desired to see no more of him. But when he had respectfully suffered her wrath to vent itself, he made apologies, with an obsequiousness so rare to her, and a deference so strikingly contrasted with the daring ridicule of Lionel, that she did not long oppose the potent charm of adulation----a charm which, however it may be sweetened by novelty, seldom loses its effect by any familiarity.

During these contests, Indiana was left wholly to young Melmond, and the temptation was too strong for his impassioned feelings to withstand: "O fairest," he cried, "fairest and most beautiful of all created beings! Can I resist----no! this one, one effusion----the first and the last! The sensibility of your mind will plead for me----I read it in those heavenly eyes----they emit mercy in their beauty! they are as

radiant with goodneſs as with lovelineſs! alas! I treſpaſs----I bluſh and dare not hope your forgiveneſs."

He ſtopt, terrified at his own preſumption; but the looks of Indiana were never more beautiful, and never leſs formidable. A milder doom, therefore, ſeemed ſuddenly to burſt upon his view. Elated and enraptured, he vehemently exclaimed: "Oh, were my lot not irrevocably miſerable! were the ſmalleſt ray of light to beam upon my deſpondence!"----

Indiana ſtill ſpoke not a word, but ſhe withdrew not her ſmiles; and the enraptured ſtudent, lifted into the higheſt bliſs by the permiſſion even of a doubt, walked on, tranſported, by her ſide, too happy in ſuſpence to wiſh an explanation.

In this manner they proceeded, till they were joined by Dr. Marchmont. The taſk he had attempted was beyond his power of performance; Miſs Margland was inexorable; ſhe declared nothing ſhould induce her to go a ſtep towards the field inhabited by the bull, and

every assurance of safety the Doctor could urge was ineffectual.

He next assailed Indiana; but her first terror, soothed by the compassion and admiration of Melmond, was now revived, and she protested, almost with tears, that to go within an hundred yards of that dreadful meadow would make her undoubtedly faint away. The tender commiseration of Melmond confirmed her apprehensions, and she soon looked upon Dr. Marchmont as a barbarian for making the proposal.

The Doctor then commended them to the care of Lionel, and returned with this repulse to Sir Hugh.

The baronet, incapable of being angry with any one he conceived to be frightened, said they should be pressed no more, for he would give up going to the cottage, and put his best foot forward to walk on to them himself; adding he was so overjoyed to have got rid of that young spark, that he had no fear but that he, and poor Eugenia, too, should both do as well as they could.

They proceeded very ſlowly, the baronet leaning upon Dr. Marchmont, and Eugenia upon Dr. Orkborne, who watchful, with no ſmall alarm, of the behaviour of the only man he had yet ſeen with any internal reſpect, ſince he left the univerſity, ſacrificed completely his notes and his tablets to emulate his attentions.

When they approached the church-yard, in which Miſs Margland and her party had halted, Sir Hugh perceived Bellamy. He ſtopt ſhort, calling out, with extreme chagrin, "Lord help us! what a thing it is, to rejoice! which one never knows the right ſeaſon to do, on the ſcore of meeting with diſappointments!"

Then, after a little meditation, "There is but one thing," he cried, "to be done, which is to guard from the firſt againſt any more miſchief, having already had enough of it for one morning, not to ſay more than I could have wiſhed by half: So do you, good Dr. Marchmont, take Eugenia under your own care, and I'll make ſhift with Dr. Orkborne for myſelf; for,

for, in the caſe he ſhould take again to writing or thinking, it will be nothing to me to keep ſtill till he has done; provided it ſhould happen at a place where I can ſit down."

Dr. Orkborne had never felt ſo deeply hurt; the ſame commiſſion transferred to Edgar, or to Lionel, would have failed to affect him; he conſidered them as of an age fitted for ſuch frivolous employment, which he thought as much below his dignity, as the young men themſelves were beneath his competition; but the comfort of contempt, a ſpecies of conſolation ever ready to offer itſelf to the impulſive pride of man, was here an alleviation he could not call to his aid; the character of Dr. Marchmont ſtood as high in erudition as his own; and, though his acquaintance with him was merely perſonal, the fame of his learning, the only attribute to which fame, in his conception, belonged, had reached him from authority too unqueſtionable for doubt. The urbanity, therefore, of his manners, his general diffuſion of diſcourſe

 and

and his univerſal complaiſance, filled him with aſtoniſhment, and raiſed an émotion of envy which no other perſon would have been deemed worthy of exciting.

But though his long and fixed reſidence at Cleves had now removed the timid circumſpection with which he firſt ſought to enſure his eſtabliſhment, he yet would not venture any poſitive refuſal to the baronet; he reſigned, therefore, his young charge to his new and formidable opponent, and even exerted himſelf to mark ſome alacrity in aſſiſting Sir Hugh. But his whole real attention was upon Dr. Marchmont, whom his eye followed in every motion, to diſcover, if poſſible, by what art unknown he had acquired ſuch a command over his thoughts and underſtanding, as to bear patiently, nay pleaſantly, with the idle and unequal companions of general ſociety.

Dr. Marchmont, who was rector of Cleves, had been introduced to Sir Hugh upon the baronet's ſettling in the large manſion-houſe of that village; but he had not viſited at the houſe, nor had his com-

partly been solicited. Sir Hugh, who could never separate understanding from learning, nor want of education from folly, concluded that such a man as Dr. Marchmont must necessarily despise him; and though the extreme sweetness of his temper made him draw the conclusion without resentment, it so effectually prevented all wish of any intercourse, that they had never conversed together till this morning; and his surprise, now, at such civilities and good humour in so great a scholar, differed only from that of Dr. Orkborne, in being accompanied with admiration instead of envy.

Eugenia thus disposed of, they were proceeding, when Sir Hugh next observed the young Oxonian: He was speaking with Indiana, to whom his passionate devotion was glaring from his looks, air, and whole manner.

"Lord help me!" exclaimed he; "if there is not another of those new chaps, that nobody knows any thing about, talking to Indiana! and, for aught I can tell to the contrary, making love to her! I think I

never took fuch a bad walk as this before, fince the hour I was born, in point of unluckinefs. Robert will have enough to anfwer for, which he muft expect to hear; and indeed I am not much obliged to Mrs. Margland herfelf, and fo I muft needs tell her, though it is not what I much like to do."

He then made a fign to Mifs Margland to approach him: "Mrs. Margland," he cried, "I fhould not have taken the liberty to beckon you in this manner, but that I think it right to afk you what thofe two young gentlemen, that I never faw before, do in the church-yard; which is a thing I think rather odd."

"As to that gentleman, fir," fhe anfwered, bridling, "who was ftanding by me, he is the only perfon I have found to protect me from Mr. Lionel, whofe behavior, fir, I muft freely tell you—"

"Why certainly, Mrs. Margland, I can't deny but he's rather a little over and above giddy; but I am fure your underftanding won't mind it, in confideration of

his

his being young enough to be your son, in the case of your having been married time enough."

He then desired Indiana would come to him.

The rapture of the Oxonian was converted into torture by this summons; and the suspence which the moment before he had gilded with the gay colours of hope, he felt would be no longer supportable when deprived of the sight of his divinity. Scarce could he refrain from casting himself publicly at her feet, and pouring forth the wishes of his heart. But when again the call was repeated, and he saw her look another way, as if desirous not to attend to it, the impulse of quick rising joy dispersed his small remains of forbearance, and precipitately clasping his hands, "O go not!" he passionately exclaimed; "leave me not in this abyss of suffering! Fairest and most beautiful! tell me at least, if my death is inevitable! if no time---no constancy---no adoration---may ever dare hope to penetrate that gentlest of bosoms!"

Indiana herself was now, for the first time, sensible of a little emotion; the animation of this address delighted her; it was new, and its effect was highly pleasing. How cold, she thought, is Edgar! She made not any answer, but permitted her eyes to meet his with the most languishing softness.

Melmond trembled through his whole frame; despair flew him, and expectation wore her brightest plumage: "O pronounce but one word," he cried, "one single word!---are, are you---O say not yes!---irrevocably engaged?---lost to all hope---all possibility for ever?"

Indiana again licensed her fine eyes with their most melting powers, and all self-control was finally over with her impassioned lover; who, mingling prayers for her favour, with adoration of her beauty, heeded not who heard him, and forgot every presence but her own.

Miss Margland, who, engrossed by personal resentment and debates, had not remarked the rising courage and energy of Melmond,

Melmond, had just turned to Indiana, upon the second call of Sir Hugh, and became now utterly confounded by the sight of her willing attention: "Miss Lynmere," cried she, angrily, "what are you thinking of? Suppose Mr. Mandlebert should come, what might be the consequence?"

"Mandlebert?" repeated Melmond, while the blood forsook his cheeks; "is it then even so?---is all over?----all decided? is my destiny black and ireful for ever?"

Indiana still more and more struck with him, looked down, internally uttering: Ah! were this charming youth but master of Beech Park!

At this instant, the rapid approach of a carriage caught their ears; and eager to avoid making a decisive reply, she ran to the church-yard gate to look at it, exclaiming: "Dear! what an elegant chariot." When it came up to the party, it stopt, and, opening the door himself, Edgar jumped hastily out of it.

The Oxonian stood aghast: but Indiana, springing forward, and losing in curiosity

every

every other ſenſation, cried: "Dear! Mr. Mandlebert, whoſe beautiful new carriage is that?"

"Yours," anſwered he, gallantly, "if you will honour it with any commands."

She then obſerved his creſt and cypher were on the pannels; and another entire new ſet of ideas took inſtant poſſeſſion of her mind. She received literally an anſwer which he had made in gay courteſy, and held out her hand to be helped into the chariot.

Edgar, though ſurpriſed and even ſtartled at this unexpected appropriation of his civility, could not recede; but the moment he had ſeated her, haſtily turned round, to inquire who elſe was moſt fatigued.

The Oxonian now felt loſt! ſuddenly, abruptly, but irretrievably loſt! The cypher he ſaw---the queſtion "whoſe carriage is that?" he heard---the anſwer "*yours*" made him gaſp for breath, and the inſtantaneous acceptance ſtung him to the ſoul. Wholly in deſperation, he ruſhed to the oppoſite window of the chariot, and calling

out,

out, "enough, cruel!----cruel!----enough----I will ſee you no more!" hurried out of ſight.

Indiana, who, for the firſt time, thought herſelf miſtreſs of a new and elegant equipage, was ſo buſily employed in examining the trappings and the lining, that ſhe bore his departure without a ſigh; though but an inſtant before it might have coſt her ſomething near one.

Eugenia had been touched more deeply. She was ignorant of what had paſſed, but ſhe had ſeen the agitation of Melmond, and the moment he diſappeared, ſhe ejaculated ſecretly: "Ah! had he conceived the prepoſſeſſion of Bellamy! where had been my ſteadineſs? where, O Clermont! thy ſecurity!----"

The ſcrupulous delicacy of her mind was ſhocked at this ſuggeſtion, and ſhe rejoiced ſhe had not been put to ſuch a trial.

Edgar now explained, that when he arrived at the cottage, he found, as he had foreſeen, the garden chair waiting there, by miſtake, and Robert in much diſtreſs, having

having juſt diſcovered that an accident had happened to one of the wheels. He had run on, therefore, himſelf, to Beech Park, for his own new chariot, which was lately arrived from town, making Robert follow with Sir Hugh's horſes, as his own were out at graſs.

It was dinner-time, and Sir Hugh, equally vexed and fatigued, reſolved to return ſtraight home. He accepted, therefore, a place in the chariot, bid Eugenia follow him, and Robert make haſte; ſolemnly adding to the latter: "I had fully intended making you the proper lecture upon your not coming in time; but as it has turned out not to be your fault, on account of an accident, I ſhall ſay no more; except to give you a hint not to do ſuch a thing again, becauſe we have all been upon the point of being toſſed by a mad bull; which would certainly have happened, but for the lucky chance of its turning out a falſe alarm."

The remainder of the party proceeded without further adventure. Edgar attended

tended Camilla; Miſs Margland adhered to Bellamy: Lionel, who durſt not venture at any new frolic, but with whom time lingered when none was paſſing, retreated; Dr. Marchmont, who was near his home, ſoon alſo made his bow; and Dr. Orkborne, who was glad to be alone, ruminated with wonder upon what appeared to him a phenomenon, a man of learning who could deign to pleaſe and ſeem pleaſed where books were not the ſubject of diſcourſe, and where ſcholaſtic attainments were not required to elucidate a ſingle ſentence.

CHAP. XIII.

Two Ways of looking at the ſame Thing.

When the party arrived at Cleves, Camilla, who had obſerved that Edgar ſeemed much diſappointed by the breaking up of the cottage expedition, propoſed that it ſhould take place in the evening; and her uncle, though too much fatigued to venture out again himſelf, conſented, or rather inſiſted, that the excurſion ſhould be made without him.

Before they ſet out, Edgar deſired to ſpeak with Sir Hugh in private.

Sir Hugh concluded it was to make his propoſals of marriage for Indiana; and had not patience to ſtep into his own apartment, but told them all to retire, with a nod at Indiana, which prepared not only herſelf but Miſs Margland, Camilla, and Eugenia to join in his expectation.

Indiana, though a good deal fluttered, flew to a window, to ſee if the new chariot was

was in ſight; and then, turning to Miſs Margland, aſked, "Pray, ſhould I refuſe him at firſt?"

Miſs Margland ſpared not for proper inſtructions; and immediately began a negociation with the fair queſtioner, for continuing to live with her.

Eugenia was occupied in reflecting with pity upon the idleneſs of Indiana, which ſo ill had fitted her for becoming the companion of Mandlebert.

Camilla, unuſually thoughtful, walked alone into the garden, and ſought a path leaſt in ſight.

Sir Hugh, meanwhile, was moſt unpleaſantly undeceived. Edgar, without naming Indiana, informed him of the ſituation in which he had ſurpriſed Bellamy, and of his ſuſpicions with regard to the deſtination of the chaiſe, but for his own timely arrival at the farm-houſe; adding, that his gratitude to Mr. Tyrold, his reſpect for himſelf, and his affection for all the family, made him think it his duty to reveal theſe circumſtances without delay.

The

The baronet ſhuddered with horror; and declared he would inſtantly ſend an expreſs to bring Clermont home, that Eugenia might be married out of hand; and, in the mean time, that he would have every window in the houſe barred, and keep her locked up in her room.

Edgar diſſuaded him from ſo violent a meaſure; but adviſed him to ſpeak with his niece upon the danger ſhe had probably eſcaped, and of which ſhe ſeemed wholly unconſcious; to prevail with her not to go out again this evening, and to ſend for Mr. Tyrold, and acquaint him with the affair.

Sir Hugh thanked him for his counſel, and implicitly acted by his opinion.

He then ordered the coach for Miſs Margland, Indiana, and Camilla.

Dr. Orkborne, finding neither Sir Hugh nor Eugenia of the party, declined joining it. Lionel was returned to Etherington; and Edgar rode on before, to invite Dr. Marchmont, with the conſent of the Baronet, to take the fourth place in the carriage.

Arrived at the rectory, he went ſtraight, by preſcriptive privilege, into the ſtudy of Dr. Marchmont, whom he found immerſed in books and papers, which, immediately, at the requeſt of Edgar, he put aſide; not without regret to quit them, though wholly without reluctance to oblige.

Edgar had ridden ſo hard, that they had ſome time to wait for the coach. But he did not appear anxious for its arrival; though he wore a look that was far from implying him to be free from anxiety.

He was ſilent,---he hemmed,---he was ſilent again,---and again he hemmed,---and then, gently laying his hand upon the ſhoulder of the Doctor, while his eyes, full of meaning, were fixed upon his face; "Doctor," he cried, "you would hardly have known theſe young ladies?---they are all grown from children into women ſince you ſaw them laſt."

"Yes," anſwered the Doctor, "and very charming women. Indiana has a beauty ſo exquiſite, it is ſcarce poſſible

to

to look away from it a moment: Eugenia joins ſo much innocence with information, that the mind muſt itſelf be deformed that could dwell upon her perſonal defects, after converſing with her: Camilla"----

He pauſed, and Edgar haſtily turned another way, not to look at him, nor be looked at, while he proceeded:

"Camilla," he preſently continued, "ſeems the moſt inartificially ſweet, the moſt unobtruſively gay, and the moſt attractively lovely of almoſt any young creature I ever beheld."

With a heart all expanded, and a face full of ſenſibility, Edgar now turned to him, and ſeizing, involuntarily, his hand, which he eagerly ſhook, "You think her, then,"----he cried,----but ſuddenly ſtopt, dropt his hand, coughed two or three times; and, taking out his pocket handkerchief, ſeemed tormented with a violent cold.

Dr. Marchmont affectionately embraced him. "My dear young friend," he cried, "I ſee the ſituation of your mind----and think

think every poſſible happineſs promiſes to be yours; yet, if you have taken no poſitive ſtep, ſuffer me to ſpeak with you before you proceed."

"Far from having taken any poſitive ſtep, I have not yet even formed any reſolution."

Here the carriage ſtopt for the Doctor, who repeated, "Yes! I think every poſſible happineſs promiſes to be yours!" before he went on to the ladies. Edgar, in a trepidation too great to be ſeen by them, kept behind till they drove off, though he then gallopped ſo faſt, that he arrived at the cottage before them: the words, "I think every poſſible happineſs promiſes to be yours," vibrating the whole time in his ears.

When the coach arrived, Edgar handed out Miſs Margland and Indiana; leaving Camilla to the Doctor; willing to let him ſee more of her, and by no means diſpleaſed to avoid his eyes at that moment himſelf.

Indiana was in the moſt ſprightly ſpirits ſhe had ever experienced; ſhe concluded

herſelf on the verge of becoming miſtreſs of a fine place and a large fortune; ſhe had received adulation all the morning that had raiſed her beauty higher than ever in her own eſtimation; and ſhe ſecretly revolved, with delight, various articles of ornament and of luxury, which ſhe had long wiſhed to poſſeſs, and which now, for her wedding clothes, ſhe ſhould have riches ſufficient to purchaſe.

Miſs Margland, too, was all ſmoothneſs, complacency, and courteſy.

Camilla, alone, was grave; Camilla, who, by nature, alone was gay.

"Dear! is this the cottage we have been coming to all this time?" cried Indiana, upon entering; "Lord! I thought it would have been ſomething quite pretty."

"And what ſort of prettineſs," ſaid Edgar, "did you expect from a cottage?"

"Dear, I don't know—but I thought we were come on purpoſe to ſee ſomething extraordinary?"

Camilla, who followed, made an exclamation far different; an exclamation of pleasure, surprise, and vivacity, that restored for an instant, all her native gaiety: for no sooner had she crossed the threshold, than she recognised, in a woman who was curtsying low to receive her, and whom Indiana had passed without observing, the wife of the poor prisoner for whom she had interceded with Mandlebert.

"How I rejoice to see you!" cried she, "and to see you here! and how much better you look! and how comfortable you seem! I hope you are now all well?"

"Ah, madam," answered the woman; "we owe every thing to that good young gentleman! he has put us in this nice new cottage, and employs us in his service. Blessings on his head! I am sure he will be paid for it!"

Edgar, somewhat agitated, occupied himself with jumping the little boy; Camilla looked round with rapture; Indiana seemed wonder-struck, without

knowing why; Dr. Marchmont narrowly watched them all; and Miſs Margland, expecting a new collection would be next propoſed for ſetting them up, nimbly recroſſed the threſhold, to examine the proſpect without.

The huſband, now in decent garb, and much recovered, though ſtill weak and emaciated, advanced to Camilla, to make his humble acknowledgments, that ſhe had recommended them to their kind benefactor.

"No!" cried Camilla; "you owe me nothing! your own diſtreſs recommended you;—your own diſtreſs—and Mr. Mandlebert's generoſity."

Then, going up to Edgar, "It is your happy fate," ſhe ſaid, in an accent of admiration, "to act all that my father ſo often plans and wiſhes, but which his income will not allow him to execute."

"You ſee," anſwered he, gratefully, "how little ſuffices for content! I have ſcarce done any thing—yet how relieved,

how satisfied are these poor people! This hut was fortunately vacant"—

"O, madam!" interrupted the poor woman, "if you knew but how that good gentleman has done it all! how kindly he has used us, and made every body else use us! and let nobody taunt us with our bad faults!—and what good he has done to my poor sick husband! and how he has clothed my poor little half naked children! and, what is more than all, saved us from the shame of an ill life."—

Camilla felt the tears start into her eyes;—she hastily snatched the little babe into her arms; and, while her kisses hid her face, Happy, and thrice happy Indiana! with a soft sigh, was the silent ejaculation of her heart.

She seated herself on a stool, and, without speaking or hearing any thing more, devoted herself to the baby.

Indiana, meanwhile, whose confidence in her own situation gave her courage to utter whatever first occurred to her, having made a general survey of the place

and people, with an air of difappointment, now amufed herfelf with an infpection more minute, taking up and cafting down every thing that was portable, without any regard either to deranging its neatnefs, or endangering its fafety:—exclaiming, as fhe made her round of inveftigation, "Dear! Crockery ware! how ugly!—Lord, what little mean chairs!—Is that your beft gown, good woman?—Dear, what an ugly pattern!—Well, I would not wear fuch a thing to fave my life!—Have you got nothing better than this for a floor-cloth?—Only look at thofe curtains! Did you ever fee fuch frights? —Lord! do you eat off thefe platters? I am fure I could fooner die! I fhould not mind ftarving half as much!"

Mifs Margland, hoping the collection was now either made or relinquifhed, ventured to re-enter, and inquire if they never meant to return home? Camilla unwillingly gave up the baby; but would not depart without looking over the cottage, where every thing fhe faw excited

a ſenſation of pleaſure. " How neat is this! How tidy that!" were her continual exclamations; " How bright you have rubbed your ſaucepans! How clean every thing is all round! How ſoon you will all get well in this healthy and comfortable little dwelling!"

Edgar, in a low voice, then told Dr. Marchmont the hiſtory of his new cottagers, ſaying: " You will not, I hope, diſapprove what I have done? Their natures ſeemed ſo much diſpoſed to good, I could not bear to let their wants turn them again to evil."

" You have certainly done right," anſwered the Doctor; " to give money without inquiry, or further aid, to thoſe who have adopted bad practices, is, to them, but temptation, and to ſociety an injury; but to give them both the counſel and the means to purſue a right courſe, is, to them, perhaps, ſalvation, and to the community, the greateſt ſervice."

Indiana and Miſs Margland, quite wearied, both got into the carriage;

Edgar, having depoſited them, returned to Camilla, who kiſſed both the children, poured forth good wiſhes upon the father and mother; and, then, gave him her hand. Enchanted, he took it, exclaiming; "Ah! who is like you! ſo lively---- yet ſo feeling!"

Struck and penetrated, ſhe made no anſwer: Alas! ſhe thought, I fear he is not quite ſatisfied with Indiana!

Dr. Marchmont was ſet down at his own houſe; where, he begged to have a conference with Edgar the next morning.

The whole way home, the benevolence of Edgar occupied the mind of Camilla; and, not in the preſent inſtance, the leſs, that its object had been originally of her own pointing out.

CHAP. XIV.

Two Retreats.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold had obeyed the summons of Sir Hugh, whom they found in extreme tribulation; persuaded by his fears not only of the design of Bellamy, but of its inevitable success. His brother, however, who knew his alarms to be generally as unfounded as his hopes; and Mrs. Tyrold, who almost undisguisedly despised both; no sooner heard his account, than, declining to discuss it, they sent for Eugenia. She related the transaction with a confusion so innocent, that it was easy to discern shame alone had hitherto caused her silence; and with a simplicity so unaffected, that not a doubt could rest upon their minds, but that her heart was as disengaged as her intentions had been irreproachable. Yet they were not the less struck with the danger she had

incurred; and, while her father blessed Mandlebert for her preservation, her mother was so sensible to his care for the family welfare and honour, that the anger she had conceived against him subsided, though the regret to which it had owed its birth increased.

Mr. Tyrold gave his daughter some slight cautions and general advice; but thought it wisest, since he found her tranquil and unsuspicious, not to raise apprehensions that might disturb her composure, nor awaken ideas of which the termination must be doubtful.

Her mother deemed the matter to be undeserving the least serious alarm. The man had appeared to her from the beginning to be a despicable adventurer; and her lofty contempt of all low arts made her conclude her well-principled Eugenia as superior to their snares as to their practice.

This conference completely quieted the fears of Sir Hugh; who relinquished his design of sending for Clermont, and imagined

gined Edgar to have been too severe in his judgment of Bellamy, who had only knelt in pure compassion, to prevail with Eugenia to take care of her life.

The rector and his lady were already gone before the cottage group came home. Edgar was anxious to inquire of Sir Hugh what had passed. The three females, concluding he had still something to say relative to his proposals, by tacit agreement, retired to their own rooms.

They were not, however, as concurrent in their eagerness to re-assemble. Miss Margland and Indiana watched the moment when they might appease their burning curiosity by descending: but Eugenia wished to prolong her absence, that she might recover from the embarrassment she had just suffered; and Camilla determined not to appear again till the next morning.

For the first time in her life: after the shortest separation, she forbore to seek Eugenia, whom she supposed would have gathered all the particulars of the ap-

proaching nuptials. She felt no desire to hear them. It was a period to which, hitherto, she had looked forward as to a thing of course; but this day it had struck her that Edgar and Indiana could not be happy together.----She had even surmised, from his last speech, that he lamented, in secret, the connexion he had formed.

The gentlest pity took possession of her breast; an increasing admiration succeeded to her pity. She could not bear to witness so unequal a scene, as the full satisfaction of Sir Hugh contrasted with the seriousness, perhaps repentance, of Edgar. She pleaded an head-ache, and went to bed.

The morning did not find her less averse to hear the confirmation of the suspected news. On the contrary, her repugnance to have it ascertained became stronger. She did not ask herself why; she did not consider the uselessness of flying for one hour what she must encounter the next. The present moment was all she could weigh; and, to procrastinate any evil,

seemed, to her ardent and active imagination, to conquer it. Again, therefore, she planned a visit to Mrs. Arlbery; though she had given it up so long, from the discouragement of Lionel, that she felt more of shame than of pleasure in the idea of making so tardy an apology; but she could think of no other place to which the whole party would not accompany her; and to avoid them and their communications, for however short a space of time, was now her sole aim.

Before breakfast, she repaired to the apartment of her uncle; her request was granted, as soon as heard; and she ordered the chaise.

Indiana and Miss Margland, meanwhile, had learnt from the baronet, that the proposals were not yet made. Miss Margland softened the disappointment of Indiana, by suggesting that her admirer was probably waiting the arrival of some elegant trinket, that he destined to present her upon his declaration: but she was by no means free from doubt and suspicion herself. She

languished to quit Cleves, and Sir Hugh had almost thought her accountable for the slowness of Mandlebert's proceedings. To keep up her own consequence, she had again repeated her assurances, that all was in a prosperous train; though she had frequently, with strong private uneasiness, observed the eyes of Edgar fixed upon Camilla, with an attention far more pointed than she had ever remarked in them when their direction was towards her fair pupil.

Camilla hurried over her breakfast in expectation of the chaise, and in dread continual, lest her cousin should call her aside, to acquaint her that all was arranged. Edgar perceived, with surprise, that she was going out alone; and, no sooner gathered whither, than, drawing her to one of the windows, he earnestly said: "Is it by appointment you wait upon Mrs. Arlbery?"

"No."

"Does she at all expect you this morning?"

"No."

"Would

"Would it, then, be asking too much, if I should intreat you to postpone your visit for a short time?"

The whole design of Camilla was to absent herself immediately; yet she hated to say no. She looked disturbed, and was silent.

"Have you made any further acquaintance with her since the morning of the raffle?"

"No, none; but I wish excessively to know more of her."

"She is certainly, very—agreeable," said he, with some hesitation; "but whether she is all Mrs. Tyrold would approve"—

"I hope you know no harm of her?—If you do, pray keep it to yourself!—for it would quite afflict me to hear any thing to her disadvantage."

"I should be grieved, indeed, to be the messenger of affliction to you; but I hope there may be no occasion; I only beg a day

day or two's patience; and, in the mean-while, I can give you this assurance; she is undoubtedly a woman of character. I saw she had charmed you, and I made some immediate inquiries. Her reputation is without taint."

"A thousand, thousand thanks," cried Camilla, gaily, "for taking so much trouble; and ten thousand more for finding it needless!"

Edgar could not forbear laughing, but answered, he was not yet so certain it was needless; since exemption from actual blemish could only be a negative recommendation: he should very soon, he added, see a lady upon whose judgment he could rely, and who would frankly satisfy him with respect to some other particulars, which, he owned, he considered as essential to be known, before any intimacy should be formed.

Wishing to comply with his request, yet impatient to leave the house, Camilla stood suspended till the chaise was announced.

"I think,"

"I think," cried ſhe, with a look and tone of irreſolution, "my going this once can draw on no ill conſequence?"

Edgar only dropt his eyes.

"You are not of that opinion?"

"I have a very particular engagement this morning," he replied; "but I will readily give it up, and ride off inſtantly to make my application to this lady, if it is poſſible you can defer only till to-morrow your viſit. Will you ſuffer me to aſk ſuch a delay? It will greatly oblige me."

"Why, then,---I will defer it till to-morrow,---or till to-morrow week!" cried ſhe, wholly vanquiſhed; "I inſiſt, therefore, that you do not poſtpone your buſineſs."

She then deſired the ſervant, who was taking away the breakfaſt equipage, to order the chaiſe to be put up.

Edgar, ſubdued in his turn, caught her hand: but, inſtantly, recollecting himſelf, haſtily let it go; and, throwing up the window ſaſh, abruptly exclaimed: "I never

never saw such fine weather :—I hope it will not rain!"

He then rapidly wished them all good morning, and mounted his horse.

Miss Margland, who, fideling towards the window, on pretence of examining a print, had heard and seen all that had passed, was almost overpowered with rage, by the conviction she received that her apprehensions were not groundless. She feared losing all weight both with the baronet and with Indiana, if she made this acknowledgment, and retreated, confounded, to her own room, to consider what path to pursue at so dangerous a crisis; wearing a scowl upon her face, that was always an indication she would not be followed.

Camilla also went to her chamber, in a perturbation at once pleasing and painful. She was sorry to have missed her excursion, but she was happy to have obliged Edgar; she was delighted he could take such interest in her conduct and affairs, yet dreaded, more than ever, a private conver-

conversation with Indiana;----Indiana, who, every moment, appeared to her less and less calculated to bestow felicity upon Edgar Mandlebert.

She seated herself at a window, and soon, through the trees, perceived him gallopping away. "Too----too amiable Edgar!" she cried, earnestly looking after him, with her hands clasped, and tears starting into her eyes.

Frightened at her own tenderness, she rose, shut the window, and walked to another end of the apartment.

She took up a book; but she could not read; "Too----too amiable Edgar!" again escaped her. She went to her piano forte; she could not play: "Too----too amiable Edgar!" broke forth in defiance of all struggle.

Alarmed and ashamed, even to herself, she resolved to dissipate her ideas by a long walk; and not to come out of the park till the first dinner-bell summoned her to dress.

CHAP. XV.

Two Sides of a Question.

THE intention of Edgar had been to ride to Mrs. Needham, the lady of whom he meant to ask the information to which he had alluded; but a charm too potent for resistance demanded his immediate liberation from the promise to Dr. Marchmont, which bound him to proceed no further till they had again conversed together.

He gallopped, therefore, to the parsonage-house of Cleves, and entering the study of the Doctor, and taking him by the hand, with the most animated gesture; "My dear and honoured friend," he cried, "I come to you now without hesitation, and free from every painful embarrassment of lurking irresolution! I come to you decided, and upon grounds which cannot offend you, though the decision

anticipates

anticipates your counfel. I come to you, in fine, my dear Doctor, my good and kind friend, to confefs that yefterday you faw right, with regard to the fituation of my mind, and that, to-day, I have only your felicitations to beg, upon my confirmed, my irrevocable choice!"

Dr. Marchmont embraced him: "May you then," he cried, "be as happy, my dear young friend, as you deferve! I can wifh you nothing higher."

"Laft night," continued Edgar, "I felt all doubt die away: captivating as I have ever thought her, fo foft, fo gentle, fo touchingly fweet, as laft night, I had never yet beheld her; you witneffed it, my dear Doctor? you faw her with the baby in her arms? how beautiful, how endearing a fight!"

The Doctor looked affentingly, but did not fpeak.

"Yet even laft night was fhort of the feelings fhe excited this morning. My dear friend! fhe was upon the point of making an excurfion from which fhe had promifed

promised herself peculiar pleasure, and to see a lady for whom she has conceived the warmest admiration----I begged her to postpone----perhaps relinquish entirely the visit----she had obtained leave from Sir Hugh----the carriage was at the door----would you, could you believe such sweetness with such vivacity? she complied with my request, and complied with a grace that has rivetted her----I own it----that has rivetted her to my soul!"

Doctor Marchmont smiled, but rather pensively than rejoicingly; and Edgar, receiving no answer, walked for some time about the room, silently enjoying his own thoughts.

Returning then to the Doctor, "My dear friend," he cried, "I understood you wished to speak with me?"

"Yes----but I thought you disengaged."

"So, except mentally, I am still."

"Does she not yet know her conquest?"

"She does not even guess it."

Dr.

Dr. Marchmont now rising, with much energy said: "Hear me then, my dear and most valued young friend; forbear to declare yourself, make no overtures to her relations, raise no expectations even in her own breast, and let not rumour surmise your passion to the world, till her heart is better known to you."

Edgar, starting and amazed, with great emotion exclaimed: "What do you mean, my good Doctor? do you suspect any prior engagement? any fatal prepossession?"—

"I suspect nothing. I do not know her. I mean not, therefore, the propensities alone, but the worth, also, of her heart; deception is easy, and I must not see you thrown away."

"Let me, then, be her guarantee!" cried Edgar, with firmness; "for I know her well! I have known her from her childhood, and cannot be deceived. I fear nothing---except my own powers of engaging her regard. I can trace to a certainty, even from my boyish remarks, her

fair, open, artless, and disinterested character."

He then gave a recital of the nobleness of her sentiments and conduct when only nine years old; contrasting the relation with the sullen and ungenerous behaviour of Indiana at the same age.

Dr. Marchmont listened to the account with attention and pleasure, but not with an air of that full conviction which Edgar expected. "All this," he said, "is highly prophetic of good, and confirms me in the opinion I expressed last night, that every possible happiness promises to be yours."

"Yet, still," said Edgar, a little chagrined, "there seems some drawback to your entire approbation?"

"To your choice I have none."

"You perplex me, Doctor! I know not to what you object, what you would intimate, nor what propose?"

"All I have to suggest may be comprised in two points: First, That you will refuse confirmation even to your own intentions,

tentions, till you have poſitively aſcertained her actual poſſeſſion of thoſe virtues with which ſhe appears to be endowed: and ſecondly, That if you find her gifted with them all, you will not ſolicit her acceptance till you are ſatisfied of her affection."

"My dear Doctor," cried Edgar, half laughing, "from what an alarm of wild conjecture has your explanation relieved me! Hear me, however, in return, and I think I can ſatisfy you, that, even upon your own conditions, not an obſtacle ſtands in the way of my ſpeaking to Mr. Tyrold this very evening.

"With regard to your firſt article, her virtues, I have told you the dawning ſuperiority of her moſt juvenile ideas of right; and though I have latterly loſt ſight of her, by travelling during our vacations, I know her to have always been under the ſuperintendance of one of the firſt of women; and for theſe laſt three weeks, which I have ſpent under the ſame roof with her, I have obſerved her to be all that is amiable, ſweet, natural, and generous. What then on this

point remains? Nothing. I am irrefragably convinced of her worth.

"With respect to your second condition, I own you a little embarrass me; yet how may I inquire into the state of her affections, without acknowledging her mistress of mine?"

"Hold! hold!" interrupted the Doctor, "you proceed too rapidly. The first article is all unsettled, while you are flying to the last.

"It is true, and I again repeat it, every promise is in your favour; but do not mistake promise for performance. This young lady appears to be all excellence; for an acquaintance, for a friend, I doubt not you have already seen enough to establish her in your good opinion; but since it is only within a few hours you have taken the resolution which is to empower her to colour the rest of your life, you must study her, from this moment, with new eyes, new ears, and new thoughts. Whatever she does, you must ask yourself this question: 'Should I like such behaviour in my wife?'

wife?" Whatever she says, you must make yourself the same demand. Nothing must escape you; you must view as if you had never seen her before; the interrogatory, *Were she mine?* must be present at every look, every word, every motion; you must forget her wholly as Camilla Tyrold, you must think of her only as Camilla Mandlebert; even justice is insufficient during this period of probation, and instead of inquiring, "Is this right in her?" you must simply ask, "Would it be pleasing to me?"

"You are apprehensive, then, of some dissimilitude of character prejudicial to our future happiness?"

"Not of character; you have been very peculiarly situated for obviating all risk upon that first and most important particular. I have no doubt of her general worthiness; but though esteem hangs wholly upon character, happiness always links itself with disposition."

"You gratify me, Doctor, by naming disposition; for I can give you the most

unequivocal aſſurance of her ſweetneſs, her innocence, her benevolence, joined to a ſpirit of never-dying vivacity—an animation of never-ceaſing good humour!"

"I know you, my dear Mandlebert, to be, by nature, penetrating and minute in your obſervations; which, in your general commerce with the world, will protect both your underſtanding and your affections from the uſual ſnares of youth: But here—to be even ſcrupulous is not enough; to avoid all danger of repentance, you muſt become poſitively diſtruſtful."

"Never, Doctor, never! I would ſooner renounce every proſpect of felicity, than act a part ſo ungenerous, where I am conſcious of ſuch deſert! Upon this article, therefore, we have done; I am already and fully convinced of her excellence. But, with reſpect to your ſecond difficulty, that I will not ſeek her acceptance, till ſatisfied of her regard---there---indeed, you ſtart an idea that comes home to my ſoul in its very inmoſt receſſes! O Doctor!—

could

could I hope---however distantly---durst I hope---the independent, unsolicited, involuntary possession of that most ingenuous, most inartificial of human hearts!---"

"And why not? why, while so liberally you do justice to another, should you not learn to appreciate yourself?"

A look of elation, delight, and happiness conveyed to Dr. Marchmont his pupil's grateful sense of this question.

"I do not fear making you vain," he continued; "I know your understanding to be too solid, and your temperament too philosophic, to endanger your running into the common futility of priding yourself upon the gifts of nature, any more than upon those of fortune; 'tis in their uses only you can claim any applause. I will not, therefore, scruple to assert, you can hardly any where propose yourself with much danger of being rejected. You are amiable and accomplished; abounding in wealth, high in character; in person and appearance unexceptionable; you can

have no doubt of the joyful approbation of her friends, nor can you entertain a reasonable fear of her concurrence; yet, with all this, pardon me, when I plainly, explicitly add, it is very possible you may be utterly indifferent to her."

"If so, at least," said Edgar, in a tone and with a countenance whence all elation was flown, "she will leave me master of myself; she is too noble to suffer any sordid motives to unite us."

"Do not depend upon that; the influence of friends, the prevalence of example, the early notion which every female imbibes, that a good establishment must be her first object in life—these are motives of marriage commonly sufficient for the whole sex."

"Her choice, indeed," said Edgar, thoughtfully, "would not, perhaps, be wholly uninfluenced;—I pretend not to doubt that the voice of her friends would be all in my favour."

"Yes," interrupted Dr. Marchmont, "and, be she noble as she may, Beech-Park will

will be alſo in your favour! your manſion, your equipage, your domeſtics, even your table, will be in your favour—"

"Doctor," interrupted Edgar, in his turn, "I know you think ill of women.—"

"Do not let that idea weaken what I urge; I have not had reaſon to think well of them; yet I believe there are individuals who merit every regard: your Camilla may be one of them. Take, however, this warning from my experience; whatever is her appearance of worth, try and prove its foundation, ere you conclude it invulnerable; and whatever are your pretenſions to her hand, do not neceſſarily connect them with your chances for her heart."

Mandlebert, filled now with a diſtruſt of himſelf and of his powers, which he was incapable of harbouring of Camilla and her magnanimity, felt ſtruck to the ſoul with the apprehenſion of failing to gain her affection, and wounded in every point both of honour and delicacy, from the bare ſuggeſtion of owing his wife to his ſituation

tion in the world. He found no longer any difficulty in promising not to act with precipitance; his confidence was gone; his elevation of sentiment was depressed; a general mist clouded his prospects, and a suspensive discomfort inquieted his mind. He shook Dr. Marchmont by the hand, and assuring him he would weigh well all he had said, and take no measure till he had again consulted with him, remounted his horse, and slowly walked it back to Cleves.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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